

THE ENGLISH REVIEW

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The Sevenfold Sacrament

By Alice Wesley Torr

I

In eddies of obsidian
At my feet the river ran
Between me and the poppy-prankt
Isle, with tangled roots embanked,
Where seven sister poplars stood
Like the seven Spirits of God.

Soft as silence in mine ear,
The drone and rustle of the weir
Told in bass the treble tale
Of the embowered nightingale.
Higher, on the patient river,
Velvet lights without a quiver
Echoed through their hushèd rimes
The garden's glow beneath the limes.
Then the sombre village, crowned
By the castellated ground
Where, in cerements of sable,
One square tower and one great gable

THE ENGLISH REVIEW

Stood, the melancholy wraith
Of a false and fallen faith.
Over all, supine, enthralling,
The young moon, her faint edge falling
To the dead verge of her setting,
Saintly swam, her silver fretting
All the leaves with light. Afar
Toward the Zenith stood a star,
As of all worthiness and fitness
The luminous eternal witness.

So silent was the night, that I
Stirred the grasses reverently
And hid myself. The garden's glow
Darkened, and all the gold below
Went out, and left the gold above
To its sacrament of love,
Save where, to sentinel my station,
Gold lilies bowed in adoration.

Had I not feared to move, I might
Have hid my shame from such a night !
Man is not worthy to intrude
His soullessness on solitude ;
Yet God hath made it to befriend
Pilgrims, that His peace may pend,
A dove upon the dire and dark
Waters that assail the ark,
And lure their less love to His own.
Life is a song, a speech, a groan,
As may be ; none of these have part
In the silence of His heart.

II

Lapsed in that unweanèd air,
I awaited, unaware
What might fall. The silence wrapped
Veil on veil about me, trapped
By the siren Night, whose words
Were the river and the birds.

THE SEVENFOLD SACRAMENT

So close it swaddled me, and bound
My being in the pure profound
Of its own stealthy intimacy,
Had Artemis come panting by,
Silver-shod with bow and quiver
Hunting along the reedy river,
And called me to the chase, I should
Have neither heard nor understood.
Or had Zeus his dangerous daughter,
Aphrodite, from the water
Risen all shining, her soft arms
Open, all her spells and charms
Melted to one lure divine
Of her red mouth pressed to mine,
I had neither heard nor seen
Nor felt the Idalian.

Between
My soul and all its knowledge of
The universe of light and love,
Thought, being, nature, time and space,
The Mother's heart, the Father's face,
All that was agony or bliss,
Stretched an infinite abyss.
All that behind me ! but my soul,
With no star left to point the pole,
Witless and banned for grace or goal,
Beggared of all its wealth, bereft
Of all its images, unweft
Its magic web, its tools all broken,
Its Name forgot, its Word unspoken,
Widowed of its undying Lord,
Its bowl of silver broke, its cord
Of gold unloosed, its shining ladders
Thrown down, its ears more deaf than adders,
Its windows blind, its music stopped,
From its place in Heaven dropped,
From its starry throne was hurled
Beyond the pillars of the world—
Borne from the abyss of light
To the Dark Night !

THE ENGLISH REVIEW

III

The moon had sunk behind the tower
When, for a moment by the power
Of nature, as even the eagle's eye
Turns wearied from the sun, did I
Fall from the conning crag, that springs
Above the Universe of Things,
Into the dark impertinence
Of the mirrored lies of sense.
Yet, when I sought the stars to espy
And rede the runes of destiny,
Mine eyes their wonted office failed,
So diligently God had veiled
Me from myself ! I could not hear
The drone and rustle of the weir.
No help in that world or in this !
I was alone in the abyss.

IV

No *Whence* ! no *Whither* ! and no *Why* !
Not even *Who* evokes reply.
No vision and no voice repay
My will to watch, my will to pray.
Vain is the consecrated vesture ;
Vain the high and holy gesture ;
Vain the proven and perfect spell
Enchanting heaven, enchaining hell.
Unyoked the horses from the car
Wherein I waged celestial war :
Mine angel sheathes again his sword
At the Interdiction of the Lord.
Even hell is shut, lest spite and strife
Should show my soul a way to life.

Hope dies ; faith flickers and is gone.
Love weeps, then turns its soul to stone.
All nearest, highest, holiest things
Drop off ; the soul must lose her wings,
And, crippled, find, with no one clue

THE SEVENFOLD SACRAMENT

The infinite maze to travel through,
The goal unguessed, the path untrod,
And stand unhelmed, unarmed, unshod,
Naked before the unknown God.
Oh ! stertorous, oh ! strangling strife
That cleaves to love, that clings to life !
The Will is broken, falls afar
Extinct as an accursèd star.
The Self, one moment held behind,
Whirls like a dead leaf in the wind
Down the Abyss. The soul is drawn
To that Dark Night that is the dawn
Through halls of patience, palaces
Of ever deeper silences,
Æons and æons and æons
Of lampless empyreans
Darker and deeper and holier, caves
Of night unstirred by wind, great graves
Of all that is or could ever be
In Time or Eternity.

Drawn, drawn, inevitably spanned,
Tirelessly drawn by some strange hand,
Drawn inward in some sense unkennd
Beyond all to an appointed end,
No end foreseen or hoped, drawn still
Beyond word or will
Into Itself, drawn subtly, deep
Through the dreamless deaths whose shadow is sleep,
Drawn, as dawn shows, to the inmost divine,
To the temple, the nave, the choir, the shrine,
To the altar where in the most holy cup
The wine of its blood may be offered up.

Nor is it given to any son of man
To hymn that sacrament, the One in Seven,
Where God and priest and worshipper,
Deacon, asperger, thurifer, chorister,
Are one as they were one ere time began,
Are one on earth as they are one in heaven ;
Where the soul is given a new name,
Confirming with an oath the same,

THE ENGLISH REVIEW

And with celestial wine and bread
Is most delicately fed,
Yet suffereth in itself the curse
Of the infinite universe,
Having made its own confession
Of the mystery of transgression ;
Where it is wedded solemnly
With the ring of space and eternity,
And where the oil, the Holiest Breath,
With Its first whisper dedicateth
Its new life to a further death.

V

I was cold as earth : the night
Had given way. One star hung bright
Over the church, now gray ;
I rose up to greet the ray
That thrilled through elm and chestnut, lit
The grass, made diamonds of it,
And bade the weir's long smile of spray
Leap with laughter for the day.
The birds woke over all the weald ;
The sullen peasants slouched afield ;
The lilies swayed before the breeze
That murmured matins in the trees ;
The trout leapt in the shingly shallows.
Soared skyward the great sun, that hallows
The pagan shrines of labour and light
As the moon consecrates the night.
Labour is corn and love is wine,
And both are blessed in the shrine ;
Nor is he for priest designed
Who partakes only in one kind.

Thus musing joyous, twice across
Under the weir I swam, to toss
The spray back ; then the meadows claim
The foot's fleet ecstasy aflame.
And having uttered my thanksgiving
Thus for the sacrament of living,
I lit my pipe and made my way
To break fast, and the labour of the day.

And Thus Spake Sex

By Thomas Moulton

THE song I sing is sweeter than the song of birds,
My heart is lighter than the clouds that leap the moon ;
The vision of mine eyes is finer than the words
Of lovers kissing in the hot gold hush of noon.

Long, long ago my mighty travellings began,
My feet are older than the mountain-paths they climb.
Across the seas I strode long ere the birth of Man
Fired one small beacon on the thousand plains of Time.

Savage am I, and strong, and brook no interference ;
One great end I live for, and live eternally.
Men call me beautiful, hold me in reverence,
Loathe me and hate me, and write their songs to me.

And yet triumphantly
I spur my fascinated puppets on . . .
I sing, and wander on.

Le Grenier (Béranger)

By George Greenwood

HAPPY home of my youth, I have seen you once more,
Where poverty taught me to bear and be strong.
I had friends good and true, and of years not a score,
A dear doting mistress, a passion for song.
With a fig for the world, in the pride of life's spring,
A penniless plutocrat, joyous and keen,
I flew up six flights like a bird on the wing.
Oh, life in a garret is good at nineteen !

For, yes, 'tis a garret, and all men may know it ;
And there was my bed, oh, so hard and so small !
And there stood my table ; and see where your poet
Has scribbled in charcoal three lines on the wall !
Reappear ye lost joys of my youth's happy dawn,
That Time, the destroyer, has swept from the scene.
How often for you was my watch left in pawn !
Oh, life in a garret is good at nineteen !

Lisette, above all, in this spot should appear,
In her pretty new hat, so bewitching and bright.
See, already, around my small window the dear
Has hung up her shawl—just to soften the light.
Then her gown on the bed for a cover she threw—
Respect it, oh love, 'tis the robe of my queen.
(Who paid for her dresses I afterwards knew.)
Oh, life in a garret is good at nineteen !

Ah, leave we the roof where my brain throbs so madly.
How far are those days that I sigh for in vain !
I would give all the years that are left to me, gladly,
For one single month of my life here again.
To dream of love, glory, and passion, and pleasure ;
To live in one hour all the days that have been ;
To see them enriched with hope's infinite treasure—
Oh, life in a garret is good at nineteen !

An English Saint

By Frank Harris

MR. LAWRENCE had brought tailoring to an art : he had reconciled contradictions ; his clothes fitted the individual, yet preserved a distinctive class-fashion and dignity. His own manners were of similar elegance : he met everyone politely from whom he had anything to gain, and yet by subtle gradations of deference proclaimed differences of position. He could be almost democratic in his workroom by dint of amused contempt, for there men cursed superfluity while envying it ; but in his shop he was an autocrat whose despotism, however, was tempered by self-interest. In excellent harmony with his surroundings, he had made money easily and saved a considerable sum ; he had no vices so-called, save vanity, and had placed all his hopes in his only son Gerald. He had got Gerald into Harrow : he had hoped to make an officer of him ; for the boy's handsome face and figure he thought would be best set off by gold-laced uniform and a mess jacket. But a certain delicacy of constitution, which appeared to have grown with the lad's growth, defeated his hope, and nothing was left for Gerald, in his father's opinion, but the Church ; to be a gentleman was the goal of Mr. Lawrence's ambition. He was ashamed of the shop—"a cut above it" he felt—and would have sought another career for himself had he had the necessary education. He was determined that his son should enjoy all possible advantages of teaching and training.

At first Gerald did not seem to profit by his opportunities. He learned with difficulty, his memory was weak, and his mind flaccid. His father consoled himself with the fact that the boy was growing too fast. "There's no hurry for a year or two," he used to say to himself. So he kept his son at home in his large villa on Putney Hill, and fed him up as a preparation for Oxford. The youth took all that was done for him as a matter of course. He was content to go to Oxford, which seemed to him more aristocratic than Cambridge. He had been taught by

THE ENGLISH REVIEW

bitter experience at the preparatory school that the shop in Bond Street was something to be put behind one and forgotten; and at Harrow his pallor and frailty, something wistful and unearthly in his large eyes, had won sympathy and blunted the malice of boyish curiosity. Gerald had inherited his father's qualities of docility and good humour; but his father's tough resolution to get rich and get on was transmuted in him into a desire to please rather than to rise. His extraordinary beauty made this ambition appear amiable. Gerald was tall and slight, and his face had the refined regularity of an ascetic Hermes. His father, while proud of his own good features and silver hair, had always regretted a tendency to stoutness and high colour, and his boy's slim figure and pallor appealed to him intensely. "It gives him an air," he said to himself.

Gerald had a good deal of difficulty in getting into Lincoln. His father preferred that college to any other: the name had a stately quietude about it which pleased him, and everybody knew that the Master was a famous scholar, whose mere approval conferred dignity. But though the entrance examination is not supposed to be difficult, it proved almost insurmountable to Gerald. Still, thanks to the clever coaching of an eminent, but poor, scholar, who consented to stay at Putney with them for six months, the difficulty was at length overcome, and Gerald entered Lincoln.

The rooms allotted to him there had formerly been inhabited by a sporting nobleman whose tastes wavered between the photos of Gaiety chorus girls and coloured prints of renowned pugilists. Gerald had to take over the furniture, and, with his usual acquiescence, he occupied the rooms without disturbing either the rosy biceps of Tom Belcher and Mace or the black legs of the reigning beauties.

Gerald settled down in Oxford easily and quickly. He rather liked rules, and kept them without difficulty; he was never late even for morning chapel. His distinguished appearance and ingratiating manners won him numbers of acquaintances; everyone wanted to know him, and before his first term was at an end he was friendly with nine men out of ten in the college, and on good terms with half the 'Varsity. Yet there were a few bitter drops in his cup. Young Lord Woodstock had shown himself very friendly for a little while and then drawn away coldly. Luke Rattison, too, the Master, had made much of him at first; asked him to lunch and dinner and then left

AN ENGLISH SAINT

him severely alone. "An amiable idiot" was the bitter-tongued judge's harsh verdict. On the whole, Gerald's first term at Lincoln was rather a success in spite of Lord Woodstock's defection and the Master's disdain.

When he returned home his father was delighted with him ; told him he had let it be known in business circles that he wanted to sell the shop, adding that when he got the price he wanted for it the boy should have the income of a bishop to spend as he liked. Gerald was suitably grateful, though he scarcely realised the abyss that lies between poverty and riches. He had always had what he wanted, and his desires had never been sharpened by denial.

Watching him closely his father noticed that his son had taken a liking to fancy waistcoats and coloured ties ; he wondered if the boy had fallen in love ; and, to tell the truth, there was a barmaid at a village inn on the river above Oxford who had half captivated the youth's fancy. But luckily, or unluckily, Gerald was destined to fall into more skilful hands. Early in his second term he met someone who stopped his drifting and brought him to new bearings. He had been walking along the towing-path, watching the boats on the river, when he was hailed by Lord Woodstock. He went across to him eagerly (Gerald seldom bore malice), and was presented to a Mrs. Leighton.

"I want you to take Mrs. Leighton home," said Lord Woodstock. "It's going to rain, I'm sure, and you've an umbrella. I am due to go out in the eight."

Gerald Lawrence bowed, accepting the trust. He had a sort of vision of a lady about middle height, with strong brown eyes, and a smile that caught his breath. Mrs. Leighton lived about half-a-mile on the other side of Oxford, and on their way through the High he realised that she seemed to know a good deal about him, though he did not understand that most of her conversation was directed to the increasing of her knowledge. The truth is Mrs. Leighton had been struck with the extraordinary beauty of his face, and had managed to get Lord Woodstock to introduce her without arousing that sharp young gentleman's suspicions.

Mrs. Leighton usually succeeded in whatever she undertook. She was a woman of thirty who admitted to twenty-seven or twenty-eight. She had been married very young to an Indian judge some twenty years her senior. He had caught dysentery

THE ENGLISH REVIEW

and died, and had left his widow very well provided for. A house and some three acres of ground on the outskirts of Oxford formed part of his legacy to her. Mrs. Leighton had settled down at Oxford, meaning to occupy her leisure with flirtations if she could get nothing more serious. She had already had two or three little affairs; the one with Woodstock had left a smart of disappointment. She had begun to realise that the extreme youth which appealed to her so intensely had corresponding drawbacks and shortcomings. The fever of it ran high, but it was all embarrassing idealism, adoration even, and mad, unreasoning jealousy, or else it had no enduring continuance. Besides, Mrs. Leighton was intelligent and loved power even more than pleasure; she desired above everything to play a part in life. The sight of Gerald Lawrence made her catch her breath with admiration; she realised with a thrill that she had never imagined anyone so handsome or with such distinction. Struck with his expression she had asked Lord Woodstock: "Who is the priest?" and had added something about not caring for willowy men to allay possible jealousy. But now on her way home she realised with a certain apprehension that Gerald's mere appearance had moved her mind and body. The frail pallor of his face stirred her pity, and the great eyes set her throbbing. "Violet eyes," she said to herself. "Who would have guessed that eyes could thrill?"

From that day on life assumed a new purpose for Gerald Lawrence. On parting Mrs. Leighton had said to him, "I hope you will come and see me soon." He replied that he'd be happy; but that was not enough for her.

"When then?" she rejoined laughing. "You know we women like to prepare a little; we hate to be taken unawares. Come to lunch—what day?"

Gerald hesitated; should he say to-morrow? Instead he questioned, "This week, may I?"

"Of course," she replied. "To-day is Tuesday; shall we say Friday at 1.30?"

And on the Friday he appeared. The house made an extraordinary impression on him; there seemed to him to be pictures everywhere; he had been accustomed to wealth and comfort, but not to refinement and beauty. He was astonished by the profusion of flowers and books and papers, by a sense of lettered and artistic understanding. Mrs. Leighton soon set him at ease and drew him out to talk about himself. After lunch they went

AN ENGLISH SAINT

into the drawing-room to take coffee, and he informed her that he thought of going into the Church. She encouraged him, and when he went on to confess how the Master and Lord Woodstock had treated him, she salved his hurt vanity and made light of the implied criticism. "The Master," she said, "is an old bear and pedant, and Woodstock was jealous of your good looks."

Gerald had never enjoyed himself so much. He went away promising to come again on the following Monday. Mrs. Leighton found words for her impression: "Innocent," she said to herself, "and a little *gauche*, but——" and she thought of his eyes and fine features and white skin, "but sure to make a sensation as a curate—an unholy sensation," and she smiled comprehendingly.

In a little while the pair became familiar. Gerald used to drop in to tea and sit at Mrs. Leighton's feet. While in that position one day she flattered him outrageously, for she wanted to correct his somewhat pronounced taste for light waistcoats and gaudy ties.

"All your clothes," she said, "should be dark and quiet. You must really begin, Gerald, to see how fine your face is. If you were a woman you would have known it long ago, and tried to live up to it. A woman always lives up to her face if it is pretty. That's why pretty women are so much nicer than ugly ones. With your face a woman would be simply angelic. The Church is the very place for you."

"I'm glad you like me," he replied, shyly taking her hand. She drew him to her a little and gave him her lips.

"You must have seen I like you, Gerald," she said.

"And I like you," he replied, vaguely aware of the challenge; "who could help liking you? It is more than liking"; but he omitted to prove his words.

Vaguely disappointed, she went on flattering him. "Through vanity to the heart" was her unconscious thought.

As they stood together one day at the door of the drawing-room, she said:

"I don't like to let you go, Gerald"; and as he bent down to her she slipped her arms round his neck.

"You never kiss me," she said in a childish whisper, pouting.

He kissed her. "You know I will if you like," he answered.

"If I like," she repeated, chilled and hurt; "don't you want to?"

THE ENGLISH REVIEW

"Of course I do," was the reply ; but the kissing seemed rather to embarrass him.

She laughed aloud to change the current of feeling, and accompanied him to the door. But she had learned her lesson. "He's not like a young man," she said to herself, "there is no passion in him . . . he's merely decorative," she added a little bitterly. But Gerald meant much to her, and in spite of herself she took a lively and continuous interest in him. She was ambitious for him, and gave point and meaning to his vague aspirations by playing on his vanity.

"You will have a great success in the pulpit," she said to him once ; "you must be a prince of the Church." The mere words flushed him with pleasure.

"I shouldn't know what to say," he objected.

"That will come," she insisted ; "you must read the right books and get into the spirit of the thing" ; and there and then made up her mind to advise and encourage him. He was very docile, very amenable to such silken guidance.

In subtler ways, too, she managed to mould and develop him. With a little trouble she got herself invited by the Master's wife, and chaperoned by that emphatic lady took afternoon tea once in Gerald's rooms. The results of the visit were far-reaching. She was even more horrified by the prints of pugilists than by the photographs of actresses. She soon induced Gerald to get rid of them all, to pack them all away with the fancy waistcoats and flaming ties.

Before long she had persuaded him to buy a French *prie-dieu* of the fourteenth century and a Byzantine crucifix of the sixth with an angular figure on it in ivory of an astonishingly emaciated Christ. It was Mrs. Leighton who taught Gerald the æsthetic value of austerity ; she stripped his rooms of ornament and even of comfort till their bareness began to affect him. All the while she was assiduous to encourage in him the vanity of his personal distinction.

"I love your honey-coloured hair," she said to him one day, "but I wish it were silver. It would suit you so much better. You will be adorable at fifty. You must let it grow longer, Gerald, not too long, but long enough to be singular. Singularity is the next best thing to beauty. . . ."

"Do you really think me good-looking?" he asked nervously, eager for more sweet.

"Good-looking," she replied gravely, "isn't the word.

AN ENGLISH SAINT

If you ever are as good as your looks, you'll convert the world. You have only to live up to your face, Gerald, and women will go on their knees to you."

One evening at dinner Gerald had rather a trying time which gave her a great opportunity. Luke Rattison was the host, and he seemed to take an unholy delight in asking Gerald questions and forcing him to display his mental poverty. Again and again Gerald fell into the trap; again and again Mrs. Leighton sailed in to the rescue gallantly; she was thankful when dinner was over, though she held her own to the end.

"To be as clever as you," she said to her host when rising, "is really a sort of disease"; and to Mrs. Rattison, in the drawing-room, she remarked, "All high art consists in concealing art, they say; I suppose learning's different." Mrs. Leighton believed in revenging herself on her enemy.

But afterwards she took Gerald seriously to task.

"Why talk?" she said. "Why let yourself be made a fool of?"

"What was I to do?" asked Gerald. "I had to try to answer his stupid questions."

"No, no, you hadn't," she said quickly. "Why not have smiled at him in an abstracted kind of way and refused to be drawn out? The less you say the better," she added out of her disappointment. "No one can know what's in you if you don't talk. It's a great deal easier to look wise than to talk wisely. Besides, my dear Gerald, it is your rôle to say nothing. When you have beauty to speak for you, why talk? Silence alone is magnetic."

But the dinner had frightened her, and she set herself at once to strengthen her *protégé's* weak point. She read the Gospels with him, and made him learn some of the great phrases by heart, and begged him to use them in and out of season.

"You have no idea how effective they are," she said; "they never seem out of place in a man who is going to be a clergyman, and they always call up childish associations in all of us and high emotions. We all thrill to them. . . ."

"How clever you are, Amy," he sighed. "If only I had half your brains!"

She pouted and shrugged her shoulders; she was beginning to think that less than half would profit him, but out of loyalty to her affection she put the thought away.

All this while Gerald was not merely passive. Very early in

THE ENGLISH REVIEW

their acquaintance he realised that Mrs. Leighton's advice was excellent. He noticed that since he had taken to dress as she wished, everyone showed greater eagerness to know him, everyone made up to him. A little while after his rooms were swept and garnished, a senior student of Christ Church, who had visited him, declared that there was no man in the college so interesting, no rooms so characteristic. A little later, too, Gerald conquered the flippant unconcern of Lord Woodstock, who came up to his rooms by chance and was astonished beyond measure at the change in them. He fell in love with the Welsh dresser and the old oak refectory table; but the *prie-dieu* and the great Byzantine cross pleased him still more. Gerald explained the change cleverly. "You see, I took over Lord S——'s rooms, and I didn't like to alter them at once; it would have looked——" and he stopped.

"Some of the fellows call you 'the saint,'" Woodstock exclaimed, "and I half-believe you deserve it. You don't go on the river now, do you?"

"No," said Gerald, recalling at once Mrs. Leighton's advice, and adding in an undertone as if to himself something about "my Master's business," and then flushed with doubt of his own daring.

The quotation and flush were not lost on Lord Woodstock. He instantly became serious.

"You must not mind my chaff, old fellow. At the very first, you know, I took to you, and first thoughts are always best, I'm beginning to believe. You must not take my ragging seriously. I chaff a bit, but there's no harm in me, at least so the dear old mater says."

Gerald just nodded, smiling a little. He was wise enough not to say anything more, and Lord Woodstock went away genuinely impressed.

Gerald began to see that an undreamed-of success was possible to him, and his vanity was on fire to realise it. Mrs. Leighton had put a new spirit into him; set an ideal before him which he felt he might reach, and which brought him honour and satisfaction at every step. He began resolutely to try to model himself on her favourite St. Francis, and very soon his progress became astonishing. He had learnt to smoke as most young men do, but he had never cared for it very much. The truth was, any little excess of any sort shook his weakness at once; an extra cigar or an hour or so spent in a smoke-laden

AN ENGLISH SAINT

atmosphere made him dizzy and unwell. Mrs. Leighton advised him to drop it. "Saints shouldn't smoke," she said; and he gave up the practice and felt better for it. Renunciation is a pleasure to the weak. One day at lunch, too, with Mrs. Leighton, he noticed that the coffee and liqueur had flushed his face. He asked her whether she had remarked it.

"Since you ask me, Gerald," she confessed, "I must say I have, and I don't like it in you. It does not matter much," she went on smilingly, "but you ought not to care for any worldly pleasures; you ought not to look hot and healthy. If you were robust or strong you would lose half your distinctive character. You appeal to the pity in one, and pity is the most direct approach to the heart. You should be very pale and hold yourself aloof. Your face is saintly, you must really resolve to grow worthy of it."

He was willing enough to accept the hint; he left off using coffee and liqueurs and a little later began to deny himself meat as well; his vanity ruled him, and whatever increased the spiritual beauty of his face was easy to him. Mrs. Leighton helped him dexterously: she gradually elaborated a rule of conduct, founded on abstemiousness, with the sole object of etherealising his expression, and her advice did not stop at externals.

"If people talk commonplaces to you, don't answer them," she counselled. "Take no part in worldly conversation. The heavenly world is your kingdom."

On this road they made discovery on discovery, though Mrs. Leighton was nearly always the quicker to draw the true lesson from every incident. A lady of great position had been talking to Gerald in Mrs. Leighton's drawing-room. She had been completely won, partly by his appearance, partly by the thoughtful reticence of his attitude; she was just asking him to come down to C—— to dine and stay the night when he rose smiling, shook his head, and moved away.

Lady L—— did not know whether to be angry or not, but when she saw that Gerald had not left her for anyone else, but was simply staring out of the window, she decided that the rebuff was due to some mistake of her own, or some unimagined greatness in him, and accordingly she made it her business to tell Mrs. Leighton how much she admired him, and to beg her to intercede so that the "saint" might honour her with a visit.

"I'm afraid," Mrs. Leighton answered, "that Mr. Lawrence

THE ENGLISH REVIEW

will not go, he hates visiting"; but she hastened to add, "he always says he should like to live in a desert, for the spirit has need of solitude."

The great lady was even more impressed; and afterwards Mrs. Leighton told Gerald of the astonishing success of his rudeness and what she had said in excuse.

"Never be afraid of being rude," she said. "Women know their own unworth, and admire everyone who treats them with disdain. Don't be afraid of standing aloof. It is familiarity which cheapens. You are very tall: make everyone look up to you, dear. I told her you were like a monk of the Thebaid: your spirit had need of solitude."

Gerald's success soon began to surprise even his mentor. Someone, probably Lord Woodstock, insisted on calling him the "Saint," and the name "caught on." It became the fashion for the best men to spend half an hour nearly every day in the "Saint's" rooms or in his company. Gerald talked less and less, but the asceticism of the rooms and the old-world furniture appealed to all the finer spirits much in the same way as his own personal distinction and reserve appealed to them. He was learning wisdom, too, and when a man once asked him his opinion on some knotty point, he answered:

"I have no opinions." The phrase met with such success that it made him think about it and set him on to find out and elaborate the hidden significance of it.

"I have no opinions," he said a little later; "I have only feelings, and to transplant feelings into words is to make them common, deprive them of colour."

His mind grew under the discipline; every step upwards widened his horizon, forced him to further thought. The books he read helped him, too, as they help weak minds. He read the Gospels over and over again, steeped himself in them, and in the "Imitation." He learned by heart hymns of Herbert, Keble and Faber. The very fact that his mind had no furniture of its own left the chambers of it empty and prepared for the Christian equipment. His weakness of constitution made meekness and gentleness very easy to him. Every assertion of what one might call his femininity of nature pleased him and delighted his friends. Once a man was a little rude to him.

"Forgive me," said Gerald, "I must have offended you unconsciously. I'm sorry." The man stammered apologies, and afterwards took pains to be deferential.

AN ENGLISH SAINT

The habit of silence, too, which Gerald cultivated, and which had grown on him, brought its own reward. He began to notice very soon that what other people said and did made a much deeper impression on him when he was merely listening. His own reticence enabled him to understand other people better, to comprehend them more clearly, and as they felt no self-assertion in him, their own egotism expanded in his company, and he got to know them astonishingly well. He was observant, if not far-seeing.

Every step forward in the new path brought him encouragement and honour. His sayings began to be repeated in the college. No one ever knew who first attributed wisdom to him, but the attribution was successful. Young men in particular were inclined to accord both virtue and power to a man of such extraordinary personal distinction, and still more extraordinary reserve. Excusing himself once for having "sporting his oak," Gerald flowered into the phrase learned unconsciously from Mrs. Leighton, "The soul grows in solitude." The words spread through Oxford as perfume spreads through a room. Gerald was continually profiting by the fact that he was in intimate harmony with his surroundings.

A sort of legend began to form itself about him in his own college. The Master's wife, of course, knew many undergraduates, and the Gerald legend soon came to her ears. Her little mind had been made up about him, and for some time she did not trouble her husband with the ridiculous rumours. But when the elder fellows and students began to talk in the same way her feminine curiosity was excited, and she spoke to the Master.

"I want to invite that Gerald Lawrence to our garden-party," she said. "You know they call him the 'Saint' now, and some even say he's clever."

"What!" exclaimed her husband, "that nullity! It's impossible. There are many undergraduates who have microscopically small minds, but that man has no mind at all—a magnificent head and nothing in it. He forces one to think there is truth in the German saying:

Grosse Stirn
Wenig Gehirn

"Everyone can't be mistaken," replied his wife tartly, "and Lawrence has hundreds of admirers. Let's ask him to our

THE ENGLISH REVIEW

garden-party, but without that woman, that Mrs. Leighton—she's a cat."

The Master was indifferent.

"As you like," he said, "one more or less in the garden makes no difference; but Lawrence is a round ought, and never will be anything more."

The invitation surprised Gerald a little, and luckily for him he took it to Mrs. Leighton. When she read it she clapped her hands.

"A proof of your success, Gerald," she cried, "a double-proof. She asks you and she doesn't ask me. I stuck up for you last time; she therefore revenges herself by not asking me. Yet she is compelled by your reputation to ask you. She has not done it willingly. You must refuse, but how? Can't we think of something that will whet her curiosity! Let's compose a letter together. But first of all let's have lunch: thoughts only come to me with the coffee."

"Eating drives my thoughts away," said Gerald meditatively.

After lunch Mrs. Leighton rose to the occasion:

"Dear Mrs. Rattison," she began, "I dare not accept your kind invitation" ("the truth," she said to herself as she wrote, "the truth's always original"). "Now how can I tell her the faults of her own house?" she mused, and scrawled two or three lines hastily, then ran her pen through what she had written. "No; that won't do," she said, "won't do at all. It's rude and not witty. Ah! I've got it. I'll blot all that out. This is the letter, Gerald." And she read aloud:

"DEAR MRS. RATTISON,—I dare not accept your invitation. Your garden is charming; but I'm a little frightened of gardeners. They divide all creation into flowers and weeds, and I'm only a weed. You will forgive me, won't you? and let me come and drink tea with you some afternoon?"

"Yours in all service,

"GERALD LAWRENCE."

"That last sentence is a masterpiece," cried Mrs. Leighton, "for it divides them and gets the woman on your side. She'll begin to admit her husband's faults and take your side against him, and that new ending's good. It's only a woman who could write like that," and she sighed.

"I think it very clever of you, Amy," said Gerald while

AN ENGLISH SAINT

stooping over her to sign. As he drew himself up again he put his left hand on her shoulder, and, being pleased with her success and his praise, she looked up at him. The invitation in her regard affected him : he bent and kissed her forehead. She drew his lips down to hers. When he stood up again she felt he was a little rigid and aloof.

"He has no passion in him," she said to herself afterwards, "not a spark, yet he tempts one. Why?"

But she consoled herself easily. It was a distinction now to be seen with Gerald Lawrence. Everyone stared at them when they passed in the street. She could read envy in the sneers of the older women, and admiration in the girls' eyes. Everyone remarked him. "It's like going about with a great personage," she said to herself. Moreover, his beauty always kept its fascination for her. "They say, beauty's only skin deep," she used to say, "but ugliness goes to the bone."

Gerald's letter had a success. Mrs. Rattison brought it to the Master, who pursed his lips over it.

"H'm, h'm! rather rude."

"It's very clever," said Mrs. Rattison. "I wonder if he wrote it himself or whether that cat helped him." She determined to leave the letter unanswered.

But the rising tide of Gerald's reputation forced her hand. Mrs. Rattison resolved not to fail again; she wrote inviting Gerald to dinner, and giving him a couple of week's notice; she assured him, with a touch of irony, that he should be treated like a flower. At the same time she wrote to Mrs. Leighton asking her as well.

This move brought about a long talk between the two confederates.

"If you feel strong enough," said Mrs. Leighton, "we'll accept, but this time you must make no mistake. If the Master tries to draw you out, profess ignorance; if he dares to poke fun at you, smile at him kindly and don't answer him: forgive him—that's it!" she exclaimed, "forgive him, and so bring him into *your* domain; don't go into his on any account."

The words came from her heart, and Gerald at once felt their force and had a presentiment of their efficacy. He knew that he had grown wiser since he had last dined at Mrs. Rattison's and he determined now to bring the Master into his domain if possible.

The dinner was a memorable one, epoch-making indeed in

THE ENGLISH REVIEW

Gerald's spiritual life. One or two of the fellows were very deferential to him, and tried to draw him out. Mrs. Rattison spoke of him as "the Saint" to his face; he only smiled, shaking his head in gentle deprecation.

This by-play passed unnoticed by the Master. He talked on in his usual way, picking up one topic after another and making each in turn his own, with a certain robust common-sense buttressed by an extraordinary reading. Gerald scarcely spoke at all, and because the Master talked too much, Gerald became a sort of second centre of gravity, radiating a higher influence.

Towards the end of the dinner the Master got on one of his favourite topics—the Roman Church and its influence.

"Its discipline and elaborate hierarchy," he said, "afford proof positive of the furious opposition which the Christian doctrine encountered. The Church has the organisation of an army; it's an instrument forged in ten thousand conflicts, a tremendous weapon: the Pope is merely general-in-chief."

At the first pause in the little lecture, one of the fellows who had heard a great deal of such talk turned to Gerald:

"What do you think, Lawrence, do you agree with the Master?"

"I know nothing about it," said Gerald, "but I listen with delight."

"It is a plain proposition," said the Master pompously, "and incontrovertible, I think. Christianity owes its success to the militant organisation of the Roman Church; without that it must have perished."

Every face was turned to Gerald, everyone expected of him some new word, or rather everyone felt that the time had come for him to give expression to their inarticulate disagreement with the Master's shallow and pretentious dogmatism. Suddenly Gerald, thinking of St. Francis, found the word expected of him; his long habit of silence allowed him time to prepare it.

"I distrust organisations," he began, "the spirit's more than the body."

He paused. "'Forgive them for they know not what they do' has not yet been organised, or there would be no prisons," he added.

The Master stared; his natural acuteness, his memory of great thoughts, just enabled him to see that what Gerald said was true, and he admitted to himself reluctantly, "A new truth."

AN ENGLISH SAINT

"That view," he retorted gruffly, "is the view a saint would take. I hear they call you a 'Saint,'" he barked at Gerald not unkindly.

Gerald looked at him completely at a loss. The Master's acquiescence had confounded him, but his usual habit of mind came to his aid:

"I'm sorry," he said, "so sorry," looking full at his tormentor as he spoke. The unexpected submission was the *coup-de-grace*; everyone felt that Gerald had won; and with a little thrill he, too, inferred from the looks of those about him that his victory was conclusive, and he improved it during the rest of the evening by his silence and deferent courtesy. As he handed Mrs. Leighton into her brougham, she exclaimed:

"Come to see me, to-morrow: you've triumphed, dear! I'm so glad, so glad!"

From that evening Gerald began to see his way clearly. Next day Mrs. Leighton confirmed him in his opinion.

"You did not merely conquer, you wiped the floor with him," she cried. "He's a great burly, commonplace person, and you towered above him. I do not know how you got the words!" she exclaimed. "But they were the very words needed: an inspiration. To forgive ignorance is unthinkable to Luke Rattison. I'm glad Lord Woodstock was at the dinner. What you said had a tremendous effect on him, and he has a great influence in Oxford. Till last night he doubted you. He told me so himself once, and I could not defend you or he'd have suspected there was something between us. Now he believes in you. It's strange how everyone likes to go on their knees before someone else. We women wallow, but men are nearly as bad. Woodstock told me last night that you were the best influence in the University. The thing he liked Oxford best for was that he had met you."

"You think he's important?" he asked.

"Yes, indeed," she replied. "He's much abler than anyone imagines. He'll come to great place and power yet, and he'll not be afraid of helping you—the really able man never is afraid to back his opinion."

A little later his fellow students began to go out of their way to show their admiration for Gerald. At first they used to send him flowers, and occasionally books. Then comparative strangers took to sending him pictures, fourteenth century saints in wood from convents in France, triptychs from Italy

THE ENGLISH REVIEW

and South Germany. The son of the British Ambassador in Russia sent him a Russian primitive of the fourteenth century, a panel picture, that might have been of the school of Cimabue. The heads of six saints were painted on a gilded background round the figure of the Saviour. Each head was cunningly differenced by the artist who had yet naïvely put the name on one side of it, and on the other an appropriate text. The picture was a remarkable mixture of artistic power and saintly piety. The youth despatched it to Gerald with a letter hoping that he would accept it as a token of his gratitude; he would be very proud, he said, to imagine it hanging between the two windows in Gerald's sitting-room, and there Gerald hung it. But oftener the gifts were anonymous. Curiously enough, ever since the dinner, Mrs. Leighton herself had got into the habit of deferring a little to Gerald. Success impresses even the keen-sighted.

The praise and admiration which hung about Gerald did not smooth his way through the schools. He was a wretched scholar; even the childish Greek of the New Testament was difficult to him. But he was helped through by his knowledge of the English text. The other subjects were even harder to master. The catechism, articles, and rubrics of the Church were utterly beyond him. Often he could scarcely understand them, and he was never able to recall or use them. But he had grown cleverer in the knowledge of such phrases as appealed to his temperament, and the examiners were not so pedantic or so oblivious of public opinion as to plough "the saint" for ignorance of the letter: Gerald scraped through with a "pass" degree.

Long before the end of his time at Oxford he was asked to read lessons in this or that church, and these readings increased his reputation enormously. With his vanity went a good deal of the actor's temperament, and this induced him to seek singularity at all costs. As soon as he began to read in public he found that his voice was weak and almost toneless; he determined at once to make a merit of his failing, a distinction of his defect. Other people talked, or spoke, or ranted in the pulpit; he alone used a slow, unaccented monotonous delivery which seemed to lend each word peculiar significance. Perhaps in any other man this custom would have palled; but there was about Gerald the magic of personality, and his pale face, lighted up by the great eyes, was so singularly beautiful that it seemed of itself to add weight and interest to the simplest words. One

AN ENGLISH SAINT

thing was certain—no one could deny the originality of his method of reading, or mistake his effects for those of any other man.

All Gerald's shortcomings of mind, no less than his gifts, including even his nickname "the Saint," seemed to lead him back to the old Catholic church. He loved, as we have said, all observances and rules like a woman loves corsets, and perhaps for similar reasons; he felt grateful for their support, and was profoundly influenced by their decorative value. Almost insensibly he began to refer everything to the Early Church and early Christian practice.

St. Francis d'Assisi, as we have seen, was his special pattern, and the three vows of the saint were often in his mind. Curiously enough the first custom he took up of the mediæval Church had an enduring effect on his life. Inspired by Mrs. Leighton with the necessity of keeping his distinctive pallor, he had begun to practise partial fasting on Wednesdays and Fridays; he soon found that such abstinence not only increased the spirituality of his expression, but also quickened his intellect in the most extraordinary way. While the body was empty he seemed to understand more clearly everything he read. His thoughts, indeed, ran quicker than the text. After an hour or so, it is true, he felt tired, and his mind began to dance about and beat time instead of moving forward. But at first, while fresh, he was conscious of a peculiar lucidity and ease of mental vision. The fact so encouraged him that he gradually changed from partial fasting to a complete fast, and contented himself on such days with an occasional cup of tea. The consequences were important. His face grew even more refined and impressive; his skin became almost transparent. The features sharpened, the eyes seemed larger as the face grew thinner. There could be no doubt that the spirituality of his appearance was intensified. His intellect, too, expanded rapidly; his reading became more and more fruitful to him. The chambers of his mind were gradually being furnished in the style of the Middle Ages, and when he was moved, his speech took on the quaint simplicity and child-like directness of mediæval teachers; he began to be impregnated with the finest perfume, so to speak, of the Christian spirit.

In all his after-life he regarded the habit of self-denial, which began by leaving off smoking and drinking, and culminated in regular and long fasting, as his initiation into the spiritual life.

THE ENGLISH REVIEW

His first complete fast he always regarded as his "conversion," so to speak, to the Christian faith.

The habit of fasting was a blessing to him in many ways, but he gradually became conscious that it had one unexpected and peculiar drawback. He had never been troubled, as stronger youths are troubled, with sensuous desires which spring into being almost without cause, and make every waking hour a temptation and a plague, while breaking in on sleep even with the irresistible seduction of dreams. But fasting excited the animal nature in Gerald; threatened life put forth all its reproductive vigour, and at first he was completely at a loss whether to fight the new foe or yield? His training in self-denial taught him to resist, and during the day he found it easy to change the current of his thoughts or sensations by long walks. But at night he was powerless. He began to suffer from insomnia. He fought the dreams by reading and by increasing his walks in the day-time, so that the tired body might fall into dreamless slumber. The long walks and sleeplessness combined reacted on his appearance and increased his attractiveness. He grew stronger, too, as he grew thinner. It was Mrs. Leighton's idea that he should go to a fancy dress ball at a house near Oxford dressed as a Dominican. His appearance was a sort of event. The monk's dress suited him peculiarly, set off the refined spirituality of his face, so that everyone was struck by it. From that night on Oxford counted him among its illustrations.

Shortly before he "went down" he received a letter offering him a vicarage in Surrey, with an income of £600 a year, as soon as he was ordained. He took the letter to Mrs. Leighton, and she soon discovered that the man in whose gift the advowson lay, was a friend and political supporter of Lord Woodstock, who had left Oxford the term before. It was probable that he had instigated the offer. Gerald, however, told Mrs. Leighton that he had resolved to go to the East End of London for a couple of years, at least, before taking any cure of souls, and she approved of his intention. He therefore wrote thanking his would-be benefactor, and telling him of his purpose. The gentleman replied that he quite understood; but would, nevertheless, keep the living open for Mr. Lawrence.

In fact, just as people sent him gifts to adorn his rooms, so his path upward in life was made plain for him; everyone seemed eager to put their cloaks down to help him over the muddy

AN ENGLISH SAINT

places—another proof of how intensely his peculiar gifts and graces appealed to his contemporaries.

The relations between Gerald and Mrs. Leighton during the Oxford time had become very intimate without ever going beyond the limits of platonic friendship. She made up her mind very soon that he was not passionate ; and she took such an interest in his success and mental growth, and had so many motherly fears for his health, that this somewhat unnatural relation managed to subsist. So long as Lord Woodstock was at Oxford and came from time to time to see her she was fairly content, but after he had left, and Gerald had gone to the East End, Mrs. Leighton soon found Oxford lonely and intolerable. She put her house in the hands of an agent to sell, and determined that when it was sold she would move to London. The house quickly found a purchaser, and she soon discovered a house in Wilton Place, near Albert Gate, that would suit her. In a few months she transferred her belongings and her own charming personality to London, where she would be near Gerald, and where, too, Woodstock would be able to come and see her from time to time. She would be much more likely, she said to herself, to meet someone who would marry her in London than in Oxford. The absence of Gerald had revealed to her her own loneliness in an extraordinary way. In a week solitude became a sort of disease to her. She did not know what to do with herself, and could hardly find energy enough to get up and dress or order meals, the eating of which was a plague and weariness. She missed the walks and talks with Gerald, and above all she missed the someone to think of and make plans for ; her life was without a purpose.

She installed herself in Wilton Place before the decorations were finished. She simply had to have Gerald come and see her. She had written him letters every day, and heralded her first evening in London by a long telegram telling him to come and dine with her at eight o'clock.

They had only been parted a couple of months, and yet as soon as he entered the room she was conscious of a change in him—a surprising change. She felt at once that some unknown influence had come between them. Her heart contracted violently as under a painful grasp. What had happened ? Could he have fallen in love ? She put the thought out of her mind. It was impossible, she decided. But he had changed, he was more virile ; the clasp of his hand was stronger, he moved more lightly.

THE ENGLISH REVIEW

What can it be ? *Who* can it be ? she asked herself, resolved to find out.

The truth was as simple as the truth usually is. Although Gerald had learned a great deal at Oxford, when he came to London he was still hardly more than a boy. His vanity and Mrs. Leighton's teaching had given him an ideal in life ; but it was London and its temptations which first discovered his individual soul. He had had success after success at Oxford, now he was brought to defeat on defeat. At first he had been stunned by London, and had immersed himself in the work and visiting of the Toynbee Settlement ; but fasting and loneliness brought the sensual thoughts, thoughts which had now grown stronger and would not be subdued. When the impulses of the body threatened to conquer, he got into the habit of going to stay with his father on Putney Hill, thinking that the change might help him in the conflict. And at first it seemed to help him. But the table at Putney Hill was very generous, and his father, alarmed by his pallor and fragility, insisted on his taking wine and feeding up. The result on his hardened body accustomed to ascetic living was immediate : sensual imaginings ruled him, he began to be obsessed by them ; in vain he fought ; the Nessus shirt clung stinging ; all he could do was to betake himself to the East End again and read, visit and pray so assiduously as to leave no time for thought. In this state temptation was irresistible.

The men at the Settlement had got up a concert, and among others the Sisters Weldon had been engaged to dance and sing. They were local celebrities, a pair of girls about twenty who had made a reputation in Hackney and the neighbourhood. They were motherless orphans, very pretty and clever, and everyone took an interest in them. Doris, the elder, was perhaps the prettier of the two according to the conventional standard, but Chrissie was a finer performer and a more self-willed and stronger nature. When they came out and danced before him in their short skirts, Gerald, who was on the platform and could have touched them, felt as if he must choke. The elder girl he thought pretty, very pretty even ; but the younger, the dark sister, as he called her to himself, took possession of him body and soul. She danced, he saw, with infinitely more expression than her sister, and her figure was more attractive. He could not help studying it as she swayed and curtsied before him. When they stopped, and the storm of clapping subsided, Gerald turned to his neighbour with a question, but found he could not speak without

AN ENGLISH SAINT

betraying his emotion ; his mouth was parched as with fever. He looked down and studied his card, and when he found that the sisters were to appear again he drew a long breath of relief.

He never knew what happened till they came on again and passed him going down to the footlights. This time they were both dressed like soldiers, something like Hungarian hussars, in close-fitting, dark-blue breeches, high boots and spurs, and short scarlet jackets which set off the shapely roundness of the younger girl's hips. Gerald felt his face flushing in spite of himself. He was a little annoyed and frightened lest others seeing her should fall in love with her, for he could not help admiring her mutinous dark face, her gay vivacity, her lovely form. Her sister merely danced, but brave little Chrissie threw abandon into her steps and a hint of passion ; every movement of her body to him was provocative. To save his life he could not help absorbing and studying every contour of the swaying figure. It was the first time he had ever noticed the subtle, hesitating line of a woman's torso, and he gave himself up to the enchantment.

This dance of the Weldons closed the programme for the evening. With the other men of the Settlement Gerald passed behind the scenes and was introduced to the artists in order to congratulate and thank them. As the sisters prepared to go the courage of despair came to Gerald, and he told the elder sister he should like to call on them. She noticed that while he spoke he looked at Chrissie, but she was flattered by the attention and asked him to come the next day, and so the fateful acquaintance began.

They lived, he found, in a couple of rooms in Mare Street, Hackney ; the thoroughfare was noisy and vulgar, relentless in its mean squalor. The sitting-room shocked Gerald ; it all seemed common, ugly, he said to himself, but Chrissie shone in the mean room like a diamond shines on black paper. She treated him as he had never been treated before, with perfect frankness. Evidently she had neither admiration for him nor fear of him. When he refused the cake and bread and butter she took an extra mouthful of cake herself and said :

" You don't know what you're missing," and laughed saucily. The careless word seemed to Gerald extraordinarily significant.

" Perhaps I don't know what I'm missing," he said ; " I'll take some cake, if you please," and he did.

His desire to please made him tactful ; he talked about their

THE ENGLISH REVIEW

dancing. The elder sister, Doris, admitted that they were trying to get an engagement at the Palace Theatre. Chrissie declared, with her mouth full, that she was going to-morrow to see old Norton, and that it would be hard lines if he did not engage them !

"Hard lines, indeed !" thought Gerald, with a pang of fear for the rivalry of unseen competitors.

All this while he was wondering how he could get to know the sisters better, become intimate with them as he had become intimate with Mrs. Leighton. He could have touched Mrs. Leighton, he felt, if he had wanted to ; but he had never wanted to. Now every movement of Chrissie Weldon made him want to put his hands on her. After they had finished tea she sat in a chair opposite him and crossed her legs ; the blood began to beat in his temples. A thought came to him :

"How are you going to the Palace ?" he asked.

"On these, of course," she replied, thrusting forward her little feet. "Shanks's mare, eh, Doris ?"

"Suppose I get a carriage and drive you there, and afterwards take you round the park ?"

"Oh, glory, glory," cried Chrissie springing to her feet, "a landau with two horses, eh ? Fancy, Doris, we'll be going like queens," and she seized her sister and danced her round and round.

Suddenly she stopped, pouting. "I forgot ; I've only my old hat, and it's shabby, shabby !"

"Why not buy a new one ?" suggested clever Gerald.

She looked at him eagerly. He pleased her, and had begun to interest her. But the elder sister broke in at once :

"We don't accept presents from gentlemen," she said primly, "although we think it very kind of you, Mr. Lawrence, all the same, and we'll accept your offer of the carriage with pleasure."

He felt depressed, wondered vaguely where middle-class morality began and where it ended. But nothing could subdue Chrissie's high spirits for long. The thought of the carriage intoxicated her, and again she flung her arms round her sister and whirled her round the room singing :

"A carriage and pair in London town, in London town, in London town,
Only to earn an honest brown, an honest brown, an honest brown,"

while laughing over her shoulder coquettishly at Gerald.

Next day they had their drive. Doris made him wait with the carriage at the corner of a neighbouring street, where they

AN ENGLISH SAINT

would not be known, and all through Hackney they drove with the carriage closed, but as soon as they got out of their own neighbourhood the carriage was thrown open and the girls gave themselves over to the rare enjoyment.

At the Palace, too, they succeeded in getting an engagement. Chrissie's spirits were irresistible. She came out of the theatre like a little mad thing, with flushed face and sparkling dark eyes, excited, as she said, to "the limit," and away they drove through the parks like grand ladies. Towards sunset Gerald proposed dinner, and swept away all opposition, and they had dinner together in the only place he knew—the East Room of the Criterion, where, however, the appointments and service were good enough to strike the sisters dumb with admiration. Driving home they both thanked him again and again. When he put them down near Mare Street, Gerald lifted Chrissie from the carriage in his arms—an unforgettable sensation.

He dismissed the carriage hastily ; he wanted to be alone with his thoughts. He seemed to walk on air. Life had taken on a new colour for him, a new significance. His heart was beating as it had never beaten before ; his blood all rhythmic—she was the loveliest creature in the world, the gayest, the sweetest the most enchanting, the most desirable. He must win her, he felt, or lose the pearl of life.

* * * * *

After that long, first day the intimacy with Chrissie grew by leaps and bounds. Gerald could never remember the ebbing and flowing of the tide of passion that seemed to reach flood in an hour, and swept him away like a straw ; but the moments of it were epochs in his life. One such moment occurred just before the first appearance of the sisters on the stage of the Palace Theatre. The manager had been taken by their dancing in soldiers' dress, and had ordered them new tights of the same sort, only more striking in colour, and, of course, better made. When Gerald called one afternoon he found Chrissie alone. The girls had been trying on Chrissie's new costume ; and Doris had had to run out for a few minutes to buy something. Chrissie talked to him through the half-open door.

"Do come in here," he pleaded ; "I can't see you, and I want to."

She shook her head. "Doris wouldn't like it. You must wait."

THE ENGLISH REVIEW

"Please," he persisted, "do let me just see you. You are so beautiful. I'm sure the dress is perfect. Do come out."

The mischievous laughing face appeared at the half-open door. "You must wait," she repeated, as if undecided. He went to the door and pushed it nearly open.

"Come in," he begged; "Chrissie, come in," and she yielded to his desire.

The traitor dress clothed her like a skin. Again his mouth parched and his temples beat as they did the first night he watched her on the stage. As he didn't speak, she grew a little piqued:

"You don't like it?" she asked a little anxiously, turning round as if to show it all to him.

The movement threw the line of her waist and the bold curve of the hips into relief—she was adorable; his hands went out of themselves; he caught her and drew her to him passionately. She turned her head over her shoulder and repeated archly:

"You don't like it?"

His hands came up from her waist to her breast, and he bent down to her face:

"Of course, I like it," and he kissed her red lips; "who could help liking it? Chrissie, I love you, dear! Do you care for me?"

"Now, would I let you kiss me if I didn't?" she pouted. "You are too sweet to us. But tell me: do you like the dress?"

"It's charming," he said. "You do care, then, a little for me?"

She turned to him and put her arms round his neck like a child, and drew his head down and kissed him, as innocently as a child kisses on the lips.

"I do like you," she said. "You're so kind, and I like your height and big eyes; but," she added gravely, "you must get stronger, you know. Doris thinks you're consumptive. You're not, are you?"

"No, no," he laughed. "I never was so well in my life, nor so strong." He stooped down and put his arms round her hips, and lifted her from the ground. She crowed with delight: "Oh, oh, oh!"

"You must put me down," she laughed delightedly. "If Doris came in she would be very cross. Quick! quick!" and she struggled in his arms.

That fleeting instant and its poignant emotion remained with Gerald all his life. At any moment he could close his eyes and see again the mutinous gay, laughing face, the silky dark ringlets of hair, and the saucy challenging eyes, and could feel the round

AN ENGLISH SAINT

firmness of the limbs he was holding against him. His hands and body bore the imprint of her form ; it seemed to him as if the outline had been burned into his flesh.

He let her slide down slowly, for he was loth to part from her. As soon as she touched ground she shook herself to put her clothes straight, and ran laughing from the room.

He did all he could to get her to come out again ; he even threatened to come in and fetch her. She cried out in mock alarm :

“ No, no ; you mustn’t.”

He knew the fear was only put on, and was about to go in when Doris opened the sitting-room door.

Why was it, he wondered later, that wonderful moments in life are so fleeting-transitory ?

* * * * *

The next incident that counted with Gerald was of a very different nature ; it occurred on the first appearance of the sisters at the Palace Theatre. A week before that event Mrs. Leighton came up to London, and everything was changed for him. Mrs. Leighton, contrary to her custom, was very exigent. She pressed him to come with her to choose furniture and curtains and a dozen other things ; she insisted on being introduced to his father and invited him to lunch and dine with her. Gerald thought it strange that the two should strike up a friendship ; for his father, though distinguished-looking, sometimes dropped his “ h’s,” and always showed in his speech that he belonged rather to the lower than to the upper middle-class. These little failings grated on Gerald sometimes, in spite of his love for his father ; but Mrs. Leighton never seemed to notice them. She managed to engross Gerald so completely, what with luncheons and dinners and visits to Putney, that he could not spend half as much time with Chrissie as he desired. This annoyed him, and he began to show a certain coldness to Mrs. Leighton.

He did not know that his little impatiences were revealing his secret to that observant lady just as clearly as if he had told her the whole truth. He did his best not to betray himself, for he felt instinctively that Mrs. Leighton would not like the sisters, and would dislike Chrissie in particular, and he cared for Chrissie so intensely that he could not bear the idea of her being criticised or looked at coldly. Accordingly he kept his love to himself, and

THE ENGLISH REVIEW

reproached himself daily for not tearing himself free from Mrs. Leighton's importunities.

If he had only known it, no tactics could have served him better with Chrissie. He had brought an atmosphere of pleasure, and ease, and enjoyment into her life, and thrown over it the magic of love as well; but it all seemed so easy and natural to her that at first she rather underrated his devotion. But now that he stayed away for whole days, Chrissie missed him, as she complained to her sister, "at every hand's turn." She even began to fear that she might lose him altogether. She could not help dreading lest some of the ladies in the park might get him. She thought about him every hour, wondering where he was, what he was doing, why he stayed away, and when he would be back? Love's arrow's barbed, and the more it's disturbed the deeper it pierces. In a fortnight Chrissie's affection was intensified to love. Her time from eleven to four was taken up by rehearsals; but the evenings when Gerald stayed away were cruelly empty and dull. Gerald's days, too, were all filled by Mrs. Leighton, and he had continually to struggle to get free in the evening. But still the lovers met very often, and with every meeting their affection seemed to put forth fresh flowers.

By this time Mrs. Leighton knew that Gerald was in love with a singer; knew, too, that she would appear at the Palace Theatre on the Monday night. On Tuesday or Wednesday the week before, Chrissie had given Gerald a playbill in which the sisters were announced to appear. He had crumpled it up and thrust it into his pocket, but somehow or other Mrs. Leighton had got hold of it, and as soon as she saw *The Sisters Weldon*, she felt that one of them had come between her and Gerald. She took a box on the grand tier for the Monday evening. As soon as she entered the box she saw Gerald in the front row of the stalls. When the sisters came on she picked out the younger sister, Chrissie, at once. "A vulgar, common little thing," she said to herself, "light-hearted, light-footed—light in every way. What fools men are! What fools!"

She hardly looked at Gerald; yet she knew that his glasses were glued to his eyes. She knew, too, that after the theatre he would take "the little gutter-sparrow" home. She felt certain that the sisters lived somewhere in the East End. A storm of clapping broke in upon her thoughts, the sisters were being recalled again and again; they had "caught on" the very

AN ENGLISH SAINT

first night. Mrs. Leighton was rather glad of their success ; perhaps they would need Gerald less now.

When the sisters came on again in obedience to the demands of the house, she noticed that the younger sister exchanged glances with Gerald and danced for him, "at him," she said to herself viciously. Evidently the girl had been nervous at first ; but now, having gained self-possession, was dancing for the man she loved. In spite of herself Mrs. Leighton felt Chrissie's charm, her sauciness, her exquisite girlish figure, the attraction of her childish passionate appeal ; but the feeling made her cold with hate and resolution.

"We shall see, my girl," she said to herself, "who will win," and she closed her opera-glasses and went home.

When the sisters' second turn was over, Gerald went round to the stage-door to wait for them. He had hired a carriage to take them home. The commissionaire told him they would be out in a few minutes. He nodded and waited, promising himself some amusement in the sights of the strange place. Suddenly he became aware that he had formidable rivals. There was a young, slim, good-looking fellow, whom he took to be an officer, who sent in two bouquets to the sisters, together with a card on which he had written a request that they would have supper with him. Gerald grew white with anger at the cool assumption of the man and the airy self-confidence of his manner. But he could not help admiring the young fellow when he took out half a sovereign and gave it to the commissionaire, with the request that he should hand the bouquets to the elder sister and the note to the younger.

A few minutes later Gerald was face to face with another aspirant, a stout, over-dressed man of forty, to whom the commissionaire was very polite. He wanted to know if the stage-manager was in, and when the commissionaire said he was, he laughed loudly :

"I'll go and see him, Williams," he said, "I want to know those Weldons, that's their name—isn't it ? Eh ? I'll just go in and see 'em."

To Gerald's rage he pushed through the stage-door as if the place belonged to him.

The moments of waiting seemed to age Gerald ; in five minutes he was whirled through a thousand emotions, and had made a hundred resolutions.

"If they speak to that cad, I'll never speak to them again,"

THE ENGLISH REVIEW

he vowed to himself. The next moment he wanted to choke the "foul brute," or beat his fat face into a pulp. The soldier, too, who whistled there nonchalantly, came in for a share of Gerald's rage and contempt. He hated him as much as he loathed the vulgarian. He determined to go away and leave Chrissie to her friends. Perhaps she had already given them some encouragement; perhaps even she had already smiled on the fat man. His very soul sickened at the thought of any connection between them; she seemed to him dirtied by the man's desire. He would go away and leave them, and he turned towards the street. Just at that moment the swinging door was thrown open and the sisters came out, Chrissie first, as usual, carrying the officer's bouquet, as Gerald noticed at once. In a second the officer had come forward, and taking off his hat had begun to speak. Gerald suddenly felt that he, too, ought to have sent Chrissie a bouquet, and he was angry with himself for not thinking of it sooner. His anger with Chrissie had fled at the mere sight of her.

"My name's Vincent," said the officer. "I see you have my flowers, Miss Weldon. I do hope it's a sign that you and your sister will forgive the informality of the introduction and be my guests to-night at the Savoy?"

"Oh, thank you," said Chrissie prettily, "but we cannot come," and she passed straight on to Gerald.

"I saw you in front," she said to him, and in a whisper added: "I danced for you, sir!"

No one could resist her; yet Gerald heard himself answer in a strange, hard voice:

"Why did you speak to him?"

He noticed that the young fellow was talking to Doris. Even Doris was smiling at him, though she, too, refused his invitation.

The next moment Gerald had the sisters in the carriage and was driving away, the officer taking off his hat in gay salute, which filled the cup of Gerald's ill-humour to the brim.

"What's the matter, dear?" cried Chrissie.

"Nothing," replied Gerald angrily; "but why did you speak to him?"

"How could I help it?" said Chrissie laughing, pleased with his manifest jealousy. "I had his flowers in my hand, and he was quite polite."

"Polite," repeated Gerald bitterly. "Did you see the fat man?"

"The stage-manager introduced Mr. Graham to us," she

AN ENGLISH SAINT

replied proudly. "He's a stockbroker and the chief shareholder in the theatre; even Doris was polite to him, weren't you, Doris?"

"I didn't want to lunch with him," replied Doris, "but I thought we had better."

Gerald felt strangled. Was this what his love had brought him, this unworthy competition, this vile rivalry? He saw, as with second sight, that the "guinea-pig," as he called him, was a more formidable competitor even than the good-looking young officer.

"Are all women venal?" he asked himself bitterly, for both the girls spoke of Graham with awed respect.

"He's very rich," said Chrissie.

"And knows everyone," echoed Doris.

"Their very souls," he thought to himself, "are servile to riches and success."

But in a few minutes the reaction came. He would give Chrissie up to none of them. Why should he? He had good looks as well as the officer, and money to spend as freely as the City man. He triumphed to himself. Why should he not win? Why should he not take them to supper? At once, without asking, he put his head out of the window and told the coachman to drive to the Savoy.

"I'm going to take you to the Savoy to supper," he said.

"You dear!" cried Chrissie, clapping his face with her hands.

"Chrissie, Chrissie," cried Doris reprovingly. "It's very kind of you, Mr. Lawrence," she added; "but we're not dressed for the Savoy."

"Any dress will do," he said in his ignorance (the officer had said the Savoy), and overbore their opposition. But when the sisters entered the restaurant and saw the girls and ladies elegantly gowned crowding into the supper-room, both Doris and Chrissie shrank back declaring that it was impossible for them to go in; but he insisted, and carried the matter off with a high hand. When they were seated, however, he was annoyed to find that dress does make a difference to women, for both the girls were ill at ease.

"Why should you not let me give you frocks?" he said, as soon as he realised their discomfort. "Eat your supper and drink your champagne, and to-morrow you shall have two white evening gowns, and we'll come again. After all," he added, glancing round, "you're the two prettiest girls in the room."

THE ENGLISH REVIEW

And, indeed, the little dark dresses and unwonted hats seemed to set off the charm of the girls' youthful beauty. Many of the men as they passed out looked down at them with frank admiration. It seemed to Gerald as if the world were in a conspiracy to put him in a secondary place.

"But, after all," he said to himself, "I know Chrissie does care for me, and it will be my own fault if anyone else gets her," and he redoubled his attentions.

While driving back he managed to take Chrissie's hand in the dark; it nestled into his all the way home, and gave him renewed courage and joy. With this support he wrung from Doris a half-promise that they would accept evening dresses from him. When they got inside the house, Chrissie made some excuse to turn back in the passage and speak to him at the street door. She gave him her lips at once. "Good-night, dear," she said. "It's been a real treat," and she sighed contentedly.

When alone with his thoughts and able to analyse his impressions and emotions, Gerald realised that the poetry of his love the idyllic beauty of it, had vanished with the sense of combat. Chrissie was no longer angelic, she had become a little dancer, and he had to win her and keep her. His love had been transmuted by jealousy into passion, just as loneliness and disquieting doubts had deepened Chrissie's affection into love.

After leaving the theatre Mrs. Leighton sat down and thought the matter over. "I need help," she confessed to herself. Her instinct had been right, she felt, in getting to know Gerald's father. She could reckon on the old man now, and use him. Early next morning she drove out to Putney, and while walking in the garden confided to old Mr. Lawrence all she knew about Gerald's "unhappy entanglement." She thought it her duty to tell him, she said. He must never let Gerald know where he had learned it. He must go to the Palace Theatre to see for himself. She drew a shocking caricature of Chrissie as "a vulgar, little dancing girl," who showed her "body more than half-naked on the stage." Her appeal to the old man's prudery was decisive; in an hour she had worked him up to a passionate resolution. By lunch-time she had assured herself that he knew just what he ought to say to Gerald.

The result was much what she anticipated. Stuttering with indignation, Mr. Lawrence went off to see Gerald next morning. He told him he was mad, that he must think of his career, and of decency, and so forth in the customary strain, and then returned

AN ENGLISH SAINT

to tell Mrs. Leighton all that he had said, leaving out the fact that he had asked Gerald why he didn't marry Mrs. Leighton, who was a lady of position and wealth, and beautiful to boot.

The suggestion startled Gerald as much as it angered him. He had never thought of such a thing, he said; besides, Mrs. Leighton was too old. But his father's unsparing condemnation of Chrissie had had a certain effect on him. The old man's scorn for the girl who could show off her figure in tights really lit unworthy jealous suspicions in Gerald which bore evil fruits later. He was compact of English prejudices; he began to doubt the girl's purity, which was as obvious as sunlight, because of the way she danced and dressed.

A few hours after his father had given Mrs. Leighton his version of the lecture he had administered to his son, Gerald betook himself to Wilton Place, too, for sympathy and advice. Mrs. Leighton began by soothing and flattering him. Of course, true love was beautiful, she said, the ideal; but he had a great career before him, and he should consider his father's feelings. Gerald ought to be a prince of the Church: princes only married common girls when they were born princes, but when they had to make themselves princes they could not afford to marry beneath them, and so forth.

"Don't you see, Chrissie's a miracle?" he asked glowering; "there's no one like her."

Mrs. Leighton admitted that she was very pretty, but added that he really must not idealise her out of all likeness to humanity; she was illiterate, of course, and vain, glad to accept anyone's attentions—both sisters were of the lower middle-class. She saw at once that she was on the right track. "Do you really care for her, really?" she asked.

He nodded, his face rigid with pain.

"Your father thinks you'll take her to Paris," she remarked casually, playing her trump boldly. Gerald, she felt, would soon tire of Chrissie in Paris.

He started to his feet. "Oh! He—you——"

She faced him bravely. "It would be the best thing you could do. (He glared at her.) Why should you quarrel with me, because I'd give you everything you want in life, I'd give you the moon if I could," and then she found the supreme word: "If you don't take her, Gerald, someone else will."

It struck him to the very heart. Yes, if he didn't take her Graham would, and Doris would not help her to resist; *she*

THE ENGLISH REVIEW

certainly was lower middle-class, prim at once, and servile. And Chrissie, sweet though she was, was vain. What should he do?

His jealousy of Graham discoloured the world for him; "someone else" rankled.

He left Mrs. Leighton in a whirl of jealousy, desire, and wounded vanity.

Was he really making an angel, as she had said, of a little dancing-girl; trying to see a London sparrow as a bird of paradise? How her words stung! They stung, he reflected, because of the truth in them. The picture of greasy, bald-headed Graham, like some obscene bird of prey, kept thrusting itself before his mind.

He could not rest in the Settlement. He went off to Mare Street to take them out. They were not in. The landlady confided to him that a gentleman had taken them out for the evening.

"What was he like?" Gerald asked, smiling to conceal his misery and rage.

"Oh, he was quite a gentleman—a foreign gentleman, I thought, a little elderly, but—he had brought fur wraps for both of them, real sable, Russian sable. . . ." The landlady was voluble in the giver's praise. Gerald's heart throbbed; it was Graham. He turned from the door thanking her. But he was called back. In her eagerness to help, the landlady called out to him that she had heard the gentleman say they would take supper at the Savoy.

Gerald went to the Savoy, and there they were in the restaurant. He waited about for half an hour to see them come out. Chrissie, flushed with excitement, talking sixteen to the dozen, as usual. His heart sank. As they reached the door he saw Graham put his hand on her bare arm to keep her back and let Doris go out first, and then he saw him, on the pretext of arranging her fur, touch her bare neck with his hand. Chrissie did not thrust him back, or shrink from his touch; she smiled at him, in fact, as she passed out.

Gerald was lost in jealous rage, dazed in agonies of doubt and fear. He was brought to himself by the porter tapping him on the arm:

"We must close, sir, if you please."

The restaurant was shrouded dark; only the lights over the desk threw uncertain gleams; the carriages had all rolled away. He went out into the empty street.

AN ENGLISH SAINT

All through the night he stormed ; but as hour after hour went on, one thing became clear to him—he would have her ; he would not leave her to that foul beast, that old satyr. He would take her away at once. He must make no mistake. He would go first to Mrs. Leighton and ask her advice. He was at her house by eight o'clock in the morning, and she saw him at half-past in her *peignoir*, and was all sympathy.

"You poor boy," she cried as she caught sight of him, "how ill you look !"

In spite of himself he told her everything—his doubts of Chrissie, his suspicions, everything—he raved to her, and then broke down and cried like a child with his head on her knees, sobbing hysterically. He alarmed her ; she feared for his reason ; she had never before understood how weak he was. There was nothing for it, she felt, but to give the child his toy. With this purpose she spoke, encouraging him. Of course, Chrissie loved him, but she was shallow and vain. He must be always with her, never leave her alone, he must take her to the theatre and back again, to dinner and to supper. If the other gave them furs, Gerald must give them dresses and hats. If the other recommended them to stage-managers, Gerald should take the stage-managers out to supper with them.

She concluded : "If Graham gets them a rise in salary, you must give them bracelets and brooches. Play the man," she cried at him finally, "and not the mouse."

Before she had half-finished, all the man in him had responded to her. He kissed her hands and caught her to him, and kissed her face, and hurried off to carry out her instructions, and to tread the primrose path to his own desire.

In twenty-four hours he had reason to congratulate himself. In a week he had won Chrissie so that she had no thought or desire beyond him. The dresses he gave her and the jewels forced even Doris to agree with the landlady that he was madly in love ; but still he could not induce Chrissie to take the irrevocable step and leave London. He wanted to get her away from Graham and his vile attentions ; but to Chrissie leaving London meant leaving Doris and success on the stage. The girl's loyalty to her sister was invincible. He went again to Mrs. Leighton. Her advice was veiled, but decisive.

"Win her," she said, "and the girl will follow you."

"But how ? What do you mean ?" he asked. "Do help me !"

THE ENGLISH REVIEW

Mrs. Leighton looked at him. Could any man be so inconceivably ignorant.

"Take her for a long drive," she said at length, "up the river, or out to Hampstead, or to Richmond. Take a private room in some hotel—the Star and Garter if you like—and lunch and dine together; make up your mind and you are sure to win her"; with feminine malice she added, "she's only waiting to be persuaded."

Gerald went from her in a fever, resolute but still self-deceiving; he would not look facts in the face. But still, there could be no harm, he said to himself, in taking Chrissie out, and he engaged a private room and induced Chrissie to come with him alone.

They lunched together—he in a fever of excitement, Chrissie a little subdued and not quite at ease, but intensely happy. There was something thrilling to both of them in being alone together. He took delight in helping her to this and that, and then the joy of jumping up and kissing her while the waiter was out of the room; and afterwards, when the waiter had cleared away and left them, she kissed him, too, bravely, again and again, and Gerald took his love in his arms and they sat together for hours, almost without speaking, shut off from the world in the divine intimacy of passion. Gradually the dusky shadows crept in and filled the room and hid them from sight or sound, they two together, mouth on mouth, till the girl, too, gave herself wholly to love, and the dark eyes fluttered and lost themselves. . .

A week later they were in Paris.

Although she expected the news, Mrs. Leighton took it badly; she spent the day given over to all the torments of jealousy: she cried with rage, and dried her tears in hot contempt of her rival; she burned and throbbed with desire, and cooled to frigid resolve and hate; and when at dinner-time she ordered tea, complaining still of headache, it was heartache she felt—pain that gripped her heart and almost choked her. That he should prefer that vulgar, shallow little slut to her; that he was kissing her now and happy with her! Good God! . . .

Next morning she went off to find Doris, determined to win her as she had won Gerald's father. "With the two highest trumps in my hand," she thought, "I can do as I like."

She found Doris horrified and indignant, but she soon calmed her down, persuading her gradually that nothing need get about—"No one need know if we don't tell."

AN ENGLISH SAINT

In a few days she had overcome all Doris's suspiciousness. She was not in a hurry. There was time enough. Gerald should have his honeymoon. She should not be surprised, she said to herself, if the honeymoon was quite long enough for him. She knew men pretty well, and her understanding of Gerald was uncanny. Meanwhile she had Doris to lunch and Doris to dinner, and bit by bit won the girl's complete confidence. When she told Doris she was much prettier than her sister, and must make a really sensible marriage with a good, steady man, Doris felt that at last she had met a real friend. Doris quickly came to admire Mrs. Leighton as a sort of model, for the two had a good deal in common. Mrs. Leighton knew the very moment when Doris turned from doubt of her to admiration, and then it was an easy matter to persuade her that it was her duty to go to Paris and put an end to the scandal by getting her sister to leave Gerald. By this time, too, Mrs. Leighton had worked up old Mr. Lawrence to go with her and help to bring the runaways to reason. Naturally she kept Mr. Lawrence and Doris steadily apart. It would never do to let them know each other, she felt; they were both of the same class, and like might recognise like. Besides, by keeping them apart she could use Doris as a whip to old Mr. Lawrence, and Mr. Lawrence as a bogey with which to frighten Doris. She really played her game with considerable ingenuity, served by jealous feminine instinct and by an unveiled understanding of both the physical and spiritual sides of the problem.

In a month, as Mrs. Leighton had foreseen, Gerald's passion had died of satiety; long before the month had come to an end, indeed, his physical weakness and Chrissie's natural tenderness had brought him almost to illness, his worn-out nerves vibrating between exhaustion and exasperation. In this state every little common phrase of Chrissie's jarred on him, her childishness seemed silly, her longings for her sister sentimental effusion. He soon felt that Mrs. Leighton had read the girl aright: she was shallow and ill-regulated—all in extremes. The truth was, his physical weakness rendered him incapable of making any allowance for Chrissie after the first few days, and he had no idea how lonely and disconsolate, how homesick and heartsick, she became in the foreign capital. Chrissie was hardly more than a child—a gregarious, ingenuous, vain, charming little creature who lived on praise and hopes of pleasure. When her sister didn't want to talk, she talked to the landlady

THE ENGLISH REVIEW

or to the servant ; there was constant companionship for her in Hackney. Here in Paris there was no one to talk to, no one to admire her, nothing on earth to do. In three days she began to be bored, and every effort she made to win Gerald seemed to result in failure. After the first week he hardly wanted to speak to her ; she had no understanding of him at all ; she was hurt, and then indignant. She began to notice his faults and became increasingly dissatisfied : he was always polite, but he did nothing but read and read, and whenever they went out he took her to churches and picture galleries and museums where she could only see old frumps and fogeys. She was like a young bird used to sunshine and gay, quick flirts of flight and snatches of song, thrust to solitary quiet in a gloomy cage ; for to her the vast hotel was a cage or a prison. If that was love she hated it. All the little differences of sex and temperament brought her to tears. Gerald seemed to get tired of her petting and caressing and loving ; she could only believe he was getting tired of her. When she thought of a new way of amusing him by coming behind him in a new dress and blindfolding him, he got cross and cold, and never noticed the dress. From the beginning she had regretted yielding to him without marriage, and every day she regretted it more ; it seemed wrong to her to be living with him. She hadn't wanted to leave her sister, and now she wanted to see her more and more till she ached with the longing.

One afternoon Doris walked into her bedroom, and Chrissie threw herself into her arms and burst into inarticulate sobbings of regret and relief. For over an hour Doris could do nothing but kiss and comfort her : " Everything would come right, everything ; she must be sure of that. She would not leave her again . . . " for Chrissie seemed heartbroken, and clung to her as if afraid. She never even noticed Gerald's absence, never knew that he had gone to call on Mrs. Leighton in answer to a telegram ; Doris was everything to her.

Doris's rage against Gerald, which unconsciously had a tincture of sex jealousy in it, grew to cold hatred as she realised how unhappy her little sister had been. She had always been a little envious of Chrissie, for Chrissie had outshone her as a dancer by dint of a little more courage in displaying her feelings, and now she realised with a certain satisfaction that it was this thoughtless courage which had brought Chrissie to grief. But the recognition of her own superiority of nature only made her more pitiful to her little sister. So she comforted Chrissie,

AN ENGLISH SAINT

assured her that everything would be all right—she mustn't worry, everything would be arranged.

"He's not been unkind to you, has he?" she asked.

"No," sobbed Chrissie, "not exactly unkind, but men are so different from what I thought, so different. He's all the time reading and teaching me, and I don't want to be improved. He didn't want me to write to you till I could write without making mistakes, as if that mattered. He's nice, but he's a——" "Prig" was perhaps the word she would have used if she had known it. Her little vanity had resented the teacher's attitude which Gerald assumed all too easily. Her resentment seemed inexplicable even to herself; for at bottom she was loyal.

"He's good, you know," she explained, "and I think, perhaps, he loves me in his way; but men are so different from us, so different." and she clung to her sister in an April storm of smiling and sobbing—heart at ease, at last, in that custom of affection which means so much to women. While comforting her sister, Doris did not lose sight of her mission.

"You must leave him, Chrissie," she said at length; "it's wrong to live like this without being married."

"He'll marry me," replied Chrissie in astonishment, drawing away, "he said he would."

"How can he without money!" replied Doris, coached by Mrs. Leighton. "His father is furious, and won't give him a penny unless he leaves you."

"But he can't leave me," cried Chrissie, horror-stricken; "he promised, and where could I go? I could never show my face again. Oh!" and she blanched with a thousand fears.

"We'll make it all right, dear," comforted Doris, "no one need ever know, and I'll never leave you again, and you must never leave me, you naughty, naughty, little sis to run away and never say a word."

"He wouldn't let me tell you. I wanted to," cried Chrissie, always repentant on this score. "I really wanted to; you must believe me."

And Doris did believe her, and soon managed to find out that there was no new reason why her sister should not leave Gerald. As soon as she was assured of this she immediately adopted Mrs. Leighton's view that five pounds a week for life was a very good substitute indeed for a man who would always be ashamed of one, and who had been unkind even on the honeymoon. Besides, Mrs. Leighton was right.

THE ENGLISH REVIEW

Chrissie was too young to be married ; the elder sister should marry first.

Doris returned to Mrs. Leighton to tell her that Gerald had "behaved shameful" to Chrissie and that if she could have her sister to herself for a day or two, she'd get Chrissie reconciled to leaving him. Mrs. Leighton must keep Gerald away for a little while.

Gerald found Mrs. Leighton in an attitude of resigned sorrow ; she even blamed him a little :

"You've hurt your father, Gerald," she said, "and I think you ought to be kind to him."

In some confusion, for he was not prepared for this condemnation from his confederate, Gerald promised to be nice, but——

Mrs. Leighton left the room, and his father came to him. Mr. Lawrence had been well schooled ; he acted the heavy father to the life. "Enough of this fooling," was about all he could find to say. "You've had your fling, and now it's all over. You look shocking bad, Gerald," he added in his natural kindly way.

"I'm going to marry Chrissie," said Gerald with quiet firmness.

"You're mad ; you'd never be such a fool," roared the old man, his real opinions breaking through the veneer of custom. "What can the girl do for you ?" And then, bethinking himself of the argument supplied to him : "If you do marry her, you'll not get a penny of my money, I can tell you. I won't be a party to such folly. You must be a softie to talk such nonsense. I've no patience with you.

Mrs. Leighton had to appear to prevent them quarrelling, but his father's angry outburst had its effect on Gerald. Mrs. Leighton managed to persuade him not to go back to his hotel that night. "You'll only meet Doris," she said, "and she's furious with you. There'll be a scene if you two meet."

But, in spite of Gerald's hatred of a scene, he utterly refused to leave Paris without first seeing Chrissie, and getting his dismissal from her own lips.

"If Chrissie doesn't want me, I'll do whatever you like," was his final word.

Underneath his disillusion and weakness there was a small fount of passionate tenderness. If Chrissie was, indeed, tired of him, he'd go ; otherwise nothing would induce him to leave

AN ENGLISH SAINT

her. His father might do what he pleased with his money. Mrs. Leighton was astonished at his obstinacy. 'Twas Doris saved the situation. She told Mrs. Leighton that in another twenty-four hours she'd answer for Chrissie, and she got the time she wanted.

The pair met in the presence of Mrs. Leighton and Doris.

"Do you want to leave me, Chrissie?" cried Gerald, holding out his hands to her.

"What can I do?" she replied. "You are dependent on your father, and he hates me and you—you—" and she burst into tears and fell into her sister's arms.

"Don't you think you've done her enough harm?" barked Doris savagely, and in despair Gerald obeyed Mrs. Leighton's gesture and left the room.

"He never even kissed me," wept Chrissie.

"We're well rid of him," snapped Doris viciously; "he cares for no one much, not even for himself."

And so Mrs. Leighton had her way, and took a very sulky, hurt, and subdued Gerald back to London with his father, while the sisters Weldon drifted out again into their own world under improved conditions. For despite what romantic authors may say, such wounds as Chrissie's heal quickly in healthy flesh.

But though Mrs. Leighton had got her way, she was far too clever to try to reap the reward at once. Besides she was a little annoyed and hurt with Gerald for the struggle he had cost her and the trouble he had put her to. She shut herself up in her house in Wilton Place, and gave out that she was not well enough to receive. But the separation was short. Gerald was more unable than ever to endure loneliness; he needed sympathy and praise; in fact, he missed Mrs. Leighton now from morning till night, he simply could not do without her. And she could not resist his importunity.

For a long time he seemed emptied of ambition, the spring of life broken in him. Mrs. Leighton soon noticed the listlessness, but hoped to bring him back quickly to his old self. For some months, however, her hopes were in vain, and the reason lay beyond her fathoming. The truth is, whenever he got a little strength, thoughts of Chrissie came to him; tender memories of their life together in Paris—that life which had seemed so full of disappointments at the time, but which now had become charming and beautiful to him in retrospect. All the little

THE ENGLISH REVIEW

disagreements and pains dropped out of his mind, and he only remembered the exquisite moments of joy and tenderness. At such times his whole being was given over to love of Chrissie, and to regret that he had ever left her. Since she had faded out of his life, he realised that no one would ever delight him as she had delighted him. Existence seemed dull and futile, stale to loathing. In vain he fasted; in vain he read for twelve or fourteen hours a day; he could only tire himself; and as soon as he was rested, the memory of Chrissie came back to him to torment him, and to make of all the best moments of his life one passionate regret. During the day he could at least struggle with the obsession, or even forget it over a book, or in talk; but at night he was defenceless, and memories of her child-love and pretty caresses broke his sleep. As he was unable to banish the vivid dreams by any effort of will, he held himself guiltless in regard to them, and, with the casuistry of desire, soon went further. He accustomed himself to think of Chrissie just before going to sleep, a habit which he soon found made dreaming of her almost a certainty. The self-indulgence soon began to tell on his health, and so, as time went on, he did not get stronger, but weaker. His father could not make out what was the matter with him; he lost all patience with his moping as he called it.

Mrs. Leighton, with her feminine intuition, had a clearer idea of Gerald's suffering and the necessary remedy.

One day Mr. Lawrence had been complaining that Gerald seemed to be growing weaker, and Mrs. Leighton told him plainly that Gerald was killing himself, and that there was only one way to save him. He understood her, and begged her to take Gerald in hand without delay. A little while after they were engaged, and Mrs. Leighton set herself to fight the memory of Chrissie as she had fought and beaten Chrissie herself. But she found the memory and aura of the girl formidable antagonists. Still she struggled on with tenacity and ability.

She got Gerald ordained as a priest with great ceremony. She arranged an invitation for him to preach his first sermon in one of the most important London churches, and she took care that the church should be filled with a very select audience. She advised him about his sermon, and made him rehearse it again and again to her till every effect was perfect. His first appearance in London as a preacher was a social event. He had brought with him from Oxford a great reputation, and the

AN ENGLISH SAINT

couple of years in which people had lost sight of him only added to their eagerness to see whether he had fulfilled his youthful promise.

In the interval, too, Lord Woodstock had become a prominent politician, and already a good many Conservatives looked upon him as the coming leader of the party. Woodstock's high opinion of the "Saint" was of itself sufficient to have filled the church, but there were other influences at work.

Gerald was what is called "High Church." In all cases of doubt he turned to the practices of the early Christians, and accordingly was supported by this militant section of the Church.

He chose his text from the Epistle of Paul to the Philippians. He read the sentences out in the toneless, impressive way already described: "*The enemies of the cross of Christ: whose end is destruction . . . whose God is their belly . . . who mind earthly things. . .*"

Again and again he repeated the text: "*The enemies of the cross of Christ: whose end is destruction . . . whose God is their belly . . . who mind earthly things. . .*"

The most original thing in the sermon was the way he dwelt on the necessity of fasting, and the benefits to be derived from it. "Fasting," he said, "had gradually grown into a rule and become a part of the discipline of the Catholic Church. Why? Because of the virtue in it: because of its good effects. . . . The whole world was being ransacked to-day to satisfy the desires of the rich of our great cities. Birds were brought from Asia, meat from New Zealand, fish from the northern oceans, fruits from the uttermost parts of the earth, wines were grown with such care that every leaf was cleansed and cherished, and yet Paul asserted that those '*whose God is their belly. . . . who mind earthly things . . . are the enemies of the cross . . . doomed to destruction. . .*'"

The earthly custom was to pamper the appetite, the Christian rule was abstinence. He declared that those who had not undergone the discipline were incapable of the highest thought—they were enemies of perfection. Perfect health, he asserted, could only be found by fasting regularly. It was one of the means to perfectness. . . .

This contradiction between the earthly custom and the heavenly rule offered an easy test of the truth of the Christian doctrine. No doctor would ever tell you to fast. He would tell you to eat and drink moderately. That was the Pagan idea

THE ENGLISH REVIEW

of virtue—Aristotle's idea. The wise of this world would regard fasting as an extreme, as they regarded gluttony as an extreme ; virtue was in moderation. This was as far as the wisdom of the world went, but the wisdom of the Cross went further—it went to extremes, it promised a more perfect health to those who denied themselves and fasted.

"It is within the reach of everyone to find out for himself or for herself," he said, "whether the discipline of the Church is good or bad. It is an easy thing to fast for one day. Everyone in this church, everyone now listening to me, should fast this coming Friday, and on Saturday you will all know whether the words of my text come from God or not. You will then find out whether those who 'mind earthly things' are indeed vowed to success, as most people imagine ; or to 'destruction,' as St. Paul asserted. . . ."

The sermon was an unexpected success even among men who cared little for the spirituality of the preacher's appearance. Was fasting, indeed, a means of perfection, they wondered. It was a new idea to them. Here Gerald had really reached new words, for he had new knowledge, new personal experience to back him.

After the sermon Woodstock accompanied Gerald to lunch at Mrs. Leighton's. He called Gerald the "Saint"; told him he must be careful not to fast too much ; admitted that he himself was beginning to get stout since he had dropped all exercise. "In fact, I'm going to try Gerald's remedy," he added laughingly.

At the end of the meal he told Gerald very quietly that he would do anything to help him at any time.

"I don't want to be included among the enemies," he added, "even if I do mind earthly things."

Though Mrs. Leighton took care that Gerald should hear all the praise his sermon called forth, his success did not inspire the preacher as she had hoped. He soon dropped back into listless regret, into a sort of melancholy brooding. Mrs. Leighton realised that something would have to be done at once—she married him. . . .

At first the experiment seemed to be an utter failure. Gerald got worse instead of better ; he began to cough, and alarmed her about his health. She took him to the Riviera without result. The gaiety and distractions of Nice and Monte Carlo only left him more and more listless and tired. After

AN ENGLISH SAINT

a great deal of thought she resolved to take him to the Holy Land.

It says much for her unselfishness and real kindness of nature that she passed two years with him in Palestine and the Near East without complaining of the many hardships, or even regretting London society, and at length she had her reward, such as it was.

In the course of the first winter spent in Palestine, Gerald began to get interested in the spirit of Christianity. The creed had something in it which suited his nature; its lessons of humility and loving sympathy appealed to him, just as the self-renunciations of the Church had appealed to him. He encouraged himself in the belief that he, too, had been "called and chosen."

While living in Jerusalem, and visiting Bethlehem, and Capernaum, and Gennesaret, and all the other sacred places, and steeping himself in the Epistles, Gerald began to feel the stirrings of a new ambition; might not he, too, "conquer through his own weakness?" as St. Paul had done.

After he had exhausted the Holy Land, he determined to follow the journeyings of St. Paul in a small sailing ship; he even stopped at all the places where the great Apostle had stopped, and thus, after many experiences, came in spring-time by way of Naples to Rome.

His spiritual history all the while was intimately affected by his bodily health. As ambition awoke in him and his life grew more attractive, he dreamed less, and as the spiritual ideal grew stronger, the image of Chrissie gradually waned away. For the first couple of years of married life his relations with his wife had been platonic. He now began to be troubled about his behaviour to her; perhaps he had done wrong.

In the great church dedicated to St. Peter and St. Paul, outside the walls of Rome, he was vouchsafed new spiritual guidance, and underwent what he always afterwards regarded as his "consecration."

To him the place was sacred; the very road beyond the walls was the road trodden by the indomitable missionary—"persecuted but not forsaken; cast down but not destroyed." He walked along it as he imagined the two Apostles had walked together; he stopped where tradition says they stopped, and in the great church at eventide he knelt and prayed. Suddenly he realised that the past was past, that he must begin a new life. The vision of "what is perfect" overpowered him, and the relief

THE ENGLISH REVIEW

he felt in the new decision was evidence to him of heavenly interposition and guidance.

He went back to his wife in the hotel, and took her in his arms and kissed her : “‘I was blind, and now I see,’ dear,” he said to her, and she was content to take it at that.

When they returned to England Gerald saw his path straight before him ; the taproots of his success would be his own personal experiences. The passion which had almost wrecked his life, which had brought him to misery, he would preach against, as St. Paul preached against it. Fasting had given him new ideas and renewed health, had taught him that renunciation was a step to perfection, and it never occurred to him that what was evil to him might be good to a stronger man. He would advocate two of St. Francis’ three vows—poverty, which really meant fasting and chastity.

In the brutal materialism and mawkish sentimentality of London his preaching had an extraordinary effect. His special knowledge of the Holy Land helped him to vivify every sermon. He was made a Canon of Westminster, and as he only preached three or four times a year on account of weak health, his sermons soon became social functions.

Ten years later he was made a bishop, and Woodstock brought half a dozen of his colleagues, with the Archbishop of Canterbury, to hear his first sermon.

Ever since his return to England Gerald had led a life of persistent self-denial by night and by day ; for years he had eaten no meat, and drunk nothing but water ; he had tried to reach the Christian ideal. He had been helped by his weaknesses rather than by his endowments ; as far as he could go, he had gone. He had aged twenty years in the last ten, and at thirty-six was already an old man. His hair was silver-white, the flame of life burned low in him, his self-denying asceticism had brought him to the edge of things where one looks into the void and shudders at the ghostly air. All this spiritualised his appearance and intensified the power of his preaching. Our souls get subdued to the stuff we work in, and Gerald’s whole nature now for years and years had been steeped in self-renunciation, gentleness, and spiritual aspiration.

The great abbey was full of distinguished people ; such an audience had rarely been brought together. As usual, Gerald had prepared every word. He had chosen his text with extreme care. He had taken it from St. Paul’s Epistle to the Corinthians :

AN ENGLISH SAINT

"If I must needs glory, I will glory of the things which concern mine infirmities."

The Archbishop, a stout, healthy, thrusting prelate and man of the world, had a good-natured contempt for Gerald, and had come to the service in a spirit of utter disbelief in his saintliness ; but he could not prevent a thrill of emotion and wonderment as Gerald rose in the pulpit and looked out over the congregation. His silver hair ; refined, thin features and great eyes had their accustomed effect : his voice was so toneless that it had no individuality, it seemed superhuman, so to speak, in its impersonal monotony :

"If I must needs glory, I will glory of the things which concern mine infirmities"—again and again Gerald let the text sink in.

The long pauses were partly due to physical weakness, partly to the fact that on this day of days he was resolved to follow the example of Paul himself, and to glory in the confession of his own shortcomings. He told how he used to eat and drink and mind earthly things, and how fasting had led him to the upward path. He told, too, with many breaks in his utterance of the temptations of passion, the humiliations it entailed, its bitter disappointments ; he spoke with a dying fall in his voice of its transitoriness, its fleeting summer, its haunting remorse ; the only consolation was that it pointed to higher things, as shadows all point to the sun.

The latter part of the sermon had no sequence in it. Gerald had yielded to his emotion while controlling its expression, and the effort had exhausted him. In the hush of reverent sympathy fragments of loved texts fell from his lips. He desired, he said, to look not at *the things which are seen, but the things which are not seen ; for the things which are seen are temporal : but the things which are not seen are eternal.*"

After another pause, and in a breathless silence, the slow words fell one by one :

"I will very gladly spend and be spent for you," and then the voice died away in silence and his head drooped forward on the desk—he had fainted.

The effect on the audience was extraordinary ; women sobbed aloud, and men unused to weeping went away with wet eyes.

They carried Gerald to the sacristy. The Archbishop and Woodstock stood about while his wife tended him. As soon as he was able to sit up he was full of apologies.

THE ENGLISH REVIEW

"I am so sorry," he said. "I am afraid I should not have attempted it; my weakness is too great."

They encouraged him, but his eyes closed in another syncope. At his wife's suggestion the two went away leaving him to her.

"I think I was right," said Woodstock to the Archbishop, "to speak of Gerald Lawrence as a saint."

The Archbishop sniffed; though there was not much thought in him there was a considerable knowledge of life and a very rank scepticism:

"Humph! H'm!" he grunted. "His spirituality seemed to me to be of fasting and not of faith; but I daresay he's a good man"; and then, thinking of Gerald's pathetic attempt to smile in the sacristy, he added: "Perhaps he's as near a saint as we're likely to see."

Frank Harris and his (imaginary) "Talks with Carlyle"*

By A. Carlyle

THE good old Scottish proverb, which says "Leeears should hae gude memories," has much practical wisdom in it, and ought to serve as a warning and deterrent to those (a too numerous class) who are prone to deviate from the safe lines of Truth. The reason of my quoting it here will become apparent in the course of this article; and it is unnecessary to say anything as to its application; that, too, will be self-evident. Nor is it advisable, or at all needful, to seriously criticise and confute Mr. Frank Harris in his extraordinary "Talks with Carlyle." The views and sentiments therein attributed to Carlyle are so utterly unlike his, and so palpably culled at second-hand from mere gossip spoken or written, that they cannot fail of being discredited by all people, except perhaps those who are totally ignorant of Carlyle, and those who are predisposed to welcome everything that may be said in his disparagement.

But, nevertheless, it may be worth while to spend an hour or so in proving conclusively that no such "Talks" ever could or did take place in reality; in other words, that they are simply imaginary conversations.

The task of proving the absurdity and unreality of these alleged "Talks with Carlyle" is a very easy one; in fact, it is a task already performed by Mr. Frank Harris himself, though he has obviously forgotten it. Robert Burns says, or sings, that "Facts are chieils that winna ding, and downa be disputed." In the present case the "facts" that will not be overthrown and that cannot be disputed are to be found in an old letter written many years ago by Mr. Frank Harris to Carlyle, and providentially preserved from destruction, and seemingly destined by Fate to be the Nemesis of its author.

Butler has described how Pallas Minerva intervened in the fray between Hudibras and Talgol:—

But Pallas came, in shape of rust,
And 'twixt the spring and hammer thrust
Her Gorgon shield, etc.

An old letter, however, is oftentimes much more effective than rust in frustrating evil designs and bringing discomfiture on defamers and libellers. Let us look, therefore, into Mr. Frank Harris's old letter and see what it

* "Talks with Carlyle," by Frank Harris, *English Review*, February, 1911.

THE ENGLISH REVIEW

says and proves. I regret that I have no authority to cite the entire letter, which I should gladly have done. I believe, however, that I am legally privileged to quote enough of it to disprove the vile calumnies with which its author has sought to besmirch and sully the character of Carlyle—the man to whom he was so deeply indebted that “words were too light to express his gratitude,” and to whom he proffered his “love and reverence too deep for words.”

“*Mr. Frank Harris to Thomas Carlyle.*

“Nicolaus Berger Weg 1c. Göttingen,

“12th December, 1878.

“Honored Sir,

“Some two years ago I was bold enough to call upon you and in a letter solicit an interview, which request you were kind enough to grant me. Your advice to me then was, not to proclaim opinions, offensive to the majority of men, rashly and defiantly; but rather in silence and study to wait till my nonage was past. You hinted also that the best sign of maturity was moderation. Acting upon your good counsel I came to Germany, where I have now been about a year. For a long time the choice of a life's calling embarrassed me. . . .

“When, in January, 1877, I called upon you I asked you many questions concerning the writer's-art. Yet the faults of bombast and weakness which I then dimly felt, I, now deploring, yet find not easy to correct. Sometimes, almost despairing, I have thought that perchance they were radical shortcomings inherent in my blood. The Celtic vanity with its characteristic love of loud words (you may remember that I am an Irishman), the besetting sin of self-enunciation, I have struggled by calm reflection and thoughts of higher duties, to overcome, as yet with all but too imperfect success. Still I work on. . . . For the last three years one work—a Novel—has been continually in my thoughts. Sensible, however, of my deficiencies, I have hesitated to tell the story which presses for utterance, and at last, tormented yet enthusiastic, I turn for advice to the Man, who, for some years filling my mental horizon, has done me more good than any other preacher living or dead. These, Sir, are no words of eulogy, and I can write them to you without the faintest sense of incongruity. . . . Knowing you to be throned above all unrealities, I send you this sketch, seeing some of its faults in a glaring clearness, not because I think it the best I can do, but because its faults are so naked in their deformity, that perchance you will be able to tell me what inner fatuity they spring from, and how best to correct them. . . . I believe your tolerant sympathy will feel with me, at least in my aim. . . . I turn to you, because I know no other man to whom I can bow, whose judgment I value. . . .

“I think you will do this for me [correct his novel; *Carlyle was then in his 84th year*], for when we parted you clasped the hand of the stranger in sympathy and brotherhood and bade him Good Speed—The tears that

TALKS WITH CARLYLE

then sprang into my eyes assure me that you also felt—no longer were you a voice—an abstraction, but a living Man in this brotherhood of woe and duty—So—I write to you—for what you have already done for me—words are too light for my gratitude—I cannot thank you—yet there is reward enough for such an one as you—in that you know that you have done me more good than any other man—that if anything I can ever say or do helps and cheers my fellow-man—in no small measure—this is due to you.

“With Love, therefore, and Reverence too deep for words, I subscribe myself,

“FRANK HARRIS.”

“13th.

“P.S.—I have thought that perhaps you may not be able to read the whole. In fact, I feel angry with myself at daring to ask you anything at all—But if you will glance over from page 18 to 24 you will find the gist of the whole.

“Hoping your health is good,

“I remain, yours gratefully,

“F. HARRIS.”

That is the gist of Mr. Frank Harris's letter to Carlyle—a letter which does no discredit to either its writer or its recipient. It is one of hundreds of letters addressed to Carlyle by other young men who had literary aspirations, and who invariably received his best advice and most generous help. But none of them, except Mr. Frank Harris, I am glad to find, ever requited Carlyle's benevolence with such base ingratitude and cynical brutality as he has shown in his “Talks with Carlyle.”

Among the first points to be observed in the above letter is its place of origin and its date, Göttingen in Germany, and 12th of December, 1878. In his “Talks,” Mr. Frank Harris is rather chary of dates, though he insinuates that he kept a diary; but he does condescend to give us the following information on this point: “When I knew Carlyle in 1878-9, I tried again and again to get on this subject.” [Why he never went into Parliament.] Now, as to the first of these years, 1878, the letter to Carlyle proves that Mr. Frank Harris was in Germany at the middle of December, and that he had been resident there “for about a year,” and nothing is said in it about returning to Great Britain. Carlyle, on the other hand, was in England or Scotland during the whole year. There was no telephone in those days. Will Mr. Frank Harris explain how he could have had these much vaunted “Talks with Carlyle” in the year 1878? His memory has evidently played him false.—I will deal with the year 1879 later on.—It is observable, moreover, that the tone of Mr. Harris's letter to Carlyle makes it clear that at the time of writing it he was not on intimate terms with him: he poses before Carlyle as a humble suppliant and worshipful disciple, filled to overflowing with love and veneration for him. There is no symptom in the letter of his ever having

THE ENGLISH REVIEW

shown a contentious spirit in Carlyle's presence ; or of having " shouted " at him, or vanquished him in heated arguments ! In a word there is no hint or sign in the whole letter to indicate that at the time of writing it, Mr. Harris had seen or met Carlyle since the interview, of, say, half-an-hour's duration, in the drawing-room at Cheyne Row in January, 1877. But in his " Talks with Carlyle " Mr. Harris masquerades not only as Carlyle's intimate friend, the trusted companion of his walks and talks, but also as the confidant of his most private and secret thoughts—in fact, as his Father Confessor ! If we can believe Mr. Harris, he succeeded in drawing secrets from Carlyle where all others—including even his trusted biographer—had signally failed. When did this astonishing intimacy develop itself ? As we have seen, there is no sign of even ordinary intimacy in the letter of 12th December, 1878. If any such familiarity ever existed between these two, it must therefore have been in 1879, or at some later date.

I have in my possession documentary evidence, as well as personal knowledge, sufficient to prove conclusively that Mr. Frank Harris could never have met Carlyle again, or even seen him, except, perhaps, at a distance. For, before the year 1878 ended, Carlyle had grown so weak that he could take only the shortest of walks, and these always in the company of some old and well-trusted friend. On the 15th of November, 1878, he writes to his brother, Dr. Carlyle (*New Letters of Thomas Carlyle*, ii. 339) : " I am not now able to get to the bottom of the Embankment, but have to stop halfway and rest a little and return. My limbs getting quite lame about the middle of the back part of the thighs, reminding me daily of old Ziethen's description to Friedrich : *Die Füße wollen nicht fort!* " A little before this time, arrangements had been made for a carriage to come to Cheyne Row every week-day ; and Carlyle soon found that carriage exercise was quite as much as he could stand. He grew gradually weaker, and at the beginning of 1879 he was forced to intermit his walks. Only twice in this year did he make the attempt : once in the company of his niece, and once, later on in the season, accompanied by myself. There was no third person present on either occasion.

In reference to the first of these walks Carlyle's niece, who had been living with him as companion and amanuensis since 1868, and with whom I had been in close correspondence since 1871, wrote to me thus : " Uncle and I went for a little *turn* before breakfast. We went a very short distance (what one might have walked easily in three or four minutes), but he was dead-beat with it ; and when we got back, he could hardly stand." After this (on the same day) he grew seriously ill, and Dr. Maclagan was called in to attend him, which he did almost daily until Carlyle had sufficiently recovered to bear the journey to Scotland. He left London in the spring of this year, accompanied to the railway station by Dr. Maclagan, and remained at Dumfries until the middle of September.

After his return home I lived with him in Cheyne Row till his death, on the 5th of February, 1881, and I can personally testify that no such person

TALKS WITH CARLYLE

as Mr. Frank Harris ever came in contact with him from the day of my arrival till the day of his death. My one walk with him, referred to above, was on a Sunday afternoon in the autumn of 1879. The carriage up till this time did not come regularly on Sundays, and the day being a particularly fine one he decided to try a short walk. We went up Oakley Street at a very slow and difficult pace, he leaning most of his weight on me. With great effort we got as far as the King's Road (perhaps two or three hundred yards), but there he was obliged to give up the attempt, rest a while on a dwarf wall beside the pavement, and return home, which he at length reached in a state closely bordering on collapse. This was Carlyle's last walk. He never tried it again, with me, or with anyone else.

Having now shown that Mr. Frank Harris's "Talks with Carlyle" are merely imaginary, there is no need to take further notice of them here. Indeed, on first glancing over his article, I said to myself: "Here is a person who knows nothing of Carlyle personally and but little of his writings, repeating old and thrice-refuted calumnies culled mainly from the pages of questionable, sometimes indecent writers, and attempting to pass them off as something new; let me toss the malodorous thing into the fire, and think no more about it." But certain of Carlyle's friends urging me to reply to it, and Mr. Harris's old letter turning up, I have thought it well after all to spit him on the point of his own pen (so to speak), and fix him up aloft as a warning to others. Let us leave him there, till Satan come to his rescue, if he ever do.

A Reply by Frank Harris

THEY say experience teaches: it's a very old Latin proverb; but like all proverbs not universally true. I began my career as a writer in a Western American mining camp. I wrote "Stories of the Sierras" and "Sketches from 'Life'" for the Garotte *Herald*; even then whatever talent I had was two-faced, so to speak. The Editor finding the copy cheap encouraged me, and being very young I believed him.

One day he asked me why I didn't do a series of portraits, living people: "There they are to draw," he said, "all round ye, dozens of 'em, and you're the man to do it; you've an eye for truth and that's everything: the art'll come with practice."

Fired with his appreciation I set to work. I did the milkman first: I knew him well; I used to get up with the sun in those days and the pump was right behind my lodgings; and then I did the baker. The "Portraits" had a prodigious success; the paper sold like hot cakes; as I passed along the street everyone regarded me with curiosity and sympathy which I took for admiration and the editor was more than cordial. I did

THE ENGLISH REVIEW

the butcher next and then the saloon-keeper, a big Irishman called Flanagan. When I got round again after a month in hospital I was regarded generally with disapprobation.

Now one would have thought that such an experience would have taught any reasonable being that Truth is not wanted in this world; is just the goddess least appreciated among men: no wonder they confined her in a well—to cool her I suppose.

But experience did not teach me, or rather with time the lesson inculcated by Flanagan wore off. Thirty odd years later I listened to the voice of the charmer again. And now comes Mr. A. Carlyle raging to finish what Flanagan began: he has the same manners as Flanagan; he's blind and mad and foams at the mouth in the same way; but God be thanked he has not got Flanagan's fists.

Besides I said nothing disagreeable about Carlyle. Thirty odd years ago he was the god of my boyish idolatry; I loved him, thought him the greatest man in the world. I took up my article again and read it carefully from end to end: I could find nothing in it harsh, nothing unfriendly. It was all written with reverence and pity—love even. And yet Mr. A. Carlyle rages like Flanagan—my "Talks with Carlyle" are all imaginary, he declares, and on the strength of a garbled letter—or rather on the strength of some malevolent inferences he draws from the letter which merely proves that I did see and know Carlyle, he calls me a "liar" a "defamer," "libeller," "vile calumniator," "basely ungrateful," "cynically brutal" and goodness knows what besides. He forgets, however, to tell me wherein I have libelled Carlyle or shown myself ungrateful. He's as angry as Flanagan but Flanagan kept his breath for his blows and hit straight. He was a fighting man was Flanagan and knew that "fouls" are a sign of weakness.

Now what manner of man is Mr. Alexander Carlyle; for when one makes such accusations the weight of them depends to some extent on the accuser. Mr. Alexander Carlyle's character is established beyond dispute. Immediately after Carlyle's death he quarrelled bitterly with Froude and made him pay over a large sum of money. Later Mr. A. Carlyle produced a book on Froude distinguished for nothing but a really remarkable gift for calling names. One phrase sticks in my memory:

"Having first assassinated [the reputation of Carlyle, Froude now mutilates the remains."

But Mr. A. Carlyle was not content with vilifying his great relative's executor and friend in this way. Sir James Stephen who ventured to agree with Froude on some matter was also attacked and his view of law sneered at. But even this did not satisfy Mr. A. Carlyle: he went on to besmirch the memory of Mrs. Carlyle's best friend, Miss Jewsbury.*

It is charitable to regard Mr. Alexander Carlyle as an old watch-dog

* Vide *The Nemesis of Froude*, by Sir James Crichton-Browne, M.D., and Alexander Carlyle, pp. 38-9 (John Lane, 1903).

TALKS WITH CARLYLE

of the Carlyle clan, who has been kept on the chain, so to speak, so long that he's not responsible for his mad temper.

Now let us get to facts: I may be a liar, most men are, but what is to be thought of Mr. A. Carlyle's right to the same title. In his article he attributes to me the statement "of having 'shouted' at him" (Carlyle) and even puts the word "shouted" in inverted commas to show that that is the word I use. Yet the word is not to be found in my article, nor any suggestion of such meaning. Mr. Alexander Carlyle has invented the statement for the occasion.

This "foul" hitting renders even controversy a little difficult. Yet Mr. A. Carlyle has done much worse than this. He is not content with outraging truth, he is also careful to suggest the lie and he adorns falsehood with the arts of the hypocrite. He publishes a letter of mine which does not belong to him, which he has no right to publish. An honest man before using my letter would at least have asked my permission to publish it or part of it; but Mr. A. Carlyle ignores such honourable scruples. He also omits such parts of my letter as tend to invalidate his argument. As a past master in hypocrisy Mr. A. Carlyle regrets at the same time that he has no authority to cite the whole letter which he would gladly have done, he declares; but though he publishes three-quarters of it, he takes care to leave out the sentence in it in which I touch upon what Carlyle told me about his "bodily weakness." The full weight of this hypocritical falsification will shortly appear.

But is there nothing to be said for Mr. A. Carlyle: has he invented everything? One mistake I did make, a trivial one, it seems to me; but I daresay to Mr. A. Carlyle it obscures the sun. In my article I spoke of knowing Carlyle in the years 1878-9. Mr. A. Carlyle held in his hands the proof that I met Carlyle early in 1877, he knew therefore I must have meant 1877-9. But he prefers to argue the matter as if it were 1878. Just as he prefers to assume that an English youth in a German University does not return home for Christmas and the New Year.

There are certain ethics of controversy and for my part I am not prepared to engage in a discussion on the terms of a dog fight where every variety of attack is practised, where a man attributes to you statements you have never made and garbles a letter which does not belong to him.

I have no need to answer such an attack or reply to a man who calls me names without scruple or conscience. I may just point out, however, that Mr. A. Carlyle's own temper really explains the reserve of my letter. I only met Carlyle once in his own house in 1877; I preferred to meet him outside. I should not have alluded to this if Mr. A. Carlyle had not made it necessary. But the same person who probably informed him that my first interview with Carlyle in his house only lasted half an hour instead of the whole afternoon, might also have told him that she tried to persuade Carlyle not to see me at all, telling him he was not well enough to see me. Under these circumstances I naturally preferred to meet Carlyle outside his house and did so meet him four times. In my

THE ENGLISH REVIEW

article I have said where I met him on two occasions in especial. Now when I wrote to Carlyle two years later I naturally avoided speaking of these outside meetings for fear of making unpleasantness or at least of putting the back up of the Scotch attendants or relations against me who like Mr. A. Carlyle thought it their duty to keep everybody from getting "wind" of the great man whom they guarded like a gaoler and bored to extinction.

Everyone who knows me knows that I have not invented this explanation to suit the occasion; I told my Editor the whole story before giving him the article. I have told it in detail again and again.

It will not convince Mr. A. Carlyle; he is incapable of believing that he could be wrong as he has shown himself incapable of honest controversy. But as I have said the watch-dog has, no doubt, other merits and another ideal. He barks at me and calls me all sorts of names without once saying wherein I have libelled Carlyle or shown ingratitude: he asserts, however, that I have exaggerated my intimacy with Carlyle and have dared to pose as "Father Confessor" to him. Quite honestly Mr. A. Carlyle believes all that I have said in this way incredible simply because he is Mr. A. Carlyle and not Frank Harris. Thomas Carlyle knew better; he knew that an "ingenuous, open, inquisitive mind" will reach much that "a fixed, decided, contemptuous" mind can never reach. Love and admiring sympathy are keys that unlock all hearts, far more reticent hearts even than that of Thomas Carlyle. But is it credible, one may ask, that an old and famous man should speak of his intimate affairs to a young man and a stranger? I can only say that it is often a stranger and often a young man in whom such a man confides. Besides the ingenuous spirit has here a singular advantage; just as the close and secret man finds secrecy on all hands, so a man who confesses freely, wins confessions. One must sometimes pour water into a pump before water will flow from it. I am explaining what really needs no explanation. Had I wished to pretend an intimacy with Carlyle that did not exist, surely I should have published the article twenty years ago when it would have done me, an unknown journalist, some good. Now it can be of no conceivable benefit to me to pretend intimacy with Carlyle: I have lived for years in as good company, inspiring though his was.

I have published talks with Browning and Meredith and Verlaine and Renan and Sir Richard Burton and one talk with Swinburne and one with Emerson and no one has ever questioned a word I have said and yet some of these men in my mature opinion were as great as Carlyle and in the world of literature more important. To the ingenuous and fair-minded, this bare fact would absolve me of such a charge as Mr. Alexander Carlyle makes.

But I am not satisfied with such absolution: I must explain this savage attack of Mr. A. Carlyle, if I am unable to justify it. After Carlyle's death the story was put about by Froude that Carlyle had treated his wife most cruelly. Froude told the world of physical violence and bruises

TALKS WITH CARLYLE

on her arms, and the world held up blood-stained hands in horror. The whole story was a good example of our social hypocrisy : passionate lovers know well that such petty violence is more than common ; any sensible person would have smiled at the story ; but the well-groomed public gloated over it as evidence of its own superiority to Carlyle—the natural revenge of mediocrity on greatness. Mr. A. Carlyle instead of treating the whole story with the good-humoured contempt it deserved, went mad with rage and tried to bite Froude as a calumniator. And when I now declare myself in agreement with Froude on another point, Mr. A. Carlyle must needs try and bite me as well. But I have no share in the scandal : the relations of Carlyle with his wife have little or no interest for me. I don't believe any one on earth can determine the individual culpability in quarrels between man and wife. I plainly say in my article that I regarded Carlyle's remorse as exaggerated. It was perhaps because I showed him that I thought so, that he spoke freely to me. The interest of his "bodily weakness" to me is not an interest of scandal but of psychology.

This is the point which Mr. Alexander Carlyle has missed : he is still sharpening his teeth at thought of the old scandal whereas the question has now become a question of literary interest and it will be discussed however he may rave and rage.

Before parting finally with Mr. Alexander Carlyle I may just say that his unfortunate temper or rather his unfortunate nature was possibly the reason why Carlyle preferred Froude to him as his literary executor ; for Froude was not only amiable but a gentleman and a man of honour whom one might be forgiven for disbelieving, for his inaccuracy in small details was inveterate, but whose honesty no sane man would impugn. If Mr. Alexander Carlyle wishes to see how Thomas Carlyle judged ill-conditioned people let him turn to what he wrote of Southey. Southey in a white rage had called de Quincey a "calumniator" and "libeller" of Wordsworth : Carlyle put the whole thing in proper perspective and condemned Southey's vituperative violence as the "slaty" rage of the rattle-snake. But enough of Mr. A. Carlyle.

Now what remains of the whole controversy ? When the dust has cleared away one must recognise, I think, that the essential truth of the matter is with Froude and myself ; for Carlyle's "bodily weakness" is needed to explain his work as well as his life.

Even the Alexander Carlyles serve a higher purpose than they know. My Editor tells me that when my article appeared several persons assured him that I had never met Carlyle at all. I was too young, they said, and so forth. Well Mr. Alexander Carlyle has proved that I veritably did meet and talk with Carlyle and so he has confounded the slanderers if he has not shamed them. Of course they will now shift their ground and say I have exaggerated the intimacy, but after all that is a minor matter.

I feel sure that every impartial person must recognise at least the reverence and loving admiration of my paper on Carlyle. It is the Alexander Carlyles who teach one the hardest lesson in life, that pleasure and

THE ENGLISH REVIEW

pain "both derive from weakness in some way" and so we can support if not

 Welcome each rebuff
 That turns Earth's smoothness rough,
 Each sting that bids nor sit, nor stand, but go.

Mr. Alexander Carlyle has sent me to the devil and has given me bad verse to go with me. I will give him some good Scotch verse which Burns sent "To a Painter" by way of return :

Dear ——, I'll gie ye some advice
 You'll tak it no uncivil :
You shouldna paint at angels mair
 But try and paint the devil.

To paint an angel's kittle wark,
 Wi' auld Nick there's less danger ;
You'll easy draw a well-kent face,
 But no sae weel a stranger.

A Braw Day

By R. B. Cunninghame Graham

NEVER before, in the long years that he had passed in the old place, had it appeared so much a part of his whole being, as on the day on which he signed the deed of sale.

Times had been bad for years, and a great load of debt had made the fight a foregone ending from the first. Still he felt like a murderer, as judges well may feel when they pronounce death sentences. Perhaps they feel it more than the prisoner, for things we do through fate, and by the virtue of the circumstances that hedge our lives about with chains, often affect us more than actions which we perform impelled by no one but ourselves.

The long, white Georgian house, with its two flanking wings, set in its wide expanse of gravel, which, like a sea, flowed to a grassy, rising slope, looked dignified and sad. An air, as of belonging to a family of fallen fortunes, hung about the place. The long, dark avenue of beeches, underneath one of which stood the old gallows stone, looked as if no one ever used it, and on its sides the grassy edges had long ago all turned to moss, a moss so thick and velvety, you might have swept it with a broom.

The beech mast crackled underneath your feet as you passed up the natural cathedral aisle, and on the tops of the old trees the wind played dirges in the cold autumn nights, and murmured softly in the glad season "when that shaws are green."

The formal terraces were roughly mown and honeycombed by rabbits, the whinstone steps were grown with moss, and here and there were forced apart by a strong growing fern that pushed out to the light.

The seats about the garden were all blistered with the sun and rain, and the old-fashioned coach-roofed greenhouse looked like a refrigerator, with its panes frosted by the damp. Under the arch, which led into the stable yard, stood two dilapidated dog kennels, disused, but with some links of rusty chain still

THE ENGLISH REVIEW

hanging to them, as if they waited for the return of shadowy dogs, dead years ago.

The cedars on the slope below the terraces stretched out their long and human-looking branches, as they were fingers seeking to restrain and hold those whom they knew and loved.

All was serene and beautiful, with the enthralling beauty of decay. The fences were unmended, and sagging wires in places had been dragged by cattle into the middle of the fields; most of the gates were off their hinges, and weeds had covered up the gravel of the walks.

Nettles grew rankly in the grass, and clumps of dock with woody stems and feathery heads, stood up like bulrushes about the edges of a pond. Even at noonday, a light mist still clung about the lower fields below the house, marking out clearly where old "peat hags" had been reclaimed.

Such was the place at noonday; melancholy as regards the lack of care that want of means had brought about; but bright and sunny as it lay facing to the south, sheltered by groups of secular sycamores and beech.

At night a feeling as if one had been marooned upon some island, far away from men, grew on the inmates of the house.

Owls fabulated from the tree tops, their long, quavering call seeming to jar the air and make it quiver, so still was everything.

The roes' metallic belling sounded below the windows, and the sharp chirping of the rabbits never ceased during summer nights, as they played in the grass.

When the long shadows, in the moonlight, crept across the lawn, it seemed as if they beckoned to the shadows of the dead, in the old eerie house. Those who had gone before had set their seal so firmly upon everything, planting the trees, and adding here a wing and there a staircase, that those who now possessed the house, dwelt in it, as it were, by the permission of the dead.

One day remained to him whose ancestors had built the house; who had lived in the old ruined castle, in the grounds, and who had fought, and plundered, rugged and reived after the fashion of their kind. All had been done that falls to a man's lot to do at such a time. The house stood gaunt and empty. By degrees, the familiar objects that time and sentiment make almost sacred and as if portions of ourselves, had been packed up, and on the walls, the pictures taken down, had left blank spaces that recalled each one, as perfectly as if it had been there.

Steps sounded hollow, in the emptiness and desolation

A BRAW DAY

on the stairs, and bits of straw and marks of hob-nailed boots showed where the workmen had been busy at their task.

Here and there marks of paint and varnish on a door showed where a heavy piece of furniture had touched in passing, as sometimes after a funeral you see the dent made by the coffin in the plaster of the passage, as it was carried to the heetse.

A desolating smell of straw was everywhere. It permeated everything, even to the food, which an old servant cooked in the great, ungarnished kitchen, just as a tramp might cook his victuals at the corner of a road.

The polished staircase, which from their childhood had been a kind of fetish to the children of the house, shielded from vulgar footsteps by a thick drugget and a protecting strip of Holland, but bleached a snowy white, was now all scratched and dirtied, as if it were no better than the steps which led to the back-yard.

The owner and his wife, after their years of struggle, had felt at first as if their ship had got into a port; and then as days went by, and by degrees the house which they had cared for more than their own lives, grew empty and more empty, till it was left a shell, now found their port had vanished, and they were left without an anchorage.

Still, there was one more day to pass. What then to do with it? The house was empty, the few old servants that remained, tearful and wandering to and fro, pleased to be idle and yet not knowing what to do with unaccustomed leisure, jostled each other on the stairs.

The horses had been sold, all but one little old black pony; the dogs all sent away to friends.

Standing at the hall door, looking out on the sweep of gravel all cut up by carts, the owners stood a little while, dazed and not able to take in that twenty years had flown. It seemed but yesterday that they had driven up to the same door, young, full of expectation and of hope.

Now they were middle-aged and grey. The fight had gone against them; but still they had the recollection of the struggle, for all except the baser sort of men fight not to win, but simply for the fight.

Some call it duty, but the fight's the thing, for those who strive to win, become self-impressed, and that way lies the road to commonplace. Verily, they have their reward; but the reward soon overwhelms them, whilst the true fighters still fight on, with sinews unrelaxed.

THE ENGLISH REVIEW

At last, after having looked about in vain for sticks, but without finding one, for they had all been packed or given away as keepsakes, they walked out to the sundial in the great gravel sweep before the door. Though they had sat and smoked upon its steps a thousand times, watching the squirrels play at noon, the bats flit past at sundown, it yet seemed new to them, and strange. With interest they saw that it was half-past three in China, eight in the evening in New Orleans, and midnight at La Paz.

Somehow it seemed that they had never seen all this before, and that in future, time would be all the same the whole world over, or at least that it would not be marked by little brazen gnomons on a weather-beaten slab of slate. The garden, with the gardeners gone, and the gate open, seemed as strange as all the rest. The flowers that they had planted, and forgotten they had planted, in the course of time had come to be considered in the same way as the old castle just outside the garden walls, as things that had existed from the beginning of the world.

Weeds choked the gravel in the lower walk, bounded by a long hedge of laurel cut into castles at due intervals. They both agreed next week they should be hoed, and then stopped, smiled, and looked away, fearing to meet each other's eyes. The sun beat on the old stone wall, ripening the magnum bonum plums, for it was in September, and both thought, they will be ripe in a few days, but feared to tell each other what they thought.

The tangled, terraced beds, where once had stood old vineries, all had been planted with herbaceous plants, which, from the want of care, had grown into a jungle; but a jungle unutterably beautiful, in which the taller plants, the coreopsis, bocconias, Japanese anemones, and larkspurs stood up starkly, as palm trees rear themselves out of a wilderness of dwarf palmettoes, and of grass.

Over the garden gate, marauding ivy had run across the stone on which the arms of the decaying family were cut in hard grey whinstone, with the date 1666 in high relief, flanked by a monogram.

Upon a bench, from which the view stretched over the great moss that marked the limits of an ancient sea, and out of which a wooded hill rose like an island, the only thing that broke the level plain between the garden and the distant hills, they sat and let the sun beat on them, for the last

A BRAW DAY

time, as it had often done during their years of struggle and of fight.

Descending through a gate, which slugged a little on its hinges, and grated on the stone lintel as it opened after a heavy push, they passed into the curious long strip of extra garden, taken in as it were by afterthought, in the old Scottish fashion, which never seemed to have enough of garden laid about a house. They bade goodbye to the long line of *arbor vitæ* clipped into cones which cast their shadows on the path, so clearly that you were half inclined to lift your feet to clear them, they looked so firm and round.

The curious moondial, with its niches coloured blue and red, the burial ground hidden away amongst the trees, and with a long, grass walk, mossy and damp, leading up to its old grey walls, they visited but did not see, as they were so familiar, that they had become impossible to look at, but as parts and parcels of themselves.

The day seemed never ending, and in the afternoon, to pass the time, seeing a water conduit underneath a road choked up with leaves, the departing owner of the place set about working hard to clear it, and having done so, congratulated himself on a good piece of work. To bid goodbye to buildings and familiar scenes seemed natural, as life is but a long farewell, but to look for the last time on the trees—trees that his ancestors had planted, and by which he himself recognised the seasons, as for example by the turning yellow of the horse-chestnuts, which he saw from his bedroom windows, or the first pinkish blush upon the broken larch, whose broken top was cased in lead—that seemed a treason to them, for they had always been so faithful, putting out their leaves in spring, standing out stark and rigid in the winter and murmuring in the breeze.

The whispering amongst their branches and the melodious tinkle of a little burn that crossed the avenue, were sounds which, on that last day, pervaded all the air and filled the soul with that deep-seated feeling of amazement that looks out, hopeless and heart-rending, from the eyes of dying animals.

The interminable day came to an end at last. The sun set, red and beautiful, over the low, flat moss, and disappeared behind the hills. The owls called shrilly from the trees, and the accustomed air of ghostliness, intensified a thousandfold by solitude, pervaded all the house.

The mysterious footstep which in the course of years had

THE ENGLISH REVIEW

grown familiar, even in winter nights, as it passed up the corridor and stopped with a loud knock on the end bedroom door, again grew terrifying as it had been on the first night that they had heard it years ago.

From out the spaces where the pictures once had hung, the well-known faces seemed to peer, but unfamiliar-looking, with an air as of reproach.

The smallest footfall sounded as loud as if it were the tramping of a horse; and candles, stuck in bottles here and there, gave a dim, flickering light, casting dark shadows on the floor.

Long did the owners gaze into the night, watching the stars come out in their familiar places. The Bear hung right across the cedars, almost due north, for it was in November, Alphecca close to the horizon, the Square of Pegasus quite horizontal, and Fomalhaut in the south-west, athwart the corner of the Easter Hill.

A light, white frost turned all to silver, and the lake in the east middle distance lay like a sheet of burnished silver under the moon, its islands mirrored dimly and as if floating in the air. No leaf was stirring, and as they sat around a fire of logs, talking of were-wolves, fairies, and superstitions of another land, with their old Spanish friend and servant, the night wore on so rapidly that it was daylight almost, as it appeared, before the sun went down.

Short preparations serve for those about to go, and when a few old servants and retainers took their leave, and a black pony slowly took their trunks down to the station, looking forlorn in the immensity of the beech avenue, they closed the door upon their house.

Quickly the trees rushed past, the pond with its tall islands looking like ships, the giant silver firs, the castle, which they beheld as in a dream, all floated by. Just at the cross roads which led into the park, beside the gate, a man stood waiting for them.

He carried in his hand a hedgebill, and stood there waiting, as he had waited for the past twenty years, for orders for the day.

Now, he held out his hand, opened his mouth, but said nothing, and then, looking up with the air of one well learned in weather lore, said, "Laird, it looks like a braw day."

The Point of It

By E. M. Forster

I

"I DON'T see the point of it," said Micky, through much laughter.

Harold went on rowing. The fools had spent too long on the sand-dunes; and now the tide was running out of the estuary strongly. The sun was setting, the fields on the opposite bank shone bright, and the farm-house where they were stopping glowed from its upper windows as though filled to the brim with fire.

"We're going to be carried out to sea," Micky continued. "You'll never win unless you bust yourself a bit, and you a poor invalid, too. I back the sea."

They were reaching the central channel, the backbone, as it were, of the retreating waters. Once past it, the force of the tide would slacken, and they would have easy going until they beached under the farm. It was a glorious evening. It had been a most glorious day. They had rowed out to the dunes at the slack, bathed, raced, eaten, slept, bathed and raced and eaten again. Micky was in roaring spirits. God had never thwarted him hitherto, and he could not suppose that they would really be made late for supper by an ebbing tide. When they came to the channel, and the boat, which had been slowly edging upstream, hung motionless among the moving waters, he lost all semblance of sanity, and shouted :

'It may be that the gulfs will wash us down,
It may be we shall touch the Happy Isles,
And see the great Achilles, whom we knew.'

Harold, who did not care for poetry, only shouted. His spirits also were roaring, and he neither looked nor felt a poor invalid. Science had talked to him seriously of late, shaking her head at his sunburnt body. What should Science know? She had sent him down to the sea to recruit, and Micky to see that

THE ENGLISH REVIEW

he did not tire himself. Micky had been a nuisance at first, but common sense had prevailed, as it always does among the young. A fortnight ago, he would not let the patient handle an oar. Now he bid him 'bust' himself, and Harold took him at his word and did so. He made himself all will and muscle. He began not to know where he was. The thrill of the stretcher against his feet, and of the tide up his arms, merged with his friend's voice towards one nameless sensation; he was approaching the mystic state that is the athlete's true though unacknowledged goal: he was beginning to be.

Micky chanted, "One, two—one, two," and tried to help by twitching the rudder. But Micky had imagination. He looked at the flaming windows and fancied that the farm was a star and the boat its attendant satellite. Then the tide was the rushing ether stream of the universe, the interstellar surge that beats for ever. How jolly! He did not formulate his joys, after the weary fashion of older people. He was far too happy to be thankful. "Remember now thy Creator in the days of thy youth," are the words of one who has left his youth behind, and all that Micky sang was 'One, two.'

Harold laughed without hearing. Sweat poured off his forehead. He put on a spurt, as did the tide.

"Wish the doctor could see you," cried Micky.

No answer. Setting his teeth, he went berserk. His ancestors called to him that it was better to die than to be beaten by the sea. He rowed with gasps and angry little cries, while the voice of the helmsman lashed him to fury.

"That's right—one, two—plug it in harder. . . . Oh, I say, this is a bit stiff, though. Let's give it up, old man, perhaps."

The gulls were about them now. Some wheeled overhead, others bobbed past on the furrowed waters. The song of a lark came faintly from the land, and Micky saw the doctor's trap driving along the road that led to the farm. He felt ashamed.

"Look here, Harold, you oughtn't to—I oughtn't to have let you. I—I don't see the point of it."

"Don't you?" said Harold with curious distinctness. "Well, you will some day," and so saying dropped both oars. The boat spun round at this, the farm, the trap, the song of the lark vanished, and he fell heavily against the rowlock. Micky caught at him. He had strained his heart. Half in the boat and half out of it, he died, a rotten business.

THE POINT OF IT

II

A rotten business. It happened when Michael was twenty-two, and he expected never to be happy again. The sound of his own voice shouting as he was carried out, the doctor's voice saying, "I consider you responsible," the coming of Harold's parents, the voice of the curate summarising Harold's relations with the unseen—all these things affected him so deeply that he supposed they would affect him for ever. They did not, because he lived to be over seventy, and with the best will in the world, it is impossible to remember clearly for so long. The mind, however sensitive and affectionate, is coated with new experiences daily; it cannot clear itself of the steady accretion, and is forced either to forget the past or to distort it. So it was with Michael. In time only the more dramatic incidents survived. He remembered Harold's final gesture (one hand grasping his own, the other plunged deep into the sea), because there was a certain æsthetic quality about it, not because it was the last of his friend. He remembered the final words for the same reason. "Don't you see the point of it? Well, you will some day." The phrase struck his fancy, and passed into his own stock; after thirty or forty years he forgot its origin. He is not to blame; the business of life snowed him under.

There is also this to say: he and Harold had nothing in common except youth. No spiritual bond could survive. They had never discussed theology or social reform, or any of the problems that were thronging Michael's brain, and consequently, though they had been intimate enough, there was nothing to remember. Harold melted the more one thought of him. Robbed of his body, he was so shadowy. Nor could one imagine him as a departed spirit, for the world beyond death is surely august. Neither in heaven nor hell is there place for athletics and aimless good temper, and if these were taken from Harold, what was left? Even if the unseen life should prove an archetype of this, even if it should contain a sun and stars of its own, the sunburn of earth must fade off our faces as we look at it, the muscles of earth must wither before we can go rowing on its infinite sea. Michael sadly resigned his friend to God's mercy. He himself could do nothing, for men can only immortalise those who leave behind them some strong impression of poetry or wisdom.

THE ENGLISH REVIEW

For himself he expected another fate. With all humility, he knew that he was not as Harold. It was no merit of his own, but he had been born of a more intellectual stock, and had inherited powers that rendered him worthier of life, and of whatever may come after it. He cared for the universe, for the tiny tangle in it that we call civilisation, for his fellow-men who had made the tangle and who transcended it. Love, the love of humanity, warmed him; and even when he was thinking of other matters, was looking at Orion perhaps in the cold winter evenings, a pang of joy, too sweet for description, would thrill him, and he would feel sure that our highest impulses have some eternal value, and will be completed hereafter. So full a nature could not brood over death.

To summarize his career.

Soon after the tragedy, when he in his turn was recruiting, he met the woman who was to become his helpmate through life. He had met her once before, and had not liked her; she had seemed uncharitable and hard. Now he saw that her hardness sprang from a morality that he himself lacked. If he believed in love, Janet believed in truth. She tested all men and all things. She had no patience with the sentimentalist who shelters from the world's rough and tumble. Engaged at that time to another man, she spoke more freely to Michael than she would otherwise have done, and told him that it is not enough to feel good and to feel that others are good; one's business is to make others better, and she urged him to adopt a profession. The beauty of honest work dawned upon the youth as she spoke. Mentally and physically, he came to full manhood, and, after due preparation, he entered the Home Civil Service—the British Museum.

Here began a career that was rather notable, and wholly beneficial to humanity. With his ideals of conduct and culture, Michael was not content with the official routine. He desired to help others, and, since he was gifted with tact, they consented to the operation. Before long he became a conciliatory force in his department. He could mollify his superiors, encourage his inferiors, soothe foreign scholars, and show that there is something to be said for all sides. Janet, who watched his rise, taxed him again with instability. But now she was wrong. The young man was not a mere opportunist. He always had a sincere opinion of his own, or he could not have retained the respect of his colleagues. It was really the inherent sweetness

THE POINT OF IT

of his nature at work, turned by a woman's influence towards fruitful ends.

At the end of a ten years' acquaintance the two married. In the interval Janet had suffered much pain, for the man to whom she had been engaged had proved unworthy of her. Her character was set when she came to Michael, and, as he knew, strongly contrasted with his own; and perhaps they had already interchanged all the good they could. But the marriage proved durable and sufficiently happy. He, in particular, made endless allowances, for toleration and sympathy were becoming the cardinal points of his nature. If his wife was unfair to the official mind, or if his brother-in-law, an atheist, denounced religion, he would say to himself, "They cannot help it; they are made thus, and have the qualities of their defects. Let me rather think of my own, and strive for a wider outlook ceaselessly." He grew sweeter every day.

It was partly this desire for a wider outlook that turned him to literature. As he was crossing the forties it occurred to him to write a few essays, somewhat retrospective in tone, and thoughtful rather than profound in content. They had some success. Their good taste, their lucid style, the tempered Christianity of their ethics, whetted the half-educated public, and made it think and feel. They were not, and were not intended to be, great literature, but they opened the doors to it, and were indubitably a power for good. The first volume was followed by "The Confessions of a Middle-aged Man." In it Michael paid melodious tribute to youth, but showed that ripeness is all. Experience, he taught, is the only humaniser; sympathy, balance and many-sidedness cannot come to a man until he is elderly. It is always pleasant to be told that the best is yet to be, and the sale of the book was large. Perhaps he would have become a popular author, but his wife's influence restrained him from writing anything that he did not sincerely feel. She had borne him three children by now—Henry, Catherine, and Adam. On the whole they were a happy family. Henry never gave any trouble. Catherine took after her mother. Adam, who was wild and uncouth, caused his father some anxiety. He could not understand him, in spite of careful observation, and they never became real friends. Still, it was but a little cloud in a large horizon. At home, as in his work, Michael was more successful than most men.

THE ENGLISH REVIEW

Thus he slipped into the fifties. On the death of his father he inherited a house in the Surrey hills, and Janet, whose real interests were horticultural, settled down there. After all, she had not proved an intellectual woman. Her fierce manner had misled him and perhaps herself into believing it. She was efficient enough in London society, but it bored her, for she lacked her husband's pliancy, and aged more rapidly than he did. Nor did the country suit her. She grew querulous, disputing with other ladies about the names of flowers. And, of course, the years were not without their effect on him, too. By now he was somewhat of a valetudinarian. He had given up all outdoor sports, and, though his health remained good, grew bald, and rather stout and timid. He was against late hours, violent exercise, night walks, swimming when hot, muddling about in open boats, and he often had to check himself from fidgeting the children. Henry, a charming sympathetic lad, would squeeze his hand and say, "All right, father." But Catherine and Adam sometimes frowned. He thought of the children more and more. Now that his wife was declining, they were the future, and he was determined to keep in touch with them, remembering how his own father had failed with him. He believed in gentleness, and often stood between them and their mother. When the boys grew up he let them choose their own friends. When Catherine, at the age of nineteen, asked if she might go away and earn some money as a lady gardener, he let her go. In this case he had his reward, for Catherine, having killed the flowers, returned. She was a restless, scowling young woman, a trial to her mother, who could not imagine what girls were coming to. Then she married and improved greatly; indeed, she proved his chief support in the coming years.

For, soon after her marriage, a great trouble fell on him. Janet became bedridden, and, after a protracted illness, passed into the unknown. Sir Michael—for he had been knighted—declared that he should not survive her. They were so accustomed to each other, so mutually necessary, that he fully expected to pass away after her. In this he was mistaken. She died when he was sixty, and he lived to be over seventy. His character had passed beyond the clutch of circumstance and he still retained his old interests and his unconquerable benignity.

A second trouble followed hard on the first. It transpired

THE POINT OF IT

that Adam was devoted to his mother, and had only tolerated home life for her sake. After a brutal scene he left. He wrote from the Argentine that he was sorry, but wanted to start for himself. "I don't see the point of it," quavered Sir Michael. "Have I ever stopped him or any of you from starting?" Henry and Catherine agreed with him. Yet he felt that they understood their brother better than he did. "I have given him freedom all his life," he continued. "I have given him freedom, what more does he want?" Henry, after hesitation, said, "There are some people who feel that freedom cannot be given. At least I have heard so. Perhaps Adam is like that. Unless he took freedom he might not feel free." Sir Michael disagreed. "I have now studied adolescence for many years," he replied, "and your conclusions, my dear boy, are ridiculous."

The two rallied to their father gallantly; and, after all, he spent a dignified old age. Having retired from the British Museum he produced a little aftermath of literature. The great public had forgotten him, but the courtliness of his "Musings of a Pensioner" procured him some circulation among elderly and educated audiences. And he found a new spiritual consolation. *Anima naturaliter Anglicana*, he had never been hostile to the Established Church; and, when he criticised her worldliness and occasional inhumanity, had spoken as one who was outside her rather than against her. After his wife's death and the flight of his son he lost any lingering taste for speculation. The experience of years disposed him to accept the experience of centuries, and to merge his feeble personal note in the great voice of tradition. Yes; a serene and dignified old age. Few grudged it to him. Of course, he had enemies, who professed to see through him, and said that Adam had seen through him, too; but no impartial observer agreed. No ulterior motive had ever biassed Sir Michael. The purity of his record was not due to luck, but to purity within, and his conciliatory manner sprang from a conciliated soul. He could look back on failures and mistakes, and he had not carried out the ideals of his youth. Who has? But he had succeeded better than most men in modifying those ideals to fit the world of facts, and if love had been modified into sympathy and sympathy into compromise, let one of his contemporaries cast the first stone.

One fact remained—the fact of death. Hitherto, Sir Michael had never died, and at times he was bestially afraid.

THE ENGLISH REVIEW

But more often death appeared as a prolongation of his present career. He saw himself quietly and tactfully organising some corner in infinity with his wife's assistance; Janet would be greatly improved. He saw himself passing from a sphere in which he had been efficient into a sphere which combined the familiar with the eternal, and in which he would be equally efficient—passing into it with dignity and without pain. This life is a preparation for the next. Those who live longest are consequently the best prepared. Experience is the great teacher; blessed are the experienced, for they need not further modify their ideals.

The manner of his death was as follows. He too met with an accident. He was walking from his town house to Catherine's by a short cut through a slum; some women were quarrelling about a fish, and as he passed they appealed to him. Always courteous, the old man stopped, said that he had not sufficient data to judge on, and advised them to lay the fish aside for twenty-four hours. This chanced to annoy them, and they grew more angry with him than with one another. They accused him of "doing them," of "getting round them," and one, who was the worse for drink, said, "See if he gets round that," and slapped him with the fish in the face. He fell. When he came to himself he was lying in bed with one of his headaches.

He could hear Catherine's voice. She annoyed him. If he did not open his eyes, it was only because he did not choose.

"He has been like this for nearly two years," said Henry's voice.

It was, at the most, ten minutes since he had fallen in the slum. But he did not choose to argue.

"Yes, he's pretty well played out," said a third voice—actually the voice of Adam; how and when had Adam returned?

"But, then, he's been that for the last thirty years."

"Gently, old boy," said Henry.

"Well, he has," said Adam. "I don't believe in cant. He never did anything since Mother died, and damned little before. They've forgotten his books because they aren't first hand; they're rearranging the cases he arranged in the British Museum. That's the lot. What else has he done except tell people to dress warmly, but not too warm?"

"Adam, you really mustn't—"

"It's because nobody speaks up that men of the old man's

THE POINT OF IT

type get famous. It's a sign of your sloppy civilisation. You're all afraid—afraid of originality, afraid of work, afraid of hurting one another's feelings. You let anyone come to the top who doesn't frighten you, and as soon as he dies you forget him and knight some other figurehead instead."

An unknown voice said, "Shocking, Mr. Adam, shocking. Such a dear old man, and quite celebrated, too."

"You'll soon get used to me, nurse."

The nurse laughed.

"Adam, it is a relief to have you," said Catherine after a pause. "I want you and your boy to help me with mine." Her voice sounded dimmer; she had turned from her father without a word of farewell. "One must profit by the mistakes of others. . . . after all, more heroism. . . . I am determined to keep in touch with my boy——"

"Larrup him," said Adam. "That's the secret." He followed his sister out of the room.

Then Henry's delightful laugh sounded for the last time. "You make us all feel twenty years younger," he said; "more like when——"

The door shut.

Sir Michael grew cold with rage. This was life, this was what the younger generation had been thinking. Adam he ignored, but at the recollection of Henry and Catherine he determined to die. If he chose, he could have risen from bed and driven the whole pack into the street. But he did not choose. He chose rather to leave this shoddy and ungrateful world. The immense and superhuman cynicism that is latent in all of us came at last to the top and transformed him. He saw the absurdity of love, and the vision so tickled him that he began to laugh. The nurse, who had called him a dear old man, bent over him, and at the same moment two boys came into the sick-room.

"How's grandpapa?" asked one of them—Catherine's boy.

"Not so well," the nurse answered.

There was a silence. Then the other boy said, "Come along, let's cut."

"But they told us not to."

"Why should we do what old people tell us? Dad's pretty well played out, and so's your mother."

"Shocking; be off with you both," said the nurse; and,

THE ENGLISH REVIEW

with a little croon of admiration, Catherine's boy followed his cousin out of the room. Their grandfather's mirth increased. He rolled about in the bed ; and, just as he was grasping the full irony of the situation, he died, and pursued it into the unknown.

III

Micky was still in bed. He was aware of so much through long melancholy dreams. But when he opened his mouth to laugh, it filled with dust. Choosing to open his eyes, he found that he had swollen enormously, and lay sunk in the sand of an illimitable plain. As he expected, he had no occasion greatly to modify his ideals ; infinity had merely taken the place of his bedroom and of London. Nothing moved on its surface except a few sand-pillars, which would sometimes merge into each other as though confabulating, and then fall with a slight hiss. Save for these, there was no motion, no noise, nor could he feel any wind.

How long had he lain here ? Perhaps for years, long before death perhaps, while his body seemed to be walking among men. Life is so short and trivial that who knows whether we arrive for it entirely, whether more than a fraction of the soul is aroused to put on flesh ? The bud and the blossom perish in a moment, the husk endures, and may not the soul be a husk ? It seemed to Micky that he had lain in the dust for ever, suffering and sneering, and that the essence of all things, the primal power that lies behind the stars, is senility. Age, toothless, dropsical age ; ungenerous to age and to youth ; born before all ages, and outlasting them ; the universe as old age.

The place degraded while it tortured. It was vast, yet ignoble. It sloped downward into darkness and upward into cloud, but into what darkness, what clouds ! No tragic splendour glorified them. When he looked at them he understood why he was so unhappy, for they were looking at him, sneering at him while he sneered. Their dirtiness was more ancient than the hues of day and night, their irony more profound ; he was part of their jest, even as youth was part of his, and slowly he realised that he was, and had for some years been, in Hell.

All around him lay other figures, huge and fungous. It was as if the plain had festered. Some of them could sit up, others

THE POINT OF IT

scarcely protruded from the sand, and he knew that they had made the same mistake in life as himself, though he did not know yet what the mistake had been ; probably some little slip, easily avoided had one but been told.

Speech was permissible. Presently a voice said, "Is not ours a heavenly sky ? Is it not beautiful ?"

"Most beautiful," answered Micky, and found each word a stab of pain. Then he knew that one of the sins here punished was appreciation ; he was suffering for all the praise that he had given to the bad and mediocre upon earth ; when he had praised out of idleness, or to please people, or to encourage people ; for all the praise that had not been winged with passion. He repeated "Most beautiful," and the sky quivered, for he was entering into fuller torments now. One ray of happiness survived : his wife could not be in this place. She had not sinned with the people of the plain, and could not suffer their distortion. Her view of life had proved right after all ; and, in his utter misery, this comforted him. Janet should again be his religion, and as eternity dragged forward and returned upon itself and dragged forward, she would show him that old age, if rightly managed, can be beautiful ; that experience, if rightly received, can lead the soul of man to bliss. Then he turned to his neighbour, who was continuing his hymn of praise.

"I could lie here for ever," he was saying. "When I think of my restlessness during life—that is to say, during what men miscall life, for it is death really—this is life—when I think of my restlessness on earth, I am overcome by so much goodness and mercy, I could lie here for ever."

"And will you ?" asked Micky.

"Ah, that is the crowning blessing—I shall, and so will you."

Here a pillar of sand passed between them. It was long before they could speak or see. Then Micky took up the song, chafed by the particles that were working into his soul.

"I, too, regret my wasted hours," he said, "especially the hours of my youth. I regret all the time I spent in the sun. In later years I did repent, and that is why I am admitted here where there is no sun ; yes, and no wind and none of the stars that drove me almost mad at night once. It would be appalling, would it not, to see Orion again, the central star of whose sword is not a star but a nebula, the

THE ENGLISH REVIEW

golden seed of worlds to be. How I dreaded the autumn on earth when Orion rises, for he recalled adventure and my youth. It was appalling. How thankful I am to see him no more."

"Ah, but it was worse," cried the other, "to look high leftward from Orion and see the Twins. Castor and Pollux were brothers, one human, the other divine; and Castor died. But Pollux went down to Hell that he might be with him."

"Yes; that is so. Pollux went into Hell."

"Then the gods had pity on both, and raised them aloft to be stars whom sailors worship, and all who love and are young. Zeus was their father, Helen their sister, who brought the Greeks against Troy. I dreaded them more than Orion."

They were silent, watching their own sky. It approved. They had been cultivated men on earth, and these are capable of the nicer torments hereafter. Their memories will strike exquisite images to enhance their pain. "I will speak no more," said Micky to himself. "I will be silent through eternity." But the darkness prised open his lips, and immediately he was speaking.

"Tell me more about this abode of bliss," he asked. "Are there grades in it? Are there ranks in our Heaven?"

"There are two heavens," the other replied, "the heaven of the hard and of the soft. We here lie in the heaven of the soft. It is a sufficient arrangement, for all men grow either hard or soft as they grow old."

As he spoke the clouds lifted, and, looking up the slope of the plain, Micky saw that in the distance it was bounded by mountains of stone, and he knew, without being told, that among those mountains Janet lay, rigid, and that he should never see her. She had not been saved. The darkness would mock her, too, for ever. With him lay the sentimentalists, the conciliators, the peacemakers, the humanists, and all who have trusted the warmer vision; with his wife were the reformers and ascetics and all sword-like souls. By different paths they had come to Hell, and Micky now saw what the bustle of life conceals: that the years are bound either to liquefy a man or to stiffen him, and that Love and Truth, who seem to contend for our souls like angels, hold each the seeds of our decay.

"It is, indeed, a sufficient arrangement," he said; "both sufficient and simple. But answer one question more that my

THE POINT OF IT

bliss may be perfected ; in which of these two heavens are the young ? ”

His neighbour answered, “ In neither ; there are no young.”

He spoke no more, and settled himself more deeply in the dust. Micky did the same. He had vague memories of men and women who had died before reaching maturity, of boys and unwedded maidens and youths lowered into the grave before their parents’ eyes. Whither had they gone, that undeveloped minority ? What was the point of their brief existence ? Had they vanished utterly, or were they given another chance of accreting experiences until they became like Janet or himself ? One thing was certain : there were no young, either in the mountains or the plain, and perhaps the very memory of such creatures was an illusion fostered by cloud.

The time was now ripe for a review of his life on earth. He traced his decomposition—his work had been soft, his books soft, he had softened his relations with other men. He had seen good in everything, and this is itself a sign of decay. Whatever occurred he had been appreciative, tolerant, pliant. Consequently he had been a success ; Adam was right ; it was the moment in civilisation for his type. He had mistaken self-criticism for self-discipline, he had muffled in himself and others the keen, heroic edge. Yet the luxury of repentance was denied him. The fault was his, but the fate humanity’s, for everyone grows hard or soft as he grows old.

“ This is my life,” thought Micky ; “ my books forgotten, my work superseded. This is the whole of my life.” And his agony increased, because all the same there had been in that life an elusive joy which, if only he could have distilled it, would have sweetened infinity. It was part of the jest that he should try, and should eternally oscillate between disgust and desire. For there is nothing ultimate in Hell ; men will not lay aside all hope on entering it, or they would attain to the splendour of despair. To have made a poem about Hell is to mistake its very essence ; it is the imagination of men, who will have beauty, that fashion is as ice or flame. Old, but capable of growing older, Micky lay in the sandy country, remembering that once he had remembered a country—a country that had not been sand. . . .

He was aroused by the mutterings of the spirits round him. An uneasiness such as he had not noted in them before had

THE ENGLISH REVIEW

arisen. "A pillar of sand," said one. Another said, "It is not; it comes from the river."

He asked, "What river?"

"The spirits of the damned dwell over it; we never speak of that river."

"Is it a broad river?"

"Swift, and very broad."

"Do the damned ever cross it?"

"They are permitted, we know not why, to cross it now and again."

And in these answers he caught a new tone, as if his companions were frightened, and were finding means to express their fear. When he said, "With permission, they can do us no harm," he was answered, "They harm us with light and a song." And again, "They harm us because they remember and try to remind."

"Of what would they remind us?"

"Of the hour when we were as they."

As he questioned a whisper arose from the low-lying verges. The spirits were crying to each other faintly. He heard, "It is coming; drive it back over the river, shatter it, compel it to be old." And then the darkness was cloven, and a star of pain broke in his soul. He understood now; a torment greater than any was at hand.

"I was before choice," came the song. "I was before hardness and softness were divided. I was in the days when truth was love. And I am."

All the plain was convulsed. But the invader could not be shattered. Where it pressed the air parted and the sand-pillars fell, and its path was filled with senile weeping.

"I have been all men, but all men have forgotten me. I transfigured the world for them until they preferred the world, They came to me as children, afraid; I taught them, and they despised me. Childhood is a dream about me, experience a slow forgetting: I govern the magic years between them, and am."

"Why trouble us?" moaned the shades. "We could bear our torment, just bear it, until there was light and a song. Go back again over the river. This is Heaven, we were saying, that darkness is God; we could praise them till you came. The book of our deeds is closed; why open it? We were damned from our birth; leave it there. O, supreme jester,

THE POINT OF IT

leave us. We have sinned, we know it, and this place is death and Hell."

"Death comes," the voice pealed, "and death is not a dream, or a forgetting. Death is real. But I, too, am real, and whom I will I save. I see the scheme of things, and in it no place for me, the brain and the body against me. Therefore I rend the scheme in two, and make a place, and under countless names have harrowed Hell. Come." Then, in tones of inexpressible sweetness, "Come to me all who remember. Come out of your eternity into mine. It is easy, for I am still at your eyes, waiting to look out of them; still in your hearts, waiting to beat. The years that I dwelt with you seemed short, but they were magical, and they outrun time."

The shades were silent. They could not remember.

"Who desires to remember? Desire is enough. There is no abiding home for strength and beauty among men. The flower fades, the seas dry up in the sun, the sun and all the stars fade as a flower. But the desire for such things, that is eternal, that can abide, and he who desires me is I."

Then Micky died a second death. This time he dissolved through terrible pain, scorched by the glare, pierced by the voice. But as he died he said, "I do desire," and immediately the invader vanished, and he was standing alone on the sandy plain. It had been merely a dream. But he was standing. How was that? Why had he not thought to stand before? He had been unhappy in Hell, and all that he had to do was to go elsewhere. He passed downwards, pained no longer by the mockery of its cloud. The pillars brushed against him and fell, the nether darkness went over his head. On he went till he came to the banks of the infernal stream, and there he stumbled—stumbled over a piece of wood, no vague substance, but a piece of wood that had once belonged to a tree. At his impact it moved, and water gurgled against it. He had embarked. Someone was rowing. He could see the blades of oars moving towards him through the foam, but the rower was invisible in cloud. As they neared mid-channel the boat went more slowly, for the tide was ebbing, and Micky knew that once carried out he would be lost eternally; there was no second hope of salvation. He could not speak, but his heart beat time to the oars—one, two. Hell made her last effort, and all that is evil in creation, all the distortions of love and truth by which we are vexed, came surging down the estuary, and the boat hung

THE ENGLISH REVIEW

motionless. Micky heard the pant of breath through the roaring, the crack of angelic muscles; then he heard a voice say, "Behold the point of it," and a weight fell off his body and he crossed mid-stream.

It was a glorious evening. The boat had sped without prelude into sunshine. The sky was cloudless, the earth gold, and gulls were riding up and down on the furrowed waters. On the bank they had left were some sand-dunes rising to majestic hills; on the bank in front was a farm, full to the brim with fire.

The Stones of Gafsa

By Norman Douglas

I CANNOT think what has induced me to stay so long at this oasis of Gafsa, in the bleak uplands of southern Tunisia. There are many drawbacks to the place—chiefest of all, the intense cold at this season (January). And not far away are the sunny and low-lying palm-groves of the Djerid, Tozeur and Nefta, the destination of my voyage, as originally planned out. Yet here I am, held fast by some unaccountable spell. It must be those fascinating prehistoric flints. . . .

There is a low hill near the town, marked Meda Hill on the map. Thither, after settling my concerns at the hotel, I swiftly bent my steps on the evening of my arrival, but came too late for the sunset; the colours had already faded out of things terrestrial; only overhead, the play of blue and green and rose went on, freezing, slowly, to pale indigo. It was light enough, however, to see the configuration of the country; to realise the significance of this speck of culture in the waste, its strategic value: Gafsa is a veritable key of the Sahara. Barren mountains rise up on all sides save the south; and there, where the two highest ranges converge from east and west and almost meet, where the broad stream of the Oued Baiesh has carved itself a channel through the opening—there, at the very narrowest point—sits the oasis. A tangle of palms that sweep southward in a radiant trail of green; the crenellated walls of the Kasbah-fortress gleaming through the interstices of the foliage; the whole verdant vision swathed in an orange-tawny frame of desolation, of things non-human.

Darkness was descending and still I lingered, my only companion being a dark-brown dog of the jackal type, who walked round me suspiciously and barked, or rather whined, without ceasing. At last I took up a stone, and he ran away. But the stone remained in my hand; I glanced at it and saw that it was an implement of worked flint. Here was a discovery! Who were these carvers of stones, the aboriginals of Gafsa? How lived they?

THE ENGLISH REVIEW

A prolonged and melodious whistle from the distant railway station served to remind me of the gulf of ages that separates these men from the life of our day. . . .

But as if to efface without delay that consoling impression my downward path led me past a dark cavern before which was lighted a fire that threw gleams into its recesses; there was a family crouching around it; they lived in the hollow rock. A high-piled heap of bones near at hand suggested cannibalistic practices.

These, then, are the primitives of Gafsa. And for how long, I wonder, has this convenient shelter been inhabited? From time immemorial, perhaps; ever since the days of those others. And, after all, how little have they changed in the intervening thousands of years! The wild-eyed young wench, with her dishevelled hair, ferocious bangle-ornaments, tatooings, and nondescript blue rags open at the side and revealing charms well fitted to disquiet some robust savage—what has such a creature in common with the rest of us? Not even certain raptures, misdeemed primeval; hardly more than what falls to man and beast alike. On my appearance, she rose up and eyed me unabashed; then sank to the ground again, amid her uncouth and naked cubs. The rock, she said, was warmer than the black tents; they paid no rent; for the rest, her man would return forthwith. And while she still spoke, there was a clattering of stones and a herd of goats scrambled up and vanished within the opening. The partner was neither pleased nor displeased at seeing me there; every day he went to pasture his flock on the slope of the opposite hills, returning at nightfall; he tried to be civil but failed, for want of vocabulary. I gave him the salutation, and passed on in the gloaming. . . .

The Kasbah is an interesting place. It is a Byzantine construction, covering a large expanse of ground and rebuilt by the French on theatrical lines, with decorative bastions and other warlike pomp; the old walls are smothered under a modern layer of plaster divided into square fields to imitate solid stonework; it looks best in the moonlight, when this childish cardboard effect is toned down. Thousands of blocks of Roman masonry have been wrought into those walls, as well as such a number of ancient inscriptions that a French traveller described the fortress as a *musée épigraphique*. Yes, this must be the attraction of Gafsa. Those old stones lingering like ghosts among a people who have lost all memory of their meaning.

THE STONES OF GAFSA

There is no continuity of tradition here, as in countries like Greece; and this complete rupture of all links with the past, in the face of these speaking memorials, has a certain charm.

One of the two hot springs of Gafsa is enclosed within this Kasbah, while the other rises near at hand and flows into the celebrated baths—the *Termid*, as the natives, using an old Greek word, still call it. It is a large and deep stone basin, half full of warm water in which small fishes, snakes and tortoises disport themselves; the massive engirdling walls demonstrate its Roman origin. Thick mists hang over the *Termid* in the early mornings, when the air is chilly, but later on it becomes a lively place, full of laughter and splashings. Here, for a sou, you may get the boys to jump down from the parapet and wallow in the muddy ooze at the bottom; the water, though transparent, is not colourless, but of the blue-green tint of the aquamarine crystal. Above this basin is another one, that of the women, with an old Latin inscription running along one of its flanks; and below it, at the foot of a lurid staircase, a suite of subterranean (Roman) chambers, a kind of Turkish bath for men, where the water hurries darkly through; the place is reeking with a steamy heat and objectionable beyond words—it would not be easy to describe, in the language of polite society, those features in which it is most repulsive to civilised men.

How easily, as in former days, might now a health-giving wonder be created out of these waters of Gafsa, that well up in a river of warmth and purity, only to be hopelessly contaminated! The French tried the experiment, but the natives objected and they gave way; these are the spots on the sunny ideal of “pacific penetration.” I am all for keeping up local colour even when it entails, as it generally does, a certain percentage of local smells; yet it seems a pity that such glorious hot springs, a gift of the gods in a climate like this, should be converted into a *cloaca maxima*, especially in Gafsa, which already boasts of a superfluity of open drains.

But my friend the magistrate showed me a special bathing-room, which has lately been built for the use of Europeans. We tried the door, and found it locked.

Where was the key?

At the *Ponts et Chaussées*.

I promptly went there, and discovered an elderly official of ample proportions dozing in a trim apartment—the chief of the

THE ENGLISH REVIEW

staff. Great was this gentleman's condescension ; he opened his eyes wide, bade me be seated, and inquired after my wants.

The key ? The key of the " piscine " ? He regretted he could give me no information as to its whereabouts, no information whatever ; he had never so much as seen the key in question ; perhaps it had been lost—perhaps it never existed. Several tourists, he added, had already come on the same quest as myself ; he also, on one occasion last year, thought he would like to take a bath but—what would you ? There was no key ! If I liked to bathe, I might go to the tank at the gardens of Sidi Ahmed Zarroung.

I gently insisted, pointing out that I did not care for a walk across the wind-swept desert, only to dip myself into a pool of luke-warm and pestilentially sulphurous water. But " the key " was evidently a sore subject.

" There is no key, Monsieur ; " and he accompanied the words with a portentous negative nod that blended the solicitude of a trusted friend with the firmness of a Bismarck. This closed the discussion. With expressions of undying gratitude, and a few remarks as to the palpable advantages to be derived from keeping a public bathing-room permanently locked, I left him to his well-earned slumbers. . . .

This collecting of flint implements grows upon one, at Gafsa : it is in the air. And I find that quite a number of persons have anticipated me in this amusement, and even written ponderous tomes upon the subject, as is generally the case, when one thinks to have made a scientific discovery. These stones are scattered all over the plain, and Monsieur Couillault has traced the site of several workshops—" ateliers"—of prehistoric weapons near Sidi Mansur, which lies within half a mile of Gafsa, whence he has extracted quantities of flints of every shape ; among them, some saws and a miniature spade.

My collection of these relics, casually picked up here and there, is already considerable, and illustrates every period of those early ages—uncouth battle-axes and spear-points ; fine needles, apparently used for sewing skins together ; the so-called " laurel-leaves," as thin as cardboard ; knife-blades ; instruments for scraping beast-hides—all of flint. What interests me most, are certain round throwing stones ; a few are flat on both sides, but others, evidently the more popular shape, are flat below and rise to a cone above. Of these latter I have a series of various sizes ; the largest are for men's hands, but there are

THE STONES OF GAFSA

smaller ones, not more than eleven centimetres round, for the use of children : one thinks of the fierce little hands that wielded them, these many thousand years ago. Even now, the natives will throw by preference with a stone of this disk-like shape—the cone pointing downwards. But to judge by the size of their implements, the hands of this prehistoric race can hardly have been as large as those of their modern descendants.

Then, as now, Gafsa must have been an important site ; the number of these weapons is astonishing. Vast populations have drifted down the stream of time at this spot leaving no name or mark behind them ; nothing save these relics, fashioned, by the merest of chances, out of practically imperishable material. Steel and copper would have rotted away long ago, and the stoutest marble palaces crumbled to dust under the teeth of the desert air.

The bed of the Oued Balesh, which is nearly half a mile broad in some places, is rich in these worked flints that have been washed out of its steep banks by the floods. Walking here the other day with a miserable young Arab who, I verily believe, had attached himself to me out of sheer boredom (since he never asked for a *sou*), I observed, in the distance, a solitary individual, a European, pacing slowly along as though wrapped in meditation : every now and then he bent down to the ground.

"That's a French gentleman from Gafsa. He collects those stones of yours all day long."

Another amateur, I thought.

"But not like yourself," he went on. "He picks them up, bad and good, and when they don't look nice, he works at them with iron things : I've seen them ! He makes very pretty stones : much prettier than yours. Then he sends them away."

"How do you know this ?"

"I've looked in at his window."

A modern "atelier" of flints—this was an amusing revelation. Perhaps—who knows ?—half the museums of the world are stocked with these superior products.

Sages will be interested to learn that Professor Koken of Tübingen, in a learned pamphlet, lays it down that these flints of Gafsa belong to the Mesvinian, Strepyian, Praechellean—to say nothing of the Mousterian, Aurignacian, Solutrean, Magdale-nain and other types. So be it. He further says, what is more intelligible to the uninitiated, that a bed of hard conglomerate which crops up at Gafsa on either side of the Oued Baiesh, has

THE ENGLISH REVIEW

been raised in days of yore ; it was raised so slowly, that the river found time to carve itself a bed through it during the process of elevation ; nevertheless, a certain class of these artificial implements, embedded since God knows when, already formed part of this "natural" conglomerate ere it began to uplift itself. This gives one some idea of the abysm of time that lies between us and the skin-clad men who lived here in olden days.

An abysm of time. . . .

But I remembered the cave-wench of the Meda-hill. And my companion, to-day, was of the same grade, a characteristic semi-nomad boy of the poorest class ; an orphan, of course (they are nearly all orphans) and quite abandoned. His whole vocabulary could not have exceeded 150 words ; he had never heard of the Apostle of Allah or his sacred book ; he did not know his own age ; he could only run, and throw stones, and endure, like a beast, those ceaseless illnesses of which death alone, and early death as a rule, is allowed to cure them. His clothing was an undershirt and the inevitable burnous, brown with dirt.

"What have you done to-day ?" I asked him.

"Nothing."

"And yesterday ?"

"Nothing. Why should I do anything ?"

"Don't you *ever* wash ?"

"I have nobody to wash me."

And so the last few days have passed. Every morning I make solemn preparations for my departure to Tozeur where the sun, they say, still exhales a certain warmth. But I end in remaining here, despite the Siberian climate.

The glacial wind is less felt in the oasis, and the best time to visit this grove is by night, when the moon plays wonderful tricks of light and shadow with the over-arching foliage. The smooth sandy stretches at the outskirts of the gardens shine like water at rest, on which the leaves of an occasional sparse tuft of palms are etched with a crystalline hardness of delineation. Such is the abundance of water that these Gafsa plantations have a character different from others of this province ; they are more artlessly furnished with rough, parklike districts and a not unpleasing impression of riot and waste—waste in the midst of plenty. Then there is a delightful Theocritean bit of country, the temperate region at the tail-end of the grove. It reminds one of Southern Calabria. Only

THE STONES OF GAFSA

olives grow here—seventy-five thousand of them. Beside their silvery-grey trunks you may see herds of the small but brightly-tinted cattle reposing ; the ground is pied with daisies and buttercups, oleanders border the streamlets, and the plaintive notes of the djouak, the pastoral reed of the nomads, resound from some hidden copse. It must be charming here, in the spring-time.

But do what he will, a man who has lived in the tropics becomes rather *blasé* in the matter of vegetation.

Besides, there are no flints to be found here.

Ah, Mr. Koken, Mr. Koken—those light words of yours have borne a heavy fruit. I possess four hundred implements now, and they will double the weight of my luggage and ruin my starched shirts, especially those formidable “ prae-chellean ” skull-cleavers. Perhaps it will be safest, after all, to throw the whole collection away again, for I know exactly what the customs officer at Marseilles will say, when he peeps into my bag : “ Tiens, des cailloux ! Monsieur est botaniste ? ” And then a crowd of people will assemble, to whom I must explain everything, with the result of being arrested for smuggling forbidden mining-samples out of a French colony, and ending my days in some insanitary French prison.

Besides the oasis, there are other interesting walks in the neighbourhood of Gafsa, but I can imagine nothing more curious than the town itself ; a place of some 5,000 inhabitants, about a thousand of whom are Jews, with a sprinkling of Italian tradespeople and French officials and soldiers. Beyond naming its streets and putting up a few lamps, the government has left it in its Arab condition ; the roadways are unpaved, the houses lean this way and that, and, being built of sun-dried earth-tinted brick, have an air of crumbling to pieces before one’s very eyes. Everywhere are immense blocks of chiselled stone worked into the ephemeral clay as doorsteps or lintels, or lying about at random, or utilised as seats at the house-entrance ; they date from Roman or earlier times—columns, too, some of them adorned with the lotus-pattern, the majority unpretentious and solid.

What do the natives think of these relics of past civilisations. Do they ever wonder whence they came ? “ The stones are there,” they will tell you. Yet the wiser among them will speak of *Ruman* : they have heard of *Ruman* moneys and antiquities.

THE ENGLISH REVIEW

Melkarth, hero of colonisation, is said to have surrounded Gafsa with a wall, pierced by a hundred gates, whence its presumable name Hecatompilos, the city of a hundred gates. The Egyptians ruled it; then the Phœnicians, who called it Kafaz—the walled; and after the destruction of Carthage it became the retreat and treasure house of Numidian kings. Greeks, too, exercised a powerful influence upon the place, and all these civilised peoples had prepared Gafsa to appreciate the beneficent rule of the Romans. Then came Vandals and Byzantines, who gradually grew too weak to resist the floods of plundering Arab nomads; the rich merchants fled, their palaces fell to ruins, the town became a collection of mud huts inhabited by poor cultivators living in terror of the neighbouring Hammama tribe of true Arabs, who actually forbade them to walk beyond the limits of the Jebel Assalah—a couple of miles distant. So the French found them, in 1881.

The place, therefore, has gone through too many vicissitudes to be anything but a witches' cauldron of mixed races. Seldom one sees a handsome or characteristic face; they have not the wild solemnity of the desert folk, nor yet the etiolated, gentle graces of the Tunisian citizen class; much less the lily-like personal beauty of the blonde Algerian Berbers. Apart from some men that display the features of the savage Neanderthal-brood that lived here in prehistoric times, the only pure race-type that survives is of unquestionably Egyptian origin; no wonder, since Egyptian invasions of this region went on for five centuries, culminating in the extended sea-dominion of Thotmes III.

A bastard Greco-Latin was the language of the place up to the thirteenth century A.D.

This confusion of blood has done one thing for them—it has given them an uncommon laxity in religious matters. They are the least bigoted Orientals one could wish to meet; only fifteen in a hundred, perhaps even less, perform the devotions prescribed by the prophet. And it is part of their charming heterodoxy to be dog-eaters. They will catch and devour each others' dogs; they even breed them for the market, though they dare not expose the meat publicly, any more than that of swine, which they eat with relish.

Gafsa lies high, and I ask myself whether its fierce shiftings of temperature, its nocturnal radiation that splits the very rocks and renders life impossible for many plants (outside the

THE STONES OF GAFSA

cultivated zone, which equalises these extremes)—whether all this has not had a numbing and stupefying influence on the character of the inhabitants. Would not a man, under such perennial vexations, end in bowing his head and letting things take their course?

That witchery of Orientalism with its immemorial customs, its wondrous hues of earth and sky—it exists, chiefly, for the delectation of hyperborean dreamers. The desert life and those many-tinted, mouldering cities have their attraction, but the misery at many hundred intermediate places like Gafsa is too great, too irremediable, to be otherwise than an eyesore. They have not solved the problem of the simple life, these shivering, blear-eyed folk. Their daily routine is the height of discomfort; they are forever ailing in health, they die like flies. Naturally enough; for it is not too much to say, of the poorer classes, that they eat dirt, and that only once a day.

But if fortune smiles, they will gorge like Eskimos, like boa-constrictors.

Only yesterday, there swept past these doors a bright procession, going half-trot, to a lively chant of music: the funeral of a woman. I enquired of a passer-by the cause of her death.

“She ate too much, and burst.”

During the summer months, in the fruit-growing districts, quite a number of children will “burst” in this fashion every day. . . .

The streets of Gafsa are swept every morning by a band of minor offenders who are marched out of prison for that purpose. But this cleansing does not extend to the native houses and court-yards, which survive in all their original, inconceivable squalor—squalor so uncompromising, that it has long ago ceased to be picturesque. What glimpses into humble interiors, when native secretiveness has not raised a rampart of earthen bricks at the inside of the entrance! In the day-time, it is like looking into vast, abandoned pig-sties, fantastically encumbered with palm-logs, and Roman building blocks and rubbish-heaps which display the accumulated filth of generations—there is hardly a level yard of ground—rags and dust and decay! Here they live, the poorer sort, and no wonder they have as little sense of home as the wild creatures of the waste. But at night, when the most villainous objects take on mysterious shapes and meanings, these courtyards

THE ENGLISH REVIEW

become grand ; they assume an air of biblical desolation, as though the curse of Heaven had fallen upon the life they once witnessed.

The stones are there. This is another feature which they have in common with the beasts of earth : never to pause before the memorials of their own past. Goethe says that where men are silent, stones will speak. If ever they spoke, it is among these crumbling composite walls of Gafsa.

A Roman inscription of the age of Hadrian, which now forms the step of an Arab house, will arrest your glance and turn your thoughts awhile in the direction of this dim, romantic figure. How little we really know of the Imperial wanderer, whose journeyings may still be traced by the monuments that sprang up in his footsteps ! Never, since the world began, has there been a traveller in the grandiose style of Hadrian ; he perambulated his world like a god, crowned with a halo of benevolence and omnipotence. And it occurs to me that there must be other relics of antiquity still buried under the soil of Gafsa which is raised on a mound, like an island, above the surrounding country ; particularly in the vicinity of the "Termid" which one may suppose to have lain near the centre of the old town.

And where are the paving-stones ? The painstaking John Leo says that the streets of Gafsa are "broad and paved like those of Naples and Florence." Have they been slowly submerged under the debris of Arabism, or taken up and worked into the masonry of the Kasbah and other buildings ? Not one is left : so much is certain.

I borrowed Sallust and tried to press some flavour out of his description of Marius' march to the capture of Gafsa. It was a fine military performance, without a doubt ; he led his troops by unsuspected paths across the desert, fell upon the place, sacked and burnt it, and divided the booty among his soldiers ; all this, without the loss of a single man. But what interests me most, is the style of Sallust himself. His outlook upon life, his choice of words, are the note of to-morrow, and when I compare with him certain writers of my own period, I seem to be unrolling a papyrus from Pharaoh's tomb, or spelling out the elucubrations of some maudlin scribe of Prester John.

The stones are there. And the quarries whence the Romans drew them have also been found ; they lie in the flanks of the

THE STONES OF GAFSA

Jebel Assalah, and are well worth a visit; legions of bats—tirlils, the Arabs call them—hang in noisome clusters from the roof.

Concerning these bats, the following story with which I will close this sketch, is told in Gafsa.

Not long ago, a rich Englishman came here; he used to go out in the evenings and shoot bats; then he put them into bottles with spirits of wine—he was an amateur of bats. On the day of his departure from the place, he said to the polyglot Arab guide whom he had picked up somewhere on his wanderings:

“You will rejoin me in Tunis in ten days. Bring me more bats—tirlils: *comprenni*? from this country. I will give you fifty centimes apiece.”

“Bon, Monsieur,” said the guide, and took counsel with the folks of Gafsa who, after certain stipulations and reservations, showed him the way into these quarries.

On the day appointed, he entered the rich tourist’s hotel in Tunis, followed by ten porters, each carrying a large sack.

“Hallo,” said the Englishman, “what’s all this?”

“Bats, Monsieur.”

“Eh? How much?”

“Bats; *tirlils, chauve-souris, pipistrelli*. . . . They will need much bottles. Six hundred tirlils in each sack; ten sacks; six thousand tirlils. Much bottles! Three thousand francs, Monsieur. Shall I open him?”

The tourist cast a dismayed glance over the sacks, gently heaving with life.

“Look here,” he said, “I’ll give you fifty francs. . . .”

The Arab was surprised and grieved. He thought he was giving a pleasure to Monsieur, who had asked for bats. He had been obliged to borrow money from his aged mother to help him to pay the nine hundred francs already disbursed for assistance in catching the tirlils; he had risked his life; there were transport expenses, too: very heavy. He had travelled with many Englishmen and had always found them to be men of honour—men who kept their word. And in this case, there were witnesses to the bargain, who would be ready, if necessary, to go into the French tribunals and testify to what they had heard.

“I see. Well, come to-morrow morning, but go away now, quick! before I break your head; take your infernal tirlils to your *funduk* and be off: clear out—*comprenni*?”

THE ENGLISH REVIEW

And he looked so very angry that the Arab, a prudent fellow, walked backwards out of the room, more surprised and grieved than ever.

Thanks to the disinterested and strenuous exertions of a Jewish international lawyer, the affair was settled out of court, after all—fifteen hundred francs, plus expenses of transport. . .

Heures d'Hiver

Vulnerant omnes, ultima ne cat

By Marguerite Burnat-Provins*

HIVER, te voici tout blanc, couché en travers des épaules de la montagne, sculpté dans la ciel.

Tes longs cheveux de glace pendent sur les rocs et tes bras de marbre étouffent la terre où les germes se taisent.

Mais, ce n'est pas seulement sur les monts et dans les abîmes que règne ton accablement ; il couvre les sommets de mes rêves, il se fige aux replis de mon être et je demeure dans l'attente, car rien ne se lit sous tes paupières inertes, dans tes yeux fermés. Au fond de ta poitrine géante, il n'y a point de cœur, c'est une caverne vide traversée par un souffle mortel et tu respires sans que tes flancs se soulèvent pour jeter en nous la fièvre et les frissons.

Ecoute, mes lèvres sont bleues et mon front s'alourdit ; je veux crier pourtant que je te hais, parce que tu as pris mon amant à la gorge, le bel Automne fauve et rieur qui a noyé mon âme dans son baiser.

Qu'as-tu fait de sa dépouille et du royal manteau qu'il étendait sous mon sommeil ?

A la place où s'abritait notre ivresse, je n'ai plus trouvé les noyaux bruns des fruits, présents de ses mains amoureuses, ta neige les a cachés. Sous les taillis où vibrerait sa voix chaude, tu engourdis pour tuer et c'est le silence, le pesant linceul des heures mortes couchées-là.

Ah, quand je pleurerais à épuiser ma vie, quand j'ensanglanterais mes mains sur le sol témoin d'un bonheur perdu, quand j'emplirais de mon rôle ce vallon où vécurent des enchantements, tout serait inutile. Ton haleine froide entre dans mon sein et raidit mes artères, j'attendrai.

J'attendrai que le Printemps me venge ; il dort sous la ruine, mais il se lèvera, il ouvrira ses yeux en fleurs bleues et quand

* Author of "Le Livre pour toi."

THE ENGLISH REVIEW

tu le verras debout étirer ses bras jeunes et secouer sa tête blonde, alors Hiver, tu trembleras.

Car, avec un rire qui remplit les vallées, il escaladera les cimes, il atteindra ton refuge escarpé ; ses mains rayonnantes briseront ta statue et, du haut en bas des montagnes ses débris rouleront en éclats.

Quand le soleil en aura fondu jusqu'au dernier vestige, je me sentirai délivrée, tu seras mort à ton tour, bourreau qui garrottes la vie, étrangleur des voix qui chantaient.



“My Little Bluejacket”

By Austin Harrison

MANY years ago—it was before the era of Peter Pan—when I was tucked up o’ nights by Hannah, my nurse, and the eerie darkness, or the shapes that were wont to play upon the blind, disturbed my rest, she used to come to me and croon me to sleep, preferably with the poetic tale of Jack and the Beanstalk. Her version was not quite the English version, for she was an Irishwoman, who had been brought up in America—at least so it appeared when, as an adult, I saw “Jack” at the Lane—but if I am mistaken no doubt Wendy or Miss Pauline Chase will set me right. At any rate, it proved an infallible lullaby, and the lines that I loved best, because they seemed to me symbolic and inspiring, were those in which the mother of Jack bids him put on his little blue jacket, in which colour assuredly he will climb to the top.

He had tried to climb the tree many times, and always in different jackets, but it was too high—he had had to come down; and still his courage was not spent. He had tried with his coat off; in his grey jacket, in his green jacket, in his red jacket, and each time, as he looked up at the gigantic stalk spreading into the heavens, he had said to himself, according to the colour that he wore—

Hitchety-Hatchet,
My little (red) jacket,
Up, up I go.

At last his mother gave him a blue jacket. “Hitchety, Hatchet.” As we all know, he climbed the tree. In his little blue jacket he won to the height of his life’s ambition, and somehow the words have stuck by me, pointing to the sea, to boats, and to those “little Bluejackets” who guard the name and the continuity of England.

The words came back to me the other day, just as I had placed a long brassie third on to the plateau of the seventeenth at Princes, which is at Pegwell Bay where the smugglers used to

THE ENGLISH REVIEW

be, so forcibly that the lilt of Hannah's voice has been with me ever since, pricking like the goad of conscience. Only yesterday we were all descanting upon the world's calm and enlightenment, upon Mr. Norman Angell's book, *The Great Illusion*, upon the "impossibility" of war, upon the universal brotherhood of man. England and America had signed a bond of everlasting peace, setting the corner-stone to the principle of international arbitration, knitting together the two great civilisations of the New and the Old World. It was well. So placid indeed did the face of Europe look that the time seemed almost propitious for the rational discussion of fraternity and the humanitarian dream of disarmament.

The sun has shone brightly ever since, yet who will talk of disarmament to-day? War, revolution, strikes everywhere. The idea has vanished into the ideal. Every army in Europe braced and primed ready for marching orders. Even Holland and Belgium have mobilised. It is a common secret that the mounts of the British cavalry are actually (and all honour to Mr. Haldane) at full strength. All through the summer the legions of France and Germany bivouacked within a day's march of one another, the middle-aged men of the Fatherland's *Landwehr* all called up to arms, like hounds upon the leash fretting for the start. We had to point our torpedoes. Of course Albania grew disturbed, and Spain got disturbed. Then, when at last there seemed to be a lull in the situation, and the strain of expectancy was yielding to a more hopeful spirit, there flashed across the wires the bomb of the Italian ultimatum to Turkey, and before even the ablest of omniscient editors can get a war-correspondent upon the scene the lithe soldiery of Italy are waving their Bersaglieri plumes upon the coast of Africa, celebrating the predatory annexation of Tripoli.

A picture for Alaric, not to speak of China's anti-Manchu revolution, of Portuguese Royalist plots and incursions, of the Mexican business, of Persia, of India, black *versus* white, and the seething world-wide unrest among proletarians generally? It is obviously absurd to talk of peace or disarmament or confraternity, or credit as the grand deterrent to modern warfare, seeing that the whole of Europe is literally an armed camp, and never has Christian civilisation come nearer to the brink of

"MY LITTLE BLUEJACKET"

Armageddon. The predicate of war, after all, is merely discontent. To abolish war we must therefore do away with dissatisfaction. We must all be contented financially, socially, politically, geographically. And that is the rub. As human nature progresses, it grows less satisfied. Europe to-day is socially less satisfied than it was in the days when Napoleon was beating it into military serfdom, just as the semi-enlightened moujik of modern Russia is more restless than he was when Ivan the Cruel gouged eyes out in the Royal chapel by the Kremlin, probably less politically satisfied than it was in the penumbra of priestly mediævalism.

This is what humanitarians and idealogues overlook. England, ruler of the main, mother of the greatest Empire known to man—she possibly is politically satisfied. But France is not, because she wants Morocco. Spain is not, because she, too, covets a part of Morocco. Italy is not, because she is determined to possess Tripoli. And so on. But more discontented than any Power, more discontented in that she feels she is the strongest, the most vital, as therefore the most necessitous, is Germany, who, ravaged, decimated, and disunited by religion and the thirty years' war, stabbed first by Stein and then by Bismarck into the conscience of national unity, has awoke too late, alas, for the ravens of Barbarossa, because the continuity of Europe is against her. She looks out, chafing, from her geographical cage—the bars of nationality are around her. National accounts have been made up.

The world is occupied. It is not the fault of others if German realisation came so late in history, if the German Empire was founded so many centuries after Cæsar wrote the first Gallic war, though we may admit it is hard upon her. But that is the reason of her Imperial disquiet, of Pan-Germanism, of her rising Navy, of the mailed fist, of Algeciras and Agadir, of her forcing policy of trade packed in the jolly-boat of the Hohenzollern—this vexing vein of national pride and ambition sticking the pin-flags of *Kriegsspiel* into the old map of Europe.

Only a few years ago Morocco was formally declared by Germany to lie outside the pale of "German interest," and she

THE ENGLISH REVIEW

at once begins the construction of the mole at Tangier. Enter the Mannesmann brothers (fine fellows these) upon the scene. A declaration of neutrality, followed by a claim of lien, purely economic, of course ; then at the first instance of provocation, the wedge is tooled. So it has gone on, exercising the honour of France—who was virtually in possession of the country before the Kaiser ever thought about shepherding Islam—and the patience of Europe, who had fondly hoped the policy of grab and spoliation had finally been exploded with its utter failure in China and the costly luxury of the Boer War. Diamond cut diamond there unforgetably ; but then, what is the use of Togo Land to a great empire such as Germany ?

The situation for Germany, when we were all talking about disarmament, was this : There was England, holding Egypt. No chance there since the Anglo-French *entente*, either—plainly no good sending waiters to Pharaoh's Pyramids. At the other end of the Mediterranean there was France, backed up by England, effectively penetrating into Fez, threatening to assume the suzerainty of Morocco. The opportunity there was the Atlantic side. England (Germany thought) was occupied with aristocratic decapitations ; why not sail straight in and seize Agadir ? *Abgemacht!* Done ! And done it was, with what results we all know. It came to this. Would Germany fight for a percentage of interests in Morocco which do not even amount to half of ours ? That has been the question hanging over Europe, ever since the German gunboat cast anchor in that port.

There is no need to dwell upon the endless *pourparlers*, alarums, tergiversations, equivocations and what-not, which have characterised Germany's attitude towards France in this affair, and, at the hour of writing, the situation is still nebulous and uncertain. But just when Germany and France seemed about to arrive at some satisfactory agreement, Italy lets fly and invades Tripoli. And here several points are worth attention.

First the decision, the rapidity, the overwhelming suddenness of the Italian action, proving once more, as in the case of

"MY LITTLE BLUEJACKET"

Russia and Japan, how unexpectedly modern warfare breaks out, defying diplomatic and even newspaper anticipation—how absolutely imperative it therefore is for nations to be armed ready at all times for any emergency ; and secondly the boldness of a Power which is in no sense of the word a stratocracy, taking so precipitate and decisive a step in a moment of international crisis. It is the morality of the German—Austrian infraction of the Treaty of Berlin over again, carried out with the same swiftness and determination, with the same cynical disregard for the rights and comity of peoples, primitive as the instincts of the corsair. It is the most dramatic piece of diplomatic work perpetrated since the Ems telegram. And as nothing succeeds like success, and the Turks have practically no Army in Tripoli, and no Navy strong enough to attack the Italian Fleet, the affair, so far as Tripoli is concerned, is over, and the African Mediterranean litoral is closed to Germany.

The thing now is to face the facts and think with that healthy selfishness which Bismarck fleshed upon the German people as the magic wand of the new diplomacy. And so buoyed, we are bound to admit that nothing very serious has happened, as, humanly viewed, there is nothing very much to cavil at. Italy may, for all we know, have got the impression that Germany had induced the Young Turk Party to *cede* Tripoli to her ; a zone of interest there, or perhaps only a port—she may have had other reasons. The fact is she has taken Tripoli ; nor can the sane man object that Tripoli is likely to be more neglected, worse governed, or less civilised under the colonising direction of Italy than she has been all these years, and still is, under the fatalistic rule of the Ottoman Empire. Tripoli changes hands, it is true, but if there is any virtue in Christianity at all, or any meaning to the term civilisation, the chances of a Tripolitan rejuvenation and resuscitation are far greater under the ægis of Neapolitan endeavour than they ever were under the minarets of Turkey, or indeed are ever likely to be. So that beyond the buccaneer breach of ethics, Italy has committed no unpardonable crime in seizing Tripoli, as we can easily prove to ourselves if we turn the tables for a moment and picture what white men would all feel inclined to say if Turkey, having a stronger Fleet than Italy, had pounced upon Sicily and grafted the Koran and her Oriental polity upon the Germans at Taormina

THE ENGLISH REVIEW

and the Sicilian company of Grasso. If our occupation of Egypt has been a human benefit, so will be Italian influence in Tripoli. That, at any rate, is the healthy, selfish view : it is also the most politic.

Suppose Germany had bought Tripoli from the Porte, assuredly it would have given Lord Kitchener a lot of organising work to do. It would have changed the balance of Naval power again, and we should have been compelled to reconstitute the Mediterranean Fleet, and that would have necessitated a considerable increase of battleships, and a fifty million Budget at once. Our army in Egypt would have had to be enormously increased. It would have led to an immediate and further dislocation of power, to an ethnic landslide providing Germany with at least one Naval harbour in the Ægean and Adriatic, which might have brought about more complications in the lower centre of Europe, and provoked that Balkan outbreak which is regularly scheduled for the early spring. Look at it as we may, we can get up no British indignation at this lopping of one of Turkey's withered limbs. Humanly it is a white question, quite apart from its real economic exigency, and when white is pitted against colour the Lonsdale belt, as we know, is not permitted as issue. Severe, the decree of conquerors, no doubt, yet in the main fair, though I admit that at the only black and white fight I ever saw, it was the white man who was disqualified for hitting the nigger behind on the head when he was on his knees taking number two of a count.

The action of Italy, none the less, has greatly complicated the already sufficiently complex constellation, as they say, and there can be no doubt but that the imponderabilia of diplomacy—circumstance, conjecture, and conjuncture—are many and critical. Out of it all there stands the central disquieting fact that Germany has not obtained what she wanted. Instead of Morocco she will have to be content with the Congo. The entire African Mediterranean has passed into the keeping of others : from Cairo to Mogador she is shut out. That is the position, and the danger. It would be foolish to disguise its gravity. It would be equally foolish to expect that Germany will not seek to redress the balance at the first opportunity and obtain her

"MY LITTLE BLUEJACKET"

"patch in the sun." We may assume that the Moroccan deal will eventually be consummated, as probably that Germany will lie low for a while to consider the whole position. There are elections coming on. Social democracy will not unlikely keep the national ambition quiet for a bit. But it will only be for a space. The real interest of the Italian-Turkish war is the effect of its repercussion upon Germany : what will be the *German answer* to Tripoli ?

Sooner or later it will come. The "wooden leg" of the Triple Alliance has now lost even diplomatic unction and significance. It is clear that Italy acted without the sanction of Germany, that very probably she acted antagonistically towards her, that she acted, in fact, entirely in her own interests to safeguard these interests, not at all (as has been suggested) at the prompting of Germany, who might have favoured a little diplomatic diversion the better to negotiate about Morocco. The very contrary. Italy played her own game, and by so doing she has seriously jeopardised Germany's. Young Turkey, which, as it has been drilled by German sergeants, leant more and more upon Germany, will not forget that at the hour of trial her friend, the "Defender of Islam," could do nothing to prevent Italy's depredation, as Germany will not forget how dual and unhappy the position of the *Wilhelmstrasse* was between the foot of the Triple Alliance and her friend, the reforming Turk. That it was a cloven foot is only gall the more. All the influence that we have lost in Constantinople in recent years has come back to us overnight. Italy has rendered nugatory the achievements of the German ambassador at the Sublime Porte. It comes to this: Italy secedes from the Triple Alliance. Will the Turk now join the cuirassier boot ?

It is to be hoped—it may reasonably be anticipated—that Turkey will bow to the inevitable and accept for the truncated portion of the Empire such material compensation as may be forthcoming. Being in possession, Italy will be wise to show generosity. There can be no military object in submitting the tin-pot fleet of Turkey to the overpowering superiority of the Italian guns, as Cervera did against America, and the Russians did in the straits of Fusiama. We sincerely trust that Turkey

THE ENGLISH REVIEW

will accept the fate that overtakes all inferiority and go, like Mohammed, to the mountain. Any other policy would be fatuous. The whole pother may then be settled, and pass down to history as the most bloodless war on record. Yet however the end may come, the new balance of power will not add much to the general prospects of European peace. The "sick man" will issue with a bandaged fez, and the head of Germany will be sore.

It is our plain business as a white Power to stand by Italy in this matter, if only in our own selfish interests. To commit the mistake we made in the case of the Austrian act of brigandage would be crass folly: happily, there has been very little sentimentalising publicly, or in the press. By our somewhat petulant condemnation of Austria at the time, we enabled Germany to appear in "shining armour" at her ally's side, and so cement and perpetuate the German-speaking Alliance. We estranged ourselves from Austria, who would have been our friend; we got nothing, because we did nothing, as generally is the case. Italy has once more shown the world the value of decisive action; has created a precedent which will not be lost in European chancellories—one, too, of no good augury. Humanity has seen how easily a Power may crush and despoil a weaker Power in her own opportunities; how forcible and unanswerable the Bismarckian precept still is, that force is the reason of diplomacy, how if a nation wants peace and honour it must be armed to the teeth for war!

Yet even on moral grounds Italy's brigandage must be supported. Turkey is not, properly speaking, a nation—there is no real Turkish nation. Armenians, Albanians, Macedonians, all are seeking deliverance from Turkey always, herself, in the tutelage of some Power, playing off Europe—which was the consummate policy of Abdul Hamid. Until they have shaken off the yoke of Mohammedanism, with its creed of religious fanaticism, indifference, intolerance and ignorance, the Turks are not likely to be constructive intellectually or politically. Sympathise as we may with young Turkey, delight as we may in the picturesque ardour of their country, Islam cannot be defended at the price of Christianity: the beautiful Greek E,

"MY LITTLE BLUEJACKET"

the design of the Hagia Sofia, is Christian we must remember ; no literature, no art, no thought, have ever come out of Turkey. Measure for measure, the scale weighs down for Italy.

All the same, neither Raleigh nor Drake ever deserved better of the State. We, as the foremost pirate in the world can break a keg of rum over it. Italy has rebaptised the purely military spirit of Europe, which some men thought was dying, and so we return to the pipe-clay tradition of Fritz's papa, calling out to his giant soldiers till his voice gave way : " Eyes front !—As you were !—Present arms !—Quick ! March ! "—all the martial swagger and circumstance of the Prussian drill-sergeant, because of this vexing vein in the German temperament. We need the map of Europe to-day, as Pitt needed it before Austerlitz. War comes to-day overnight, quicker even than in the days of the long bow, and for reasons not one whit more charitable. For, observe the cause of this interminable Franco-German dispute—Morocco, the most barbaric country in Europe. And because France has prior and major rights there, Germany, the mother of Kant and Wagner, Goethe and Mommsen, yarks and snarls and bays the diplomatic moon because she wants a bone to pick there too. The only explanation would seem to be that peace, which is inaction, is bad for man who is an active animal, so that the more he fights the better.

That is not to say that Europe has returned to methods of barbarism, but it is none the less the incontrovertible fact that never since Napoleonic times has Europe been more ruffled and militant. We have seen, in the last few years, the most solemn international Treaty broken without even notification to its signatories. We saw this war with Turkey break out, and not even Germany, head of the Triple Alliance, had wind of it. We have seen Germany deliberately compel France to grant her vast territorial concessions, simply because she was not of a mind to let France have what was already hers by all international rights of possession and privilege, custom and concession ; now the interesting question arises, who will astound us next ? Germany will never remain satisfied with the hinterland of the Congo. What will be Germany's answer ?

THE ENGLISH REVIEW

I once saw a black panther, which was described to me as the most discontented animal in the Zoo, and it spent its time gnawing its stumpy tail. That is very much what Germans are doing to-day. They want to break out, to expand, to realise themselves. This Italian war will settle Tripoli, but it will settle little else. On the other hand, it teaches Europe one supreme lesson, which is a military one. War has broken out, and there is no war—there is annexation. Without a Navy, Turkey simply cannot fight, cannot hinder Italy from landing troops by even one hour of spitfire tactics; and so it must be with all her oversea possessions, and with the oversea possessions of all nations whose Naval defence is not powerful enough to put up what may be called a sporting fight. What would young Turkey give now, when it is too late, for "my little bluejacket?" The sheer impotency of Turkey has come as a revelation of the importance of the Naval arm. Conceive a war between France and Germany, and powder B. blowing up half the French ships; what would have happened to the French colonies, unless we (as very probably we might have done) had come to the rescue? Inexorably, the Italians took Tripoli. The Big Ship policy has been justified; the Big Navy policy has been justified; the Blue School premiss has been justified; "the Admiral of the West," as the German Emperor dubbed himself, has been justified. Our ships are the sole justification of the British Empire.

Italy has, indeed, taught us two stupendous truths: (1) The paramount importance of ships to all Powers having colonial possessions; (2) the military value of the fighting decision—both lessons we should never forget. And, looking at the present Naval balance of power critically and coldly, we find that the most powerful Navy afloat after ours is that possessed by the Power which has fewest oversea possessions. A paradox of necessity, no doubt, but not in the matter of aspiration. And, again, the Big Navy is the justification of it. Without a Navy, Turkey had no right to Tripoli, because she was not able to defend it. Germany's entire colonies do not produce sufficient to build a single Dreadnought, yet her Navy is sufficient to defend the Cameroons against any Navy on the seas, save England's. And why? Because without it, without a Navy capable of fighting even the first Navy in the world, German colonial aspiration would have no final justification.

"MY LITTLE BLUEJACKET"

All this Italy has blazoned upon humanity without (so far) the loss of a ship's bolt. And for once in a way the Turks have found how bitter, how inexorable, fate can be when not insured against by wise prescience and preparation.

Prescience and preparation—they are the words of the Italian-Turkish war. I am glad the song of Hannah came back to me so forcibly the other day at Pegwell Bay, where many a good English sailor has come from. This Navy of ours, the stay of England and her affairs, is it absolutely invincible? Let us look to *our* "little blue-jacket."

The Parliament Act and After

By Sir Alfred Mond, Bart., M.P.

THE placing of the Parliament Act on the Statute Book after a struggle unequalled since the great Reform Bill of 1832, both in its duration, its fierceness, and its importance, has marked a new era in the democratic progress of Great Britain, and has modified in the most profound manner both the constitution of the country and the relative positions of the two great Parties in the State. The struggle is as yet too recent for us fully to appreciate the importance of the victory we have won. The historians of the future will hail the Parliament Act as one of the landmarks of the emancipation of the people, and Mr. Asquith's leadership as one of the greatest triumphs of Liberal statesmanship. The courage, determination and strict constitutional procedure followed by the Prime Minister will remain a lasting monument to his memory as one of the greatest Leaders the Liberal Party has ever possessed.

A task accomplished appears easy. A victory won may appear a foregone conclusion. But only those intimately associated with the struggle can realise the difficulties that had to be surmounted, the risks that had to be taken, and the dangers that beset the path of the Government. In an issue like this to lead to victory without one false step is a mark of the highest generalship. It is not unnatural that a victorious army should be inclined to rest on its laurels, nor that the Liberal Party should be little disposed to occupy itself at the moment with a further problem, the final solution of which could at the best merely improve machinery rather than ameliorate the social conditions of our country. The advantage they have gained is so considerable and of such importance that the disadvantages under which they still suffer are likely to be overlooked.

It would, however, be a profound miscalculation for the supporters of the present Government to imagine that they have now solved the constitutional difficulty. It was clearly foreseen by the leaders of the Party that further measures would be necessary when the preamble to the Parliament Act

THE PARLIAMENT ACT AND AFTER

foreshadowing the reconstitution of the Second Chamber was incorporated as part of the scheme.* There are two reasons for urging that the consideration of a substitution of a reformed Second Chamber in place of a remnant of the hereditary House of Lords should be undertaken by the Liberal Party during the present Parliament. The first is that it is obviously the intention of the Conservative Party whenever they may return to power—and this contingency, however remote, is a factor to be reckoned with—either to repeal or so to modify the Parliament Act as to render it in effect useless for the purpose for which it has been created. While the old hereditary House of Lords seems to be admittedly dead by common consent, the intention is to revivify it in some shape or form more presentable to modern opinion but not less fatal to democratic progress. Indeed, Mr. Balfour has recently indicated, although with that habitual vagueness which renders it impossible for either his opponents or supporters to agree or disagree with him, that he considers the old hereditary chamber dead beyond resurrection, and that something will have to be done.

It may be argued that the intended action of your opponents is no reason why the party in power should take any steps in a direction in which it does not feel impelled to go of its own accord, and that if the Conservative Party wish to undo what has been done and to try their hands at the difficult work of reforming the House of Lords, the best plan would be to challenge them to do their worst and then to defeat them upon the ground they had chosen. This would certainly be the only course to take if the Parliament Act itself could be regarded as the last word in reform. Unfortunately, however, in its present shape that Act is far from meeting the requirements of progressive legislation. Taken at its best it still leaves the Liberal Party in a very inferior position to that of the Conservative Party with regard to legislation so far as the Second Chamber is concerned. The power of rejection and delay remaining to the unreformed hereditary House of Lords will be exercised exclusively against Liberal legislation, and can be so utilised with greater effect than many seem to imagine. Time and energy will have to be devoted to the reintroduction of Bills

* The speeches delivered by Mr. Asquith at Ladybank, on the 21st October, and Lord Haldane at Aberdeen, on the 9th October, would seem to indicate that they have this subject under consideration.

THE ENGLISH REVIEW

rejected by the Lords under the powers left them by the Parliament Act, and all practical Parliamentarians know the embarrassment caused to Governments in mortgaging the time of future sessions to measures that have been subject to controversy in past sessions. Besides the lives of all Governments and Parliaments are precarious and subject to unforeseen and sudden dissolution. Thus Liberal legislation of a controversial character would, during a period of three years of a Government's life, remain in the danger zone of Parliamentary warfare. Of the five years' life of Parliament, two, or at the outside three sessions, would be the allotted span of Liberal legislation for first class measures. On the other hand, Conservative Governments, reckoning in the future as in the past upon an acquiescent and subservient House of Lords, would have no difficulty during its whole term of office of exercising to the full its legislative powers. Those who are inclined to disregard the importance of the first reason, namely, the danger of a reversal of the Parliament Act by a future Conservative administration and the substitution for that Act of a sham reform of the Second Chamber—a danger the reality of which must be acknowledged and which if realised would throw back for a generation the fruits of the great victory we have won after more than twenty-five years' struggle—may be disposed to attach greater weight to the second reason just outlined, namely, the heavy handicap under which our Liberal legislation still suffers.

The old hereditary House of Lords being thus dead by common consent, it becomes necessary to consider what should be substituted in its place, it being assumed for the purpose of this argument that the country is to continue to be governed by some form of bicameral system. It is obvious from schemes that have been suggested by Tory leaders that, with some ingenuity, it is not impossible to create a Second Chamber whose composition would remain invariably Conservative, and which would in reality be very little different from the old House of Lords, although its hereditary character may be somewhat restricted. Now it is often maintained that however the Second Chamber may be constituted it must be Conservative in its tendency, and that in fact its object is to prevent rash legislation. The assumption, however, that rash legislation only proceeds from Liberal administrations has no more solid foundation than party prejudice. The Conservative Governments of

THE PARLIAMENT ACT AND AFTER

the past have produced much rash legislation, and probably those of the future will be responsible for still more, although that legislation may operate rather in the direction of reaction than of progress or may be the result of panic-stricken reactionaries endeavouring to curry popular favour. It therefore by no means follows that in providing for the constitution of a Second Chamber it is essential to construct it on such a basis that its majority must necessarily be of a Conservative complexion. The true function of a Second Chamber in a democratic country should be to act as a revising and to some extent a delaying body with powers not co-extensive with those of the present House of Commons, but still sufficient for the object in view. Unless the problem is examined, not with the intention of seeing how one or other political party in the State can best promote its own interests and create a tool for its purposes, but with a desire to found a lasting and reasonable body in which both parties would have an equal chance of obtaining a legitimate majority, it is indeed better to leave it alone altogether.

The above considerations relieve us from the necessity of entering into a lengthy analysis of the schemes proposed, for instance, by Lord Lansdowne and Lord Curzon. These are such obvious attempts to gerrymander the proposed new Second Chamber in the interests of the Tory Party, and further to reconcile a number of conflicting views among their own supporters, with a special eye for the hereditary peers, that no logical or sound result can be expected. It is of course not difficult for the ingenious to create on paper an almost infinite variety of Second Chambers with numberless permutations and combinations of partly nominated, partly prescriptive, and partly elective elements. An ingenious scheme of this kind was formulated by Mr. Frederic Harrison in a previous number of this REVIEW. The fatal defect, however, of what might be called the mixed class of scheme in which partly elected peers, eminent men sitting either by nomination or by right, and indirectly elected legislators, would rub shoulders together, is the lack of all real logical basis. There is no particular reason why the present hereditary peers should be allowed to elect any representatives in a future Senate. The mere fact that up to the present they had the right of constituting that Senate and of looking forward to their sons continuing to legislate for a patient country, does not imply in itself any right in the future for them to act as a special class of electorate. To grant them that concession

THE ENGLISH REVIEW

would be merely to perpetuate in a modified degree all the existing injustices. Again, nomination by the Crown, which is really by the Government, would resolve itself, as it has done wherever such a system exists, into filling the Second Chamber with good party men who can be trusted to vote straight. This, although gratifying to the Government of the day and pleasing to the recipient of such an honour, does not appeal to democratic instinct. As a matter of fact the only acceptable ground for allowing any individual in a democratic community to act in a legislative capacity, whether limited or not, is the fact that he has received from a body of electors a mandate to represent their views. Any departure from this principle lands the constructor of parliamentary schemes in a quagmire from which he will find it most difficult to extricate himself.

The objection to two elective bodies in a two-chamber system, both claiming authority by suffrage, has really little substantial foundation. If the functions of the two chambers are defined with sufficient clearness, together with a reasonable provision for disagreement, and if it be desired to make the Second Chamber something more than an ornament on the coach, it is far better that it should have the authority of popular support as well as the risk of popular disapproval. In countries where the two chambers are based on this foundation, there has certainly been less difficulty than in those where the Second Chamber is a body due either to privilege, or arbitrary creation.

The function of the Second Chamber must be clearly defined, and there appears no doubt so far as Great Britain is concerned that the voting of supply and the necessary corollary, the voting of taxation, will remain the unquestioned privilege of the House of Commons. To force supply to run the gauntlet in both chambers would create very grave administrative and parliamentary difficulties. Although theoretically something might be said in its favour it is obvious that the House which is responsible for contracting liabilities must be the arbiter of the method of raising the funds for meeting them.

As regards legislation it is probable that the Second Chamber should be entrusted with the right of rejection of Bills, although many might prefer to retain a mere right of suspensory veto as provided for by the Parliament Act. A great deal depends however, on the size and constitution of the Second Chamber and upon the method adopted for solving points of disagreement. It is evident from this outline that the predominant

THE PARLIAMENT ACT AND AFTER

power would remain where it always truly should have been, namely, in the House of Commons, and that the supremacy of the latter body, so dear to Mr. Balfour in theory, and so little supported by him recently in practice, would continue to be the guiding principle.

To come now to the constitution of the proposed new Second Chamber. It should, firstly, be small in number, so as to make it a more workmanlike body of people who would really attend to business, and also to render possible the method of joint sessions in case of disagreement with the House of Commons. The number should as nearly as possible not exceed one-third of that of the House of Commons, the proportion adopted by the South African Union. The members should be elected by large electoral areas on a system of proportional representation and by a franchise either identical with that of the House of Commons or possibly restricted to the household qualification, so as to obtain a more stable electorate.

The reason why larger electoral areas are proposed, is firstly, because they automatically follow a smaller membership, besides being indispensable for the working of proportional representation, and further, because these larger areas would in themselves call for candidates of more than a merely local reputation, that is to say of men of an established position known over a wider area, and who, not so specifically representing a smaller district, would be to some extent relieved from the expenditure of time which a conscientious member of the House of Commons has to give to local affairs. There is nothing derogatory in this proposal to a man representing a smaller area, nor can it be said that one system would necessarily produce a legislator superior to the other. It is not a question of superiority but rather one of difference in type which ought to be aimed at. A great many misconceptions and prejudices would be swept away if this implied superiority of one Chamber over the other were brushed aside, and if the problem were frankly faced from the standpoint of the existence of two Chambers, both of which would be filled with men of ability and which would be differentiated not necessarily by their *personnel* but by the work entrusted to them. Men would naturally adapt themselves to that Chamber whose work appealed most to them. Of course if one Chamber became very much superior in *personnel* to the other it would naturally command greater influence in the country, but, really, from the point of view of good Government and apart

THE ENGLISH REVIEW

from the pride of members in their own Chamber, this would be a matter of indifference. Beside, there is no reason to assume that there is not in this country sufficient material for public service more than adequate to fill both Chambers.

Proportional representation, which is by no means so difficult to carry out in practice, would cause the Second Chamber to approximate more closely to the real views of the electorate. Some of the objections raised to proportional representation in the House of Commons, such as the divorce of the Member of Parliament from a particular constituency and the difficulties of carrying on Government with small majorities would not apply so forcibly in the case of a Second Chamber.

A more difficult problem presents itself in the consideration whether the Second Chamber should have a fixed term of life irrespective of that of the other Chamber, whether this should in any case be longer than that of the latter, or whether both should be co-terminous. From the standpoint of those who wish to see the Second Chamber act rather as a check upon than as a co-operator with the first Chamber, it would be regarded as desirable that the former should continue to exist unchanged during a period in which the constitution of the First Chamber may have been completely altered. This is a view which apparently guided the framers of the American and French Constitutions. To those who consider that co-operation between the two Chambers is the right principle, the co-terminous system involving simultaneous dissolution appeals very strongly. In theory the first seems very perfect, but in practice the second would certainly tend to avert friction. In view, however, of the more limited powers of the proposed Second Chamber, and the method of dealing with deadlocks to be discussed hereafter, seven years' life for the Second Chamber, with possibly a retirement of part of its members during that period, would prove most generally acceptable.

There will be of course many further points and details for serious consideration involved in a change of this character, but none that presents any insuperable difficulty. Among these might be mentioned the question as to whether there should be an age limit for candidates for the Second Chamber, as has often been suggested, or whether it is better to leave that matter to the discretion of the electors. The remaining point of substance is the question of how disagreements between the two Chambers on legislation should be solved

THE PARLIAMENT ACT AND AFTER

in the most expeditious and equitable way. To achieve this result the most practical course would appear to be some system of joint sessions of either the entire bodies or of committees proportionate to the various parties composing the two Chambers with, if necessary, a joint vote in which a simple majority would decide. The only objection that can be urged against such a course is that it would give a large majority of the House of Commons the power of passing in one Parliament its legislative programme. No valid reason has yet been produced against such a course being followed. As a matter of fact the Conservative Party have been in a position to do this with a majority however small in the House of Commons for many years. The only change would be that a Liberal Government which did not command a majority in the Second Chamber—and it is only in such a contingency that the occasion would arise—would have to use the majority in the Commons to overcome its opponents in the other Chamber. The placing of all parties in the State on a politically equal footing will surely not be considered by any fair-minded man as an unreasonable demand, and opposition to it can only be based on the preconceived idea that the Liberal majority of electors in the country and their representatives in the House of Commons ought to be permanently handicapped in the legislative field. But on such a basis no permanent settlement of this question can ever be arrived at.

Many Radicals to whom the idea of strengthening the Second Chamber in any way is abhorrent, and who consider that what we have at present achieved is better than anything calculated in their opinion to weaken the House of Commons, might look askance at the creation of another elective body. But they must realise that it is impossible for the Liberal Party to continue indefinitely to allow the Second Chamber to remain based upon that hereditary principle to which they are so absolutely opposed.

However the powers of the Lords may have been diminished by the Parliament Act, there is no absolute certainty of the maintenance of that Act, while the continued existence of the hereditary Second Chamber is a stubborn fact. Until this is finally swept away the danger of its once more resuming its larger powers cannot be ruled out of court. Fortunately, there is still time thoroughly to consider this great problem and plenty of models to choose from and modify to our own requirements both in the British Empire and in the rest of the civilised world.

THE ENGLISH REVIEW

At this moment the main point is less to advocate any particular solution than to realise the necessity of taking up the serious consideration of the whole question with a view to coming to an agreement upon our course of action. The only principle upon which we can get all the supporters of the present Government to agree, is that the future reformed Upper Chamber must be ultimately based upon election by the people and must be responsible for its acts to an electorate. There furthermore seems to be good reason to believe that this fundamental principle is to a great extent accepted by a majority of the electors upon whom our opponents rely, so that if the Liberal Party takes a timely and courageous initiative, we have every chance of finding the Tories heavily handicapped by half-hearted support and perhaps by divisions in their own ranks.

In any such new elective Senate, the Liberals would at least have a chance of securing a majority, a position which they can never enjoy under the existing system or under any of the schemes hitherto suggested. There will doubtless be great differences of opinion on this thorny subject, and many will continue to see in the establishment of a Senate such as is here proposed some menace to the supremacy of the House of Commons or a danger to Liberal progress through the strengthening of any Second Chamber whatsoever. To those I can only say that I am confident their fears will not be realised in practice. Liberalism has fought and won in spite of the existence of a Second Chamber of a character so unfavourable that it would be impossible for anyone endeavouring to construct a new one to make it more efficient for the hampering of progress. The victories that have been won by Liberalism in such circumstances have been due, not to any weakness of the existing Second Chamber, as has sometimes been assumed, but to the truth, strength, and justice of its principles. Such victories have been won by heroic endeavour and sacrifice, and every step on the part of progress has had to be conquered foot by foot and inch by inch. Because much has been achieved there is a tendency to minimise or ignore the time taken in securing the victory, the energy spent in the battle and the damaging defeats that progress has frequently suffered. There has not been a more potent factor in hindering the realisation of progressive ideals than the hereditary House of Lords. Both directly and indirectly its existence has been a constant menace. Although its teeth have to some extent been drawn and its claws clipped

THE PARLIAMENT ACT AND AFTER

no democrat can feel a sense of security and confidence that this evil has been fully eliminated from our political life until the hereditary peerage has entirely ceased to form a part of the British legislative system.

Welsh Disestablishment and Disendowment

By Ellis J. Griffith, K.C., M.P.

THE fight for religious equality in Wales has recently entered upon a new phase. Whilst the House of Lords retained its old privileges, many of the best friends of the movement despaired of ultimate success. To some it even seemed that there was but doubtful advantage in passing the Bill through the House of Commons when it was known what would be, in another place, its predestined fate.

This is now changed.

The Government's promise, which was based upon the abolition of the Veto, is now in full effective force.

The Welsh people rely on the Government's promise that next Session will witness the passage of the Bill through the House of Commons, and that the present Parliament will mark the end of the long struggle for religious equality in Wales.

The question is therefore an immediate issue, and the controversy is one of those that dominate the practical politics of the day.

I desire, at the very outset, to state that we are not, as is too often stated by our adversaries, actuated by any feelings of jealousy of, or vindictiveness towards, the Anglican Church in Wales.

We have no quarrel with the Church as a spiritual organisation. We do, however, wish to remove the religious inequality which now exists, to restore to the people the inheritance of which they have been too long deprived, and thus to put an end to the legalised establishment of the Church in Wales.

What does this establishment consist of? The Church of England was once co-extensive with the nation, but has now ceased to be so. As Professor Freeman says: "In early times the Church was simply the nation looked at with reference to religion, just as the Army was the Nation looked at with

WELSH DISESTABLISHMENT

reference to warfare. It was this national consciousness that the Church was the nation in one of its aspects that produced the state of affairs known as the Establishment. It was the result of a long process culminating in a series of Acts of Parliament. There are some who contend that the Church of England is not established—and ask us to cite the Act of Parliament by which it was established.

This great question is not to be settled by technical considerations of this kind. The substance of the present position is that the Church enjoys special privileges conferred by the State, and the State enjoys special control accepted by the Church. This interdependence and mutual relationship—the privileges on the one hand, and the control on the other—constitute a status of Church Establishment. Disestablishment, therefore, is not the repeal of an Act of Parliament but a fundamental modification and reversal of the status now enjoyed by the Church.

From Brewer's work on *The Church of England*, edited by that learned Churchman Sir Lewis Dibdin, we find that the association of Church and State is not merely a formal tie, but a substantial bond of union. It is the combination of privileges and control which makes up the special relation of the Church to the State—a relationship monopolised by one church and not shared by other religious bodies.

The principal privileges conferred by the State on the Church are these :—

1. The State has conferred upon the Church spiritual and coercive jurisdiction to inquire into ecclesiastical offences, and to pronounce and annul ecclesiastical censures.

2. The Church has its special courts, and the State recognises and enforces their decisions.

3. The Sovereign is required by statute "to join in Communion with the Church of England as by law established," and can only be crowned by an Archbishop or a Bishop.

4. The Archbishops and the Bishops have seats in the House of Lords.

5. The Church has from time to time received financial assistance from the State, not merely by special donations but also by special exemption from ordinary taxation.

Most of the above privileges were in existence before the

THE ENGLISH REVIEW

Reformation, and were transferred from the local English branch of the Church of Rome to the Reformed Church of England.

The special authority exercised by the State over the Church is included in the "Royal Supremacy." The King is the supreme Head of the Church of England. The King, in turn, reigns subject to the Constitution. The Constitution involves Parliamentary Government. Since the Reformation the Church of England has been a statutory institution.

Special State control over the Church relates to the following matters :—

1. The Houses of Convocation, in which legislative power resides, cannot meet unless summoned by the King's Writ. The canons passed by the Houses of Convocation are not effective without the King's licence or assent.

2. The Archbishops and Bishops are nominated by the Crown. The Dean and Chapter are compelled under severe penalties to elect the candidate chosen by the Crown on the advice of the Prime Minister. The temporalities of a vacant See are vested in the Crown so that the appointment of the Crown nominee is assured.

3. The Prime Minister and the Lord Chancellor have considerable rights of patronage.

4. The Crown is the Visitor of the corporations of the Church. The visitatorial duties are now probably limited to administrative purposes.

5. The Crown has by statute the power, on appeal, to review the decisions of all ecclesiastical courts.

6. No change can be made in the doctrine, substance, or ritual of the Church without the sanction of the Crown, evidenced by an Act of Parliament. The Liturgy, Articles, and Formularies by which the doctrines and ritual of the Church are laid down are enforced by law, and without a new law they cannot be changed.

7. The Crown, with the consent of Parliament, and by means of Statutes, has the power of modifying and moulding the machinery by which Church Discipline is administered, and the doctrine and ritual of the Church are protected from infringement.

(a) Thus in 1662, the last revision of the Prayer Book was sent by Convocation direct to the King, and by him to

WELSH DISESTABLISHMENT

Parliament, with a recommendation that it should be appointed for use in all the Churches. The House of Commons on this occasion unanimously asserted its right to debate the Amendments made by Convocation in the Book of Common Prayer, but did not wish to exercise it.

(b) In 1872, an Act of Parliament—The “Act of Uniformity Amendment Act,” was necessary to enable the Church to modify the substance and length of some of its services.

So that, in effect, the State prescribes the Articles which the clergy sign, the Creed which the clergy believe, the Ordinances which the clergy obey, the Doctrines which the clergy preach, and the Prayers which the Clergy pray.

The stability, permanence, and fixity of belief in the Church is not voluntary, but statutory—not freely developed from within, but compulsorily imposed from without.

It is an old and universal experience in all countries that the alliance between Church and State has been dangerous to the State and disastrous to the Church. The entrenchment in the country of a powerful institution invariably opposed to enlightenment and liberty, has constituted a grave danger to the security of a well-ordered State. On the other hand, the constant association with, and subservience to, the civil power, has been a disaster to the life and growth of a spiritual organisation.

Upon this point the verdict of history is decisive. Two historians of such divergent views as Mr. Lecky and Lord Morley are agreed that the Church of England has displayed all the characteristics that naturally flow from this alliance.

Mr. Lecky says :

It is to Puritanism that we mainly owe the fact that in England religion and liberty were not dissevered ; amongst all the fluctuations of its fortune it represented the alliance of these two principles, which the predominating Church invariably pronounced to be incompatible.

The attitude of this latter church forms indeed a strange contrast to that of Puritanism. Created in the first instance by Court intrigue, pervaded in all its parts by a spirit of the most intense Erastianism, and aspiring at the same time to a spiritual authority scarcely less absolute than that of the Church which it had superseded, Anglicanism was from the beginning at once the most servile and most efficient agent of tyranny ; endeavouring by the assistance of temporal authority, and by the display of worldly pomp, to realise in England the same position as Catholicism had occupied in Europe, she naturally flung herself on every occasion into the arms of the civil power. No other Church so uniformly betrayed and trampled on the liberties of her country. In all those fiery trials through which English liberty has passed since the Reformation, she invariably cast her influence into the scale of tyranny, supported and eulogised every attempt to violate the Constitution,

THE ENGLISH REVIEW

and wrote the fearful sentence of eternal condemnation upon the tombs of the martyrs of freedom.

To the same effect is the testimony of Mr. John Morley, who says :—

There is not a single crisis in the growth of English liberties in which the State-Church has not been the champion of retrogression and obstruction. Yes, there was one. In 1688, when her own purse and privilege were threatened, she did for a short space enlist under the flag which the Nonconformists had raised in older and harder days ; immediately after, when with their aid and on their principles the oppressor had been driven out, she reverted by a sure instinct to her own base doctrines of passive obedience and persecuting orthodoxy. Yet this is the brightest episode in her political history. In every other great crisis she has made herself the ally of tyranny, the organ of social oppression, the champion of intellectual bondage.

Nobody pretends that the State-Church alone is answerable for all the iniquities and follies of legislation and policy in which she has taken a leading part during the three centuries of her existence. The active leaders of the State-Church had no monopoly of intolerance, or coarseness, or ferocity, or hatred of light. No one asserts anything so extravagant as this. What is true, and a very important truth, is that the State-Church has never resisted or moderated these coarse, ferocious, intolerant, and obstructive political impulses in the nation ; that, on the contrary, she has stimulated and encouraged them, and, where she could, has most unflinchingly turned them to her own profit.

The effects of this union upon the Church are notorious. The system of patronage, the elimination of the laity from power, the rigidity and inflexibility of forms and doctrine, and the consequent lawlessness of some of the clergy, are all due to this unnatural alliance between Church and State.

The inevitable conclusion is, that the failure of the Church to spiritualise the State has only been equalled by the success of the State in secularising the Church.

These general considerations apply in their full force to the Church in Wales. In addition, however, to this the Church in that country presents features which stamp it not only as a retrograde, but also as an unsympathetic, unpopular, and foreign institution. Whether we regard the origin from which it sprang, the policy it has pursued, or the allegiance which it commands, the alien brand is writ large on the Established Church in Wales.

As to its origin, the position is really beyond historical controversy. The British Church was founded at least three centuries before St. Augustine's mission of 597. That Church—the Church of St. David and his contemporaries—was a product of the life of the people—it was in harmony with the temper and current of their national life—and as long as it existed as an independent Church it reflected the genius of the people who created it. St. Augustine, the envoy of Rome, as soon as he landed upon these shores, had a double purpose in view. He not only wished to convert the Saxon heathen—in

WELSH DISESTABLISHMENT

which he succeeded—but also to subjugate the independent British Christians to the jurisdiction of the Pope—in which he failed. Whether their independence was due to their internal struggles and long-continued isolation or not, they valued this treasure too highly to sacrifice it at the beck and call of an Imperial ambassador. For 170 years this conflict with Rome continued, one section after another of the British Church capitulating in turn, but it was not until 768 that the Welsh section, the sole survivor in this struggle, at last acknowledged the supremacy of the See of St. Peter.

Even after this submission to Rome, the Welsh Church was independent of Canterbury, and for nearly five centuries maintained that independence. During this period, one of the darkest in our history, the coming of the foreign invader, and his gradual encroachment upon Wales, gave to the See of Augustine opportunity and confidence to assert a new claim to sovereignty over the Welsh dioceses, and from this time on, the ecclesiastical and political subjugation of Wales proceeded hand in hand.

The policy of Canterbury with regard to Wales was never in doubt. It was marked by invariable consistency. The friend of Wales was always the enemy of Canterbury, the friend of Canterbury was always the enemy of Wales.

On September the 19th, 1115, the unequal struggle came to an end, and the yoke of Canterbury was finally imposed upon the Welsh Church, against the express wishes of the Welsh clergy and of the Welsh people. A Norman foreigner, named Bernard, was appointed to the See of St. David, although three years previously, the Chapter, if it may so be called, had elected a Welshman named Daniel to the vacant See.

Bernard's promotion in Holy Orders was remarkably rapid. On Friday a layman—on Saturday a priest—on Sunday he became a Bishop. Rarely has history supplied so short an apprenticeship to the Apostolic Succession.

From this date onwards Canterbury became the willing instrument of Norman oppression. The weapon to hand was the appointment of Bishops to Welsh Dioceses, generally alien in blood, always hostile in sentiment, invariably prepared to justify their appointment by betraying the people amongst whom they lived. The petition of the Welsh princes to the Pope in 1199 is an effective comment upon the relationship of the two Churches.

THE ENGLISH REVIEW

Having once implanted the episcopal traitor within the Welsh citadel, the English conquest proceeded with greater ease than would otherwise have been possible, and ultimately, in 1282, with the death of our last Prince, Llewelyn, Archbishop and King had brought their alliance to a successful issue, and a foreign Church and a foreign Power were established and confirmed upon the ruins of the ancient Church and the old independence. Ever since—the Church of England, which had long been the instrument of oppression, became for ever the badge of conquest.

In view of this historical survey can any one seriously maintain that the amalgamation of the two Churches was marked by “voluntary union and partnership”? This is, at best, an idle fiction which acute but inaccurate controversialists have imagined and invented.

Having explained how an alien Church came to be imposed upon the Welsh people, let me briefly advert to the policy which it pursued.

The new Church displayed all the characteristics of an alien institution. Whenever he finds an awakening of national consciousness in Wales, the historian may always count upon the contempt and hostility of the established garrison. Giraldus, the brilliant son of this Church, was no sooner identified with the ideal of Welsh ecclesiastical independence than he became suspect, and the Church soon made up its mind that in Wales prelaties were not for patriots.

Llewelyn the Great was no sooner inspired with the ideal of political independence, than he found himself formally excommunicated by an assembly of Bishops at Oxford, at which two English Bishops from Wales were present, and he, in his turn, found that the privileges of the Christian Church were denied even to a Prince who loved his native land.

When, in the beginning of the fifteenth century, Owain Glyndwr rose to revive the hopes of his countrymen, he placed in the forefront of his policy the separation of the Welsh Church from the See of Canterbury, for well he knew, from the bitter experience of the past, that the sway of Canterbury inevitably led to the sovereignty of the English King. Even the great spiritual awakening of the Reformation could effect no change in the traditional attitude of the Church towards Wales. It insisted that no one should depart from the policy of undeviating and studied neglect of the Welsh people. When John

WELSH DISESTABLISHMENT

Penry was moved to sympathy with his Welsh compatriots, and exhorted the people of Wales to have "the Gospel planted amongst them," the Church found means of bringing a criminal charge against him. At his trial a draft petition to the Queen, in which he asked that he might have liberty to go into Wales and preach the Gospel, was used against him, and he was condemned to be hanged, mainly at the instance of the Archbishop of Canterbury. John Penry's case is not an isolated instance. In the great evangelical revival of the eighteenth century, Griffith Jones, of Llanddowror, one of the pioneers of the movement and the founder of Circulating Schools, was violently opposed by Church dignitaries, and suffered prolonged persecution in the Ecclesiastical Courts. His only offence was that he employed some teachers who were Nonconformist. Daniel Rowlands, Howell Harris, Peter Williams, Williams Pantycelyn, and Thomas Charles—all retired from the Church. It is only to-day that the Bishops claim the work of these men as the contribution of the Church to the spiritual welfare of Wales.

Whilst they lived the Church derided their work, and condemned their zeal. But now that they are dead their names and memories are utilised for the purposes of political controversy.

The condition of the Church in Wales from 1700 to 1850 was a disgrace. It is difficult, if not impossible, to find a parallel in the history of any spiritual or even secular institution. The late Dean Edwards has drawn a vivid picture of this period.

Speaking at the Church Congress in Swansea, in 1879, he said :

"For 150 years (*i.e.*, from 1700 to 1850) the head of every diocese was an imported ecclesiastic, ignorant of the language, out of sympathy with the people. He came into Wales strong in his narrow national creed that all things un-English were unpardonable. To root out the sin of Welsh, he transplanted into all sunny places English brothers, cousins, connections, friends. Thus it gradually became the mark of the dignified clergy that they were dumb in the language of the people. To the Welsh the cathedral city became a fortress garrisoned by men who despised everything Welsh except Welsh endowments; the cathedral itself a consecrated icehouse, in which Welsh hearts were chilled to find strangers, wearing Welsh dignities in person, doing Welsh duties by deputy. . . . In Wales, as in India, natives were enlisted to fill the humbler posts. Who were they? The favourites were feeble, pliant, unpatriotic men, who cringed to climb, who told their patron not what was true, but what he wished to hear—*viz.*, that all things Welsh were dying. Aping their masters, they affected contempt for the popular language. Ceasing to be Welsh, failing to be English, they became—nobodies. Of Welsh enthusiasm, oratory, literature, poetry, patriotism, they were innocent. Obsequious to the squires, arrogant to the people, they had no influence.

Hence for 50 years every teacher, whose name lives in the hearts of the Welsh people, has been almost without exception a Nonconformist. While the Bishops were laying hands

THE ENGLISH REVIEW

upon unfit men, the natural heaven-born teachers of Wales were influencing thousands in the chapel and *Cymmanfa*. Of the clergy, those who were educated knew no Welsh, and those who knew Welsh were not educated. Those who had something to say couldn't say it to the people, and those who could say it had nothing to say.

This is the picture of the state of affairs given in 1879. We are repeatedly told that there has been a change for the better. It is certainly true that there could not have been a change for the worse. The last fifty years have witnessed another national revival. The Church, true to its traditions, has stood sullenly aside.

The pioneers of the new movements in education, literature, and nationalism have been, almost without exception, Nonconformists. In education—Sir Hugh Owen, Principal Lewis Edwards, and his son the Rev. Thomas Charles Edwards. In literature—Sir John Rhys, Professor Morris Jones, Mr. Owen Edwards. In nationalism—Henry Richard, Thomas Gee, Michael Jones, Tom Ellis, Mr. Lloyd George—all these names testify to the virility of Nonconformity in national life.

Where can the Church produce a list comparable to this? Where are the scholars, theologians, or preachers of first rank which it has produced during the last fifty years?

There are two names which at once recur to our minds. One is that of Dr. Silvan Evans, the eminent Welsh scholar and littérateur. His career illustrates the attitude of the Church towards those who are able and willing to render service to Welsh literature. Writing to one of his most intimate friends he complains that the then Bishop of Bangor had prevented him from taking part in the development of Welsh literature, and he beseeches his friend to keep secret his intention of editing the works of Dafydd ab Gwilym, lest the Bishop should "do" for him.

The literal translation of his letter in Welsh is to this effect:—

"I shall be slain a cold-mouthed carcase by the Anglican Bishop whom vengeance has driven into our midst. I should have done much more for the literature of my country before to-day if it were not for these hawks."

Another name is that of Dr. Rowland Williams (of *Essays and Reviews* fame), once Vice-Principal of St. David's College, Lampeter. He was one of the greatest scholars of his time, and honoured as such by the University of Cambridge. He returned to Wales to set aright the educational affairs of the Church. From his Bishop, however, he received little tolerance

WELSH DISESTABLISHMENT

and scant sympathy. From his farewell sermon at Lampeter we gather that he contemplated the possibility of his having to follow the examples of the great reformers and to retire from the Church. As a consequence of the treatment he received he had to leave Wales and to end his days in the quiet country living of Broadchalke, in Somersetshire.

A Church with such a record could never hope, and certainly did not deserve, to become a national Church, or to minister to a majority of the people. Without accepting the figures of the Royal Welsh Church Commission as accurate, for probably the total of communicants returned to the Commission by the Established Church should be reduced by 30,000, the overwhelming predominance of Nonconformity in Wales is amply proved by the findings of the Commission:—

(i) The Establishment has 1,864 churches and mission rooms; Nonconformity has 4,762 chapels and mission rooms. (ii) The Establishment has seating accommodation for 458,917; Nonconformity has seating accommodation for 1,599,185. (iii) The Establishment has 1,597 clergy and assistant clergy; Nonconformity has 4,841 ministers and preachers. (iv) The Establishment has 193,081 communicants; Nonconformity has 550,280 full members. (v) The Establishment has 182,243 teachers and scholars; Nonconformity has 671,428 teachers and scholars.

The conclusion to be derived from these figures is irresistible. Judged by the various tests of accommodation, ministry, membership and Sunday School attendance, the Church provides one-quarter and Nonconformity three-quarters of the religious activity of the Principality.

But this is not the only result which we derive from the Report signed by seven members of the Commission, including all the members who represented the Church. The population of Wales in 1901 was 2,012,917. Less than one-tenth of this number were communicants of the Established Church, and had every seat in every Church been occupied at any given time, more than three-quarters of the population of Wales would have been without accommodation.

I have now explained the status of the Establishment, and the particularly harmful results in Wales of this association between a religious organisation and the civil power. Let me now consider the financial position of the Church. The 1,527 Church fabrics and the 811 parsonage houses, in the possession

THE ENGLISH REVIEW

of the Church in Wales, represent at least a capital value of about £4,000,000 sterling.

In arriving at this figure I have only taken into account the sums spent on repairs. It appears from the Report of the Royal Welsh Church Commission that, since 1840, £3,332,000 has been spent on the repair of the Church Fabrics in Wales.

In addition to this, it also appears in the Report that a sum of £670,982 has been spent on the provision of parsonage houses in Wales. These two sums amount to just over £4,000,000, and I have not taken into account the Parliamentary Grants allocated to Wales for building new churches.

Nor have I taken into account the value of cathedrals, episcopal palaces, deaneries, canonries, furniture and movable property attached to churches and ecclesiastical residences, or of fabric endowments, all of which will be retained absolutely by the Church under the Government Bill.

The net annual income from the Endowments of the Church of England in Wales, in the year 1906, amounted to £260,036, derived from the following sources :—

From Endowments in existence prior to 1703	..	..	..	..	..	£	116,287
From Queen Anne's Bounty :							
(a) Royal Bounty Fund	..	..	..	..	..	27,907	
(b) From Parliamentary Grants Fund	..	..	..	..	..	5,809	
From Ecclesiastical Commissioners..	..	..	..	..	..	46,966	
From Private Benefactions since 1703	..	..	..	..	..	18,538	
Total Income of Benefices						215,506	

In addition to this there is—

Diocesan Incomes, <i>i.e.</i> , Incomes of Bishops, Deans, Canons	..	..	..	£	29,760
Grants made towards Curates' Stipends by Ecclesiastical Commissioners	..	..	..	14,770	
Total net annual income				260,036	

Under the Government Bill, the Church will retain all the "capital" property representing at least over £4,000,000 sterling. With regard to income, it retains £18,538, being all private benefactions since 1662. The Bill also safeguards the life-interest of all incumbents and freehold beneficiaries.

The value of this provision is not easy to estimate, but it represents at least the equivalent of £50,000 a year in perpetuity. The position of the Church therefore will be that she will, after the passage of the Bill, be left in possession of property worth at

WELSH DISESTABLISHMENT

least £4,000,000 sterling, and possess an income, or the equivalent of an income, of £68,000 per annum.

In view of this financial position it is surprising that anyone should have stated that we propose to take away from the Church all except 1s. 5½d. in the pound. The statement is both *suppressio veri* and *suggestio falsi*. It omits all reference to the immense property left in the hands of the Church and it confines the income of the Church to private benefactions since 1662, without taking into account life-interests of the present beneficiaries.

The sources of the income of the Church may be described generally as of three kinds :

A. Ancient endowments attached to benefices from early times.

B. Benefactions of Queen Anne's Bounty from its two funds.

C. Benefactions of the Ecclesiastical Commissioners out of their Common Fund.

We shall consider each of these separately, in order to decide whether they are the private property of the Church, or the national inheritance of the people.

A. ANCIENT ENDOWMENTS

These are of three main kinds—Tithes, Land and House Property, mostly glebe, and income derived from the proceeds of the sale of either of these two kinds of property. The proceeds will of course bear the same character as that of the property from which they are derived.

(a) *Tithe*.—In England, after the time of St. Augustine, it was originally a votive offering of Christians given upon the exhortation of the Church, but gradually, if anyone refused to pay, he incurred the penalty of recusancy, which was visited later by excommunication. As this sanction was exceedingly severe, the gift necessarily lost its spontaneous character. Following the example of Charlemagne, on the Continent, in early Saxon times the legal was added to the ecclesiastical penalty, and the general payment of tithe became compulsory, not merely in accordance with the law of the Church, but also with the law of the land. From this time, tithe became in effect a tax imposed, levied, and enforced by the State, and all canonists and lawyers of repute adopt this view.

THE ENGLISH REVIEW

As Sir Walter Phillimore, in a letter to the *Guardian* dated May 31st, 1893, says :—

Thus the voluntary subscription became a tax. . . . There was no giving of tithe except by some early Saxons during their lives. All subsequent tithe is a tax imposed by the State for the benefit, in the first instance, of the Church.

In Wales, however, the system was entirely different. In early times there was no tithe; the tribe of the saint, which was the tribe on its ecclesiastical or religious side, was maintained out of the food rents paid by the clan to the chief. There is no evidence in the Book of Llandav (twelfth century), the *Valor Ecclesiasticus* of Pope Nicholas IV. (1291), or the Black Book of St. Davids (early fourteenth century), that there was a *tithe-system* in Wales. Mr. Willis Bund, a churchman and a lawyer, comes to the conclusion that the system in Wales was imposed on the country by Normans and Plantagenets, and was not general until the beginning of the fourteenth century.

Tithe in Wales, therefore, had not even a voluntary origin. It was from the first imposed by law, and extended its sway with the gradual process of conquest by Norman and Plantagenet barons.

(b) *Land*.—The property of the Church in land in Wales is either the direct result of gifts by private individuals, or portions of tribal lands (*ager publicus*) or folkland which have come into the possession of the Church.

As to the former, these were gifts to a Church which at that time was the nation from a religious standpoint, but, beyond this, that Church was a body entirely different from that now possessing the property—and, often, the gifts were for such purposes as the present Church was never in a position to fulfil. This discontinuity between the Catholic and the Reformed Church, and the alienation of property from the former to the latter, have led Bishop Welldon in his recent book to the conclusion that “a nation may act within its moral as well as within its legal rights when it decides upon disestablishing and disendowing” a national Church.

As to the latter kind of property, *viz.*, the tribal land, most of it belonged to the Ancient British Church, and was certainly in the nature of a State-gift.

B. QUEEN ANNE'S BOUNTY

The income of the Church from Queen Anne's Bounty is derived from two funds, the origin and nature of which are entirely different.

WELSH DISESTABLISHMENT

(a) *The Royal Bounty Fund*.—This is derived from First Fruits and Tenths, which, from the thirteenth century to the Reformation, were paid to the Pope's representative or assignee. In 1535, they were granted to the Crown as an addition to the Civil List. In 1555, this fund was transferred to the Pope. In 1558 (the first year of Queen Elizabeth's reign), it was again retransferred to the Crown, and for 146 years remained part of the Royal Revenue. In 1704, Queen Anne granted, by Statute 2 and 3 Anne, c. 11, the revenues of the First Fruits and Tenths for the maintenance of the poor parochial clergy. The Governors of Queen Anne's Bounty were incorporated by two charters to administer the fund. The income which Wales derives from this Royal Bounty Fund is the income derived from capital grants made from time to time to benefices in Wales from the fund, and as the property was given to the Governors by an Act of Parliament, it is public and national in character. When the Civil List had been depleted of this amount, other national provision had to be made for the maintenance of the royal dignity of the Crown.

(b) *Parliamentary Grants Fund*.—This consists of eleven grants of £100,000 each—£1,100,000 in all—made by the authority of the Annual Appropriation Acts (1809-1820) to enable his Majesty to pay such sums to the Governors of Queen Anne's Bounty for the increase of the maintenance of the poor clergy. The Governors have allocated to the Church in Wales capital grants amounting to £126,000, producing an annual income of £5,280. As this money was contributed directly by Parliament there can be no doubt about its public character.

C. ECCLESIASTICAL COMMISSION

In the early part of the last century the ancient endowments of bishoprics and cathedral chapters had become unduly augmented and unevenly distributed, while, owing to movements in the population, it became necessary to make provision for an increased number of parochial clergy. In order to meet these altered circumstances, the readjustment of Church revenues became an urgent reform, and to secure this end, another corporation was created in 1836, with the title of "The Ecclesiastical Commissioners for England."

The old endowments of the bishops and cathedral chapters were transferred to the Commissioners, who, out of these revenues, paid fixed stipends to bishops, deans, and canons.

THE ENGLISH REVIEW

The balance formed a common fund which provided for the augmentation of poor livings and for the stipends of assistant curates. The property, originally belonging to bishoprics and chapters, which forms the whole estate of the Ecclesiastical Commissioners, consisted generally of Tithe and Land, and therefore the comment which I have made upon this class of property is applicable to the whole of the funds in the hands of the Ecclesiastical Commissioners. They belonged once to another Church, and to that Church as the Nation on its spiritual side.

What are the grounds and justification for disendowment ?

1. As to tithes—they were originally, and have continued to be, taxes levied by the State. The State has an inherent right to repeal or divert all the taxes which it has authorised.

2. As to all the endowments—the Church has no moral claim to them.

(a) The endowments were originally given to the Church when it was co-terminous and identified with the Nation, and were intended for the benefit of the people generally, and not for the special advantage of one sect.

When the Church has become one of a number of denominations, and represents only a small fraction of the population, it can no longer have a moral claim to such property.

(b) The present Church does not represent the pre-Reformation Church to which the property was originally given. It was a case not of continuation but of supersession. It was a case of survival after a bitter and hostile conflict. In belief, in doctrine, in ritual and in liturgy—the very essences of a spiritual organisation—there was a complete change and abandonment.

The new Church regarded the old Church as heretic, superstitious and idolatrous, condemned its creed, despised its practices and—retained its property.

3. Church Property, as distinguished from private property, has always been subject to special State control.

(a) At the Reformation the Crown freely diverted, by Act of Parliament, and by prerogative, ecclesiastical property to its own use and to the use of the nobility and courtiers.

WELSH DISESTABLISHMENT

(b) In 1836, by Act of Parliament, property of the Church was transferred from the then holders to a Statutory Corporation, and a general readjustment of Church property took place.

(c) In 1869, the Church of England in Ireland was disestablished and disendowed.

The justice of the Welsh demand for Disestablishment and Disendowment has been affirmed and reaffirmed by the electors of the thirteen counties in eleven successive General Elections. Upon no other public question has the will of the people concerned been so continuously, so consistently, and so overwhelmingly expressed. They constitute a unit of decision against whose verdict there is no appeal, and it is but the barest concession to representative government that religious equality should be established on Welsh soil.

American Foreign Policy

By Sydney Brooks

THERE is a difficulty in discussing the foreign policy of the United States that one is conscious of in the case of no other country. It arises very largely from that happy or harmful isolation which has relieved America from the effects, at once complicating and fortifying, of a constant external pressure. Alone among the great Powers the United States is not menaced. Her size and strength, and the accident of her geographical position and surroundings, have combined to shield her in an almost unvexed tranquillity. Nothing endangers her national security. Fortune has exempted her from the conditions, animosities, and distractions that convulse the older world. She is never made to realise that national safety, national existence even, depends to-day, as much as ever it did, upon brute force. From the elements of international strife she stands more or less serenely apart; a law of nature is virtually suspended in her favour. Of all that follows, when two Powers of nearly equal strength and of possibly conflicting interests live within striking distance of one another, she knows next to nothing. She has no enemies to guard against, no definite or even probable crisis to prepare for, no opposing standard by which to measure her naval and military equipment. It is true that in obedience to the combative instinct she has from time to time done what she could to fill the vacuum by labelling this Power or that "the enemy," and by manufacturing the regulation number of "scares." A few years ago Great Britain was the favourite American punching-bag; after the Spanish war Germany took our place; of late it has been Japan. But these manifestations of the bellicose spirit that mingles so oddly with the ingrained altruism of the American people have never been anything but highly artificial, have never had a political in addition to their psychological value, have never possessed that immediate and tangible reference to actualities or probabilities which would at once and rightly have been ascribed to them had they emanated from a European people. In Europe we live in a powder

AMERICAN FOREIGN POLICY

magazine, and rarely have the fear of an explosion out of our minds ; the supply of combustible material is already so ample that the temptation to add to it factitiously is not hard to resist. The Americans, by comparison, live in an atmosphere of extraordinary simplicity, spaciousness, and self-absorption, until from very boredom they are forced to make international mountains out of molehills, a diversion which by itself is proof enough of their unique immunity from the serious realities of *Weltpolitik*.

In general, foreign affairs are minimised over there at least as much as they are exaggerated over here. Americans, indeed, can hardly be got to take them seriously. A diplomatic dispute with another Power, conducted by either side on the implication of force, is of all experiences the one most foreign to the normal routine of their existence, and when you have mentioned the Monroe Doctrine you have pretty well indicated the sum total of the average citizen's interest in external politics. The description of the Americans as "a nation of villagers" still holds good in the sense that their local consciousness is far more intensive than their national, and still more than their international, consciousness. The education they receive in world-politics is meagre and intermittent in amount, and extremely unsatisfactory in quality. During several years in the United States I do not recall a single well-informed debate in Congress on the foreign policy of the Republic, or a single Member who ever treated his constituents to an address on so alien a topic. Americans are apt to regard all European happenings with an amused and impersonal indifference, as of no possible concern to their own fortunes ; they can hardly as yet conceive a definite, material connection between their own welfare and politics and the issue of a rivalry between two European Powers—Great Britain and Germany, for instance—that will be decided, if at all, several thousand miles away from American territory. The idea that Europe has one set of interests and America another is still, I suppose, subscribed to almost unanimously from Maine to California ; and the average, busy, complacent citizen, self-contented and remote, knowing nothing of the fierce juxtapositions and imminent contentions of Europe, and convinced of the unassailable strength of the United States, still, I suppose, regards the wars and diplomatic disputes of the Old World with a purely spectacular interest, as a sort of drama provided for his diversion. The operative opinion of the Commonwealth still desires to have as few dealings as possible

THE ENGLISH REVIEW

with foreign powers, still quotes and abides by Washington's warning against permanent and entangling alliances (while altogether ignoring his emphatic advocacy of "temporary alliances for extraordinary emergencies"), still shrinks from any course that threatens "complications," still clings to the policy of isolation as the one that most adequately squares with the needs of American conditions. That this attitude must in the long run prove untenable; that the United States cannot indefinitely preserve the immunity from the conflicts and problems of Europe and the Far East which has served her well during the hundred years and more of her material up-building; that she is destined to be drawn with a constantly increasing celerity into those clashes of policy and ambitions that formerly she could afford to look upon with an almost complete detachment—all this, which seems axiomatic to a dispassionate onlooker, is still not only disputed but denied by the great majority of the American people.

And they persist in disputing and denying it in spite of the fact that events and necessity have outrun many of the formulæ, traditions, and prejudices that a decade and a half ago were all but omnipotent. The peculiarity of America's position in the general scheme of *Weltpolitik* is, indeed, precisely this—that her people are unconsciously engaged in adapting their mental outlook to their achievements. The Spanish war launched them on a stream of tendencies that has already carried them far beyond their old confines, and is inexorably destined to carry them further still. But the instinct of many millions of American citizens is still to pretend that nothing essential has been changed. They have overthrown Spanish power in Cuba and the Philippines, they have strewn the Pacific with stepping-stones from Hawaii to Manila, but the far harder task of dislodging the mental habits and prepossessions of a century's growth they have not yet accomplished. They have an Empire, but they have not yet become Imperial. They have expanded physically, but they have still to expand mentally. They are a World-power in fact, but not in consciousness, in breadth of vision, in a resolute acceptance of new conditions, in a not less resolute emancipation from the precepts of an outworn past. They are multiplying every year fresh points of diplomatic contact with the outer world, but their unwillingness to admit, or at any rate to draw any practical conclusions from, the fact that the days of their international aloofness are past, remains

AMERICAN FOREIGN POLICY

pretty much as hardy as ever. Events are teaching them, but the process of enlightenment will be arduous and protracted. The acquisition of outlying territories has destroyed their old strategic compactness and exposed them to risks of a kind that are wholly novel in the experience of the Republic ; but they have not yet readjusted their naval and military forces to meet the new situation, nor have they evolved anything that could be called a colonial policy. Question the average American to-day and you will find him either a monument of indifference or an encyclopædia of cloudy misinformation as to all that is happening in America's insular possessions and as to the international and strategic problems that their retention propounds. The white man's burden, so far as Americans are concerned, has become the white man's boredom ; and if there were any way of disposing of the Philippines without losing face too abjectly, the vast majority of Americans would welcome it and follow it with something like enthusiasm. They have failed even to attain to that vague pride of ownership which, among the masses of our own people, does duty for Imperialism. The glamour of being an Asiatic Power, and of ruling over tropical dependencies, has completely faded, and the questions that really interest Americans are still and overwhelmingly American questions. Nor have they put tradition so far behind them as to admit the word "alliance" or any word pointing in that direction into their political vocabulary. They are still far from realising how much their prejudice against any kind of formal understanding and co-operation with other Powers militates against their effectiveness in world politics ; that it handicaps instead of assisting their freedom of action ; and that in the broader field upon which the United States has now entered means cannot be adapted to ends, if the choice of means is always to be abridged beforehand by a hard and fast formula.

It follows, if this diagnosis be accurate, or even approximately so, that American foreign policy, so far as it is concerned with the affairs of Europe and of Asia, must proceed without any reasoned and consistent backing of popular knowledge or interest, and must very largely depend upon the personality and opinions of particular Presidents or particular Secretaries of State. And that this really is so may, I think, be shown by reference to the American attitude towards two great questions, one European, and the other Asiatic. The Anglo-German duel remains, and will long remain, the dominating factor in European politics.

THE ENGLISH REVIEW

But it is the merest commonplace to say that it does not concern Great Britain and Germany alone. All Powers are interested in it, the United States not least. For what is at stake is whether Great Britain and the British Empire and British naval supremacy are to endure. The destruction of German sea-power as the result of a conflict with England would be an important but hardly a vital event ; it would no more ruin Germany than Tsushima ruined Russia ; it would affect but slightly, and for the moment, the currents of International politics. The destruction on the other hand, of the British sea-power, the disappearance of Great Britain as a first-class State, the dissolution of her Empire, and the rise of Germany to the mistress-ship of the seas, would be developments that would throw the whole world into confusion, and react instantaneously upon the interests and policies of every nation in it. The attitude of other Powers toward an issue that contains the possibility of so reverberant a catastrophe might be one of friendliness towards Great Britain or towards Germany, but could not possibly, one would think, be an attitude of indifference. Yet that, precisely, is the attitude of the American masses. They have at present only the faintest apprehension, so far as they have any apprehension at all, of their own concern in the upshot of the Anglo-German struggle. They do not realise that it in any way touches their interests that Germany should now be the second naval Power in the world, and should be hurrying on prodigious preparations for war or for warding off war. They have not even begun to consider where they stand in the matter, or to which side their interests incline them ; whether they are more closely united by bonds of instinctive sympathies, of commerce, of finance, and of political communion to Great Britain or to Germany ; whether, in the event of Germany's achieving supreme ascendancy at sea, the American position in the Caribbean, in South America, and in the Pacific, would be benefited or the reverse ; whether, next to the security and well-being of their own country, they have any higher interest than the continuance of the British Empire on its present footing. In the face of the most stupendous situation that has arisen in Europe since Napoleon's bid for the domination of the Continent, the American people as a whole remain not merely neutral, but apparently unable to perceive that it involves themselves, indirectly but none the less unescapably.

But the elusiveness and inadequacy of American interest in

AMERICAN FOREIGN POLICY

non-American affairs may be tested in another way. In the past twelve years the United States has actively concerned herself in Far Eastern politics. She has landed an army on Chinese territory. She has been drawn, willy-nilly, into the vortex of the Far Eastern question. She has played in the evolution of that question a prominent, often a leading, always a distinctive part. She has formulated policies and taken a hand in momentous negotiations. She has definitely enrolled the Far East among the objects of her diplomatic solicitude. It was on her soil and at her instigation that peace was concluded between Russia and Japan. It was she who suggested the restriction of the struggle to Manchurian territory. Her traders have been boycotted by the Chinese, and she has embroiled herself with Japan over the question of immigration. Only last year she put forward an amazing proposal for the internationalisation of the Manchurian railways. Since then she has more than once brought diplomatic pressure to the support of American financiers and promoters seeking Chinese loans and concessions. So far as despatches go, she is definitely committed to the policy of preserving both the open door and the territorial integrity of China; and in 1908 she concluded an agreement with Japan, providing for mutual consultation as to the measures that should be taken to maintain these two cardinal principles. How vast a revolution all this implies, or appears to imply, may be realised by anyone who will throw his mind back fifteen years or so and recall how entirely, before the Spanish war, the Chinese crisis failed to interest either the American people or American statesmen; how Russia's policy in Manchuria, France's in Yun-Nan and Kwang-si, and Germany's in Shantung developed without a word of protest from Washington; how the seizure of Kiaochou was regarded by the "man in the cars" with a wholly spectacular detachment; and how the fight for the open door was maintained by Great Britain alone without the smallest sign of American assistance. Since then the possession of the Philippines and the political and strategic responsibilities entailed by it, the participation in the suppression of the Boxer rising, the expanding recognition of the supreme importance to the future of American trade of the open door, the not less expanding realisation that, with the exception of Japan, no country is so well situated as the United States, industrially or geographically, to make the most and the best of the development of China, the exciting incidents in the diplomatic war

THE ENGLISH REVIEW

waged by Mr. Hay for the evacuation of Manchuria, the beginning and rapid progress of actual work on the Panama Canal, the interest aroused by the stern diplomatic duel that led up to the Russo-Japanese war, the emotions so profoundly stirred by the war itself and by the leap of a new, inscrutable, and most formidable Power on the very edge of Asia to the front rank among the nations, the boycott of American goods by the Chinese, the dispute with Japan over the rights and status of Japanese residents in the United States, the voyage of the American fleet, and latterly the vagaries of Mr. Knox's diplomacy—have transferred American indifference to the fortunes of the Far East into a vigilant concern.

But the precise weight to be attached to this concern is less easy to determine. Nobody really knows whether the diplomatic activities of the State Department represent a settled national policy, backed by the firm and deliberate judgment of the American people, or merely the views and whims of individual Secretaries of State. There is, however, a strong and valid suspicion that the latter version is the true one. Mr. Hay, Mr. Root, and Mr. Knox, in the past twelve years, have written many despatches and formulated many proposals in regard to Far Eastern politics; and in doing so they have carried with them, to all appearances, the applause and support of their countrymen. It has, I should judge, sincerely gratified Americans to see their statesmen acquitting themselves with such distinction and success in competition with Oriental and European diplomats; and what one may call the sentimental sincerity of the American attachment to the open door and to Chinese integrity I take to be beyond question. But diplomacy, to be effective beyond a certain limited range, rests, and can only rest, on the implication of force. Is American diplomacy in the Far East the diplomacy of the pen, or of the pen backed by the sword? Are Americans sufficiently interested in the fate of China or of Manchuria to contemplate the possibility of war? Is there any conceivable development in the Far Eastern situation—short of an organised and deliberate attack upon American lives or possessions—that could induce American opinion to sanction the use of force? Does American diplomacy in the Far East belong to the sphere of *Realpolitik*, or should it rather be described as a series of more or less astute adventures in the art of bluffing? Is there not an unwritten mandate imposed upon Mr. Knox, as upon his predecessors, by

AMERICAN FOREIGN POLICY

the public sentiment of the United States—a mandate to the effect that he may spill ink, but must not think of spilling blood? All the world knows that America would rush to arms to punish or prevent a violation of the Monroe Doctrine. But although the Far East of recent years has been as much a preoccupation of American diplomacy as South America, can anyone assert that it stands on a similar footing of actuality, or that if, for instance, Japan were to close the door in Southern Manchuria to-morrow, Americans would feel irresistibly impelled to go to war? Another Boxer rising, such as is but too probable, endangering the lives and properties of American residents in China, an invasion of the Philippines by an Oriental Power, a demand that the United States should admit Asiatic immigrants without question or restraint—in such contingencies as these American action could be predicted with every confidence. But apart from these extreme developments, and taking the Far Eastern situation as it is to-day, is there anything in the effort to save Manchuria from drifting from its Chinese moorings and to prevent its political and commercial monopolisation by Russia and Japan, or in the struggle for railway and mining concessions of which not only Manchuria but all Northern China threatens to be once again an international battle-ground, or in the intricate political competition that is interwoven with the fight for trade, or in the “racial” issue, or the naval issue—is there anything in all this, or can anything be imagined as arising from all this, that American opinion would regard as a legitimate *casus belli*? For myself I have little hesitation in answering the question with a negative. There is no fighting value to be attached to American diplomacy in the Far East; Mr. Knox’s prolific pen bears no correspondence to the material preparations or the national will power and determination that would be necessary to enforce the policies that flow from it; the objects of American diplomacy are far more clear than the readiness of the American people to adopt or even to realise the only methods by which in the long run all diplomatic goals have to be won; there is not a move made by Mr. Knox in the Far East that could not be countered, and, if need be, resisted, without risk of anything more serious than a verbal altercation with the country he represents. No more tremendous or more fantastic proposal has been put forward in our time than his suggestion for taking the Manchurian railways out of politics; none could have been rejected by the Powers concerned with

THE ENGLISH REVIEW

more summary definiteness ; and no country could have accepted the rebuff with meeker acquiescence and less consciousness of its magnitude than did the United States. When it came, in short, to a pinch, it was clearly shown that American diplomacy in the Far East rested on no solid basis of popular approval or comprehension and embodied no national resolve, that the American people would cheer on their Secretaries of State only so long as they encountered no resistance and disavow them unhesitatingly when success deserted them, and that the "man in the cars" had no thought of pushing matters to extremes and cared very little one way or the other whether or not the Secretary of State, in a matter so remote from the familiar and tangible sphere of popular interests, was adjudged to have blundered.

While, therefore, there has been a decided widening of the national horizon and a not less decided expansion of American diplomatic interests and activities since the close of the nineteenth century, many years must pass and many gaps be filled up before the average American newspaper ceases to treat international affairs in a spirit of either levity or sensationalism, and before the average American citizen fully envisages the position of his country in the family of nations or reaches an adequate understanding of the first elements of *Weltpolitik*. Efforts, however, are not wanting to furnish him with instruction. Within the last year or two three volumes have been issued by American publishers, not one of which could have been written, or if written, could have found an audience, a decade ago. In one of them, *The United States as a World Power*, Professor Coolidge, of Harvard, examines the current relations of his country with the leading Powers with a patient dispassionateness ; in the second, *American Foreign Policy*, by "A Diplomatist," there is a capable and suggestive plea not only for a definite Anglo-American understanding, but for a more alert assertion of American interests the world over—in the Near East as much as in South America, in Morocco as well as in China ; while in the third volume, *The Interest of America in International Conditions*, Admiral Mahan, with masterly lucidity and comprehension, analyses and explains the present state of European and Asiatic politics, and traces with unfaltering hand their reflex action upon American interests. Each of these books is valuable, and each is significant. Each seeks to rouse Americans to a juster appreciation of the

AMERICAN FOREIGN POLICY

world in which they live and of the problems and responsibilities they will inexorably have to encounter. Each does excellent service in strengthening what is unquestionably the weakest spot in America's international equipment—the absence, I mean, of a sober, sustained, and well-informed interest in foreign affairs among the mass of the American people. And each, it is worth noting, is animated by a warm and intelligent cordiality towards British policies and the possibility of Anglo-American co-operation in more than one sphere of *Weltpolitik*.

It is fortunate for America that while a readiness to use force is the ultimate touchstone of all diplomacy, and while a Power that shirks or overlooks the final arbitrament of war is necessarily placed at an enormous disadvantage in the event of a real crisis, the ordinary business of international bargaining is carried on without much reference to the actual or potential power of the negotiators. The United States, through her character, the comparative unselfishness of her aims and the moderation of her statesmen, has powerfully affected Far Eastern developments during the past decade, and may affect them even more powerfully in the future. Herself indifferent to territorial aggrandisement at the expense of any Asiatic State, her ambition is to protect China against partition, to insist on equal access to all the markets of the Far East, and to act as peacemaker among the nations. This ambition is somewhat hampered by the anti-Japanese point which American diplomacy seems to have acquired since the Peace of Portsmouth, and by an uneasy consciousness that the future is likely to increase rather than diminish the chances and causes of friction between the two nations. The United States has never liked the Anglo-Japanese Alliance; she is not wholly reconciled to it even now that an end has been put to the equivocal and unsatisfactory position we might have occupied in the event of trouble between herself and Japan. There is a suspicion in Washington that we are allowing ourselves to be overridden by our inflexible ally, that we are content to look on with supine helplessness while Manchuria is converted into a Russo-Japanese province, and that our efforts to make the open door a reality have been practically abandoned. It is therefore through a *rapprochement* with China that American statesmen chiefly hope to make themselves felt in the Far East and to give effect to their new policy of pushing private trade by every artifice of official and diplomatic assistance. As the only Power whose interests on the Asiatic

THE ENGLISH REVIEW

mainland are purely commercial, the United States has always stood high in Chinese regard ; but to-day it is not too much to say that the Celestial Empire leans almost exclusively on American support, and recognises in the United States her best guide and well-wisher. If she has in the whole world a single sincere friend who would gladly see her strong, united, and progressive that friend is America. It is from America that China will receive the ablest and most disinterested assistance in transforming herself into a modern State. To direct Chinese advancement from the abundance of their own experience in matters of education, government, and commerce, to be the tutelary genius of that vast, nerveless, disjointed but aspiring Empire, to protect her by diplomatic protests against the encroachments of her powerful neighbours, and to reap a legitimate reward in a harvest of concessions—such seems to be the policy which the Americans more or less deliberately contemplate in the Far East.

But when all is said and done the true centre of the foreign policy and interests of the United States lies to the south and not in the east or west. It is in the Caribbean and in Central America that Washington will continue to find its largest sphere of activity. And in these regions the change that has come over the spirit and methods of American policy since the Spanish war has all the sweep of a revolution. Porto Rico is now definitely an American possession ; Cuba, besides leasing coaling stations to the United States, is under a barely-veiled American suzerainty ; the Panama Canal is being rapidly pushed towards completion ; above all, there is now what may fairly be called a new Monroe Doctrine. The old formula remains, but its consequences and its burdens have been redistributed. The essence of the famous Doctrine which Canning suggested, which John Quincy Adams drafted, and which President Monroe embodied in his message of 1823, was that European colonisation on and around the American Continent should cease, and that the existing foreign holdings should neither be increased nor transferred. That is a proposition to which Americans subscribe and will continue to subscribe with an unqualified ferocity of conviction not far removed from fanaticism. In no sense was it abridged by the corollary appended to it by Mr. Roosevelt's presidential message of December, 1904. As a policy of exclusion and limitation the old Monroe Doctrine still stands : its negative purposes and results are unmodified.

AMERICAN FOREIGN POLICY

But some of the consequences of this rigorous ruling out of Europe have been more than negative. The old Monroe Doctrine operated, for instance, to save South American Republics from the penalty of their misdeeds. Whatever outrages they might commit on the persons and property of foreigners, they always knew that they had in the United States a guarantee against the extremes of punishment. While running a fence round South America, the United States turned a blind eye on all that might be happening inside the fence. Americans evaded, and even denied, the obligation of putting any sort of restraint on their protégés. They prescribed and limited the amount of punishment that might be inflicted by a European Power upon a South American Republic, but they would not admit that the conditions which had made punishment necessary were any concern of theirs. In effect, they helped the criminal to escape justice without stopping to inquire into his crime. The behaviour of South America towards Europe was apparently a matter of indifference to them; the behaviour of Europe towards South America they always claimed the right to supervise and restrict. It never, apparently, jarred on their sense of justice, or on their national dignity, that the Monroe Doctrine should be used as a cloak for revolutionary turbulence and disorder, or that the United States should stand forth before the world as the accomplice and protector of South American delinquencies.

Mr. Roosevelt, however, was trained in a broader school of statesmanship. He realised that with the growth of the American Navy the danger of a frontal attack on the Monroe Doctrine had passed away; that no European Power would consider even the most tempting portion of the South American Continent worth the risk of a war with the United States; but that the instability, the depredations, and the sporadic unrest of certain of the South American Republics were a real source of complications, and likely at any moment to imperil the relations between Europe and the United States. He realised also that the Monroe Doctrine ought to be relieved of its onesidedness, and that the duties entailed by it should be as fully recognised as its privileges. He therefore enunciated a policy which was in effect a requisition on South America to maintain order, pay its debts, and act with "decency" under penalty not of European but of American intervention. He constituted the United States a sort of policeman of the Southern Republics to choke off the

THE ENGLISH REVIEW

causes of international trouble at their inception. And this transformation of the Monroe Doctrine from a negative to an active and preventive policy coincided with the building of the Panama Canal and with the increasing realisation of the importance of foreign markets for American traders. The combination of these three factors has had already some momentous results. It has made the United States revive the project for the purchase of the Danish West Indies ; it has installed America in San Domingo as a kind of financial liquidator ; it has led to negotiations for the lease of the Galapagos Islands ; it has produced arrangements by which the United States is to take over the financial administration of Honduras and Nicaragua ; and it will undoubtedly stimulate the demand for subsidies to establish speedy and regular communications by sea between American and South American ports. These various developments have not, it is true, taken place without increasing the already vivid suspicion entertained by the South American Republics that they have more to fear from American than from European Imperialism. Mr. Root did all that any Secretary of State could do to allay this suspicion by visits to South American capitals, by frank explanations of the purposes and scope of American policy, and by endeavouring to unite the Central Republics in a league of peace and arbitration. But his good work has already been largely undone by the arbitrary and erratic diplomacy of Mr. Knox, and the forward movement of American policy, accompanied by the hardly more palatable fact of American economic penetration, is viewed to-day by the Spanish-speaking Republics with deep though ineffective hostility and misgivings. Yet it is a policy which both on its political and its commercial side is bound to go on. The collapse of the Diaz legend, the extremely difficult problems that confront the new rulers of Mexico, the overwhelming preponderance of American interests immediately south of the Rio Grande, and the possibility that Mexico will gradually resume its old habits of insurrectionary disorder, have, indeed, forced Americans to realise that their responsibilities under the new Monroe Doctrine may necessitate action nearer home than they thought. The southern boundary of the United States is to-day the Panama Canal, and from there northward to the borders of Texas, and southward to the confines of Brazil and Peru, one looks in vain for the elements and guarantees of a permanent security. Over the whole of this vast region American influence must in all

AMERICAN FOREIGN POLICY

probability be supreme. I do not mean that Mexico, Nicaragua, Costa Rica, and the rest will be annexed to the American Union, but that step by step the responsibility for maintaining internal order and inter-Republican peace and for insuring financial regularity will gradually pass into American hands or be exercised under American supervision. It is there, at any rate, and in the Caribbean that American policy is likely to undergo its main developments and American commitments to increase most heavily.

The Revolution in China

By Yoshio Markino

MY most favourite season of London has begun only since these few days. The Londoners have been enjoying the record-breaking long sunny summer, while I was waiting this beautiful mist so patiently. My water-colour papers are ready on the stretchers, the paint-tubes are in rows on my desk, the water and the brushes are ready. Now let me study. I went out to the streets to choose the subjects every day.

Have I started painting yet? No. For something is disturbing my work (even the very work for which I have devoted whole of my life).

Yes, those newspaper placards which bear the big letterings about *the revolution in China* attract my eyes so much that I forget my worshipping London Mists.

I buy papers more than three times a day. All my knowledge on the affairs in China is entirely based on the various English papers, so I know about it not any more than you do. It seems the revolutionists are getting on splendidly. It must be remembered however that the news from China cannot be looked upon as confident as the news in this most civilised Britain. There are always many foundless rumours and fakes.

Whether the revolutionists would this time succeed or not, I cannot tell. But it is not at all a surprise to me if they do, or at least I have been dreaming and impatiently longing this revolution ever since I studied the Chinese history when I was a schoolboy.

Perhaps it may interest the reader to have a rough summary of the Chinese history, so that you can see the nature of the Chinese nation in one glance. As far back as more than 4,500 years, they invented the monograms, which were cut on small pieces of bamboo, and these bamboo pieces were bound up by leathers. According to the record of these monograms, there were three kings—Taikow-Fuki, Yentei-Shinno, and Kotei-Kenyan.

THE REVOLUTION IN CHINA

Then five emperors—Shoko-Kinten, Sengiok-Koyo, Teikok-Koshhin, Teigio-Toto, and Teishun-Yugu.

These two latter Emperors are even now looked upon as ideals by the Chinese.

Toto was very simple. His "palace" had only three earthen steps to reach to the floor, and the thatch of the roof was not cut even. His sincere desire was to make the nation happy, and he was not such a hypocrite to make them grateful to himself. One day he went out to the field. There was an old farmer who was singing thus—

When I feel thirsty, I dig the well to get water
When I feel hungry, I cultivate the ground to get rice,
Why, then, should I be grateful to the Emperor?

The good Emperor was much contented to hear this song.

Only one great grievance of this good Emperor was how to find out the most virtuous man in the country to hand down his throne to him. He asked about it to his officials, and even to the men on the streets and fields, "Is there a man virtuous enough to be a father of the whole nation?"

He was lucky enough to find out a young poor farmer, called Shun. Shun's filiality to his parents was wonderful. His father married a wicked woman after his real mother died. The step-mother and the half-brother maltreated Shun, and more than once they attempted to murder Shun. The latter was always so sincere and affectionate until he won everyone's heart. When he inherited the throne of Toto, he won the whole nation's heart.

When this gentle Emperor got old, he was as much anxious to find out his successor as his predecessor did to him. At last he found out the great King Wu, who drained the land from the great flood after thirteen years hard labouring. The historians claim that this flood coincides with that of Noah's; and such large rivers as Hoan Ho and Yantsi Kywan were made by his hand.

King Wu wanted to follow the example of his predecessors and hand down his throne to a wise man called Yeki. But the nation, by this time, was no longer simple and primitive. It began to know the word "flattery." It insisted that the throne should be handed down from generation after generation of the Great King. This was the very first dynasty ever established in China, and it was called the Ka-Dynasty.

It continued during seventeen generations or 432 years, when a wicked King, Ketsu, came out and indulged himself

THE ENGLISH REVIEW

freely with wine and women, and acted all sorts of tyranny against the nation.

That great philosopher Lo-shi (or Lao-tzu) said—"In the highest antiquity the people did not know that they had rulers. In the next age they loved and praised them. In the next they feared them. In the next they despised them."

The nation rebelled against the King for the first time in the Chinese history.

They all worshiped a great man called Sei-To as their King, and destroyed the tyrannical court.

Sei-To established a dynasty called "In," which continued 31 generations, or 629 years, when another bad King, Chu, came out. He was as bad as King Ketsu.

The rebellion urged Bu-ō, the son of the great Bun-ō, to conquer the bad King. Bu-ō was modest enough to refuse several times this rash conduct. But, at last, seeing it was quite necessary for his beloved nation, he attacked the King. The Book says "the Nation looked upon him as the rain after a long drought."

How popular Bu-ō might have been, and how hated by the nation was the wicked King Chu. This revolution could not get on without many a bloody battle. For the human beings were more and more complicated by this time, and there a new word sprang out in the hearts of many. Yes, the very complicated (if unnatural) word was *Loyalty*. Just fancy! There were already some people who would rather die as Loyalists for the tyrannical King than to live under a new good King!

Among them were two brothers, Yi and Sei, the great sages. When Bu-ō was marching to attack the palace, these two brothers stopped Bu-ō's horse and courteously bowed down before him and said, "Thy father hath died only a short time ago, and thou goest to fight during thy mourning. Shalt thou be called filial to thy parents? Thou art a subject, and thou doth attack thy King. Shalt thou be called loyal?"

When Bun-ō became a King, these two sages were ashamed to eat the foods which were cultivated on the land of the rebellious King. They escaped to the Mount Shuyo and starved to death, after making a poetry—"Let us go to that Western hill to gather the ferns. For the wicked is acting wickedness against the wicked. Those good Kings Shinno, Toko, or Shun, have gone a long time ago. It is our fate to live in this world now."

THE REVOLUTION IN CHINA

(Many a patriot Japanese has been worshipping these two sages as his ideal.)

King Bu's father, Bun-ō, and his ancestor Koko Tampo, were looked up to as great sages, as Toto and Shun.

And his dynasty was called Shu, which continued about 867 years. But on the latter part of Shu dynasty thirteen Knights began to be independent and called themselves "Kings."

At this time Confucius was born. He was a great moralist. He endeavoured all his life to elevate the ethics. He could not see his own fruits in his life. He was lamenting that the time of Toto, Shun, and even that of Bun-ō, would never come back. Surely he never dreamt that his doctrine would become the very backbone of Bushido in Japan some thousand years later!

Those thirteen pretender Kings were reduced into six sooner or later. This was one of the most bloody war periods in China. For instance, one of the Kings buried 400,000 soldiers alive, when the latter surrendered to that King.

Mencius was born in this period. He went from one country to the other to persuade each King to rule the country by their virtuousness. None of them listened to Mencius. They were too busy to sharpen their own swords or daggers. The King of Jin had the sharpest sword to cut down all the other five kingdoms. Now he claimed to be the Emperor of whole China. He hated to be criticised by the nation. This most autocratic Emperor tried to make the people as ignorant as possible, and he called himself the very first founder of the Chinese Empire. It was his ambition that in future the Chinese history should be started from his reign.

First of all he commanded the nation to burn down every book they had been keeping. But many wise men had hidden the old history books between the thick walls or under the cellars which were discovered only after the Emperor died. By the way, it was during his reign that a general, Moten, invented brush and paper.

Also it was in his reign that he built that famous fortification on the northern boundary, known by the name "the Long Fortification of Ten Thousand Miles," whose ruins still can be seen there. It shows that China had been annoyed by the Barbaric Manchurians as early as that—some two thousand years ago.

Jin Dynasty did not last more than two generations,

THE ENGLISH REVIEW

during which period the rebels sprang up everywhere in the country.

The Great King of Kan (or Han as the modern Chinese pronounce) conquered all over the country by his virtue rather than his braveness. For he had a bravest rival, called Kowu, and when the latter was defeated, he lamented, saying, "It was not through my faults of fighting, but it is the Heaven's Will that I was defeated."

His sight was not quite accurate yet. I don't know whether it was "Heaven's Will" or not, but certainly it was the nation's will to choose a gentle and generous King, especially after such a long bloody war.

If you ask the young Chinese students which of those twenty-one dynasties they like best, most of them would say immediately "Han," and they are quite right. The Empire was completely established. It was really civilised country rather than the primitive country which they used to have hitherto. It was in the early part of this dynasty that the greatest Historian Shi-Ba-Sen was born.

I always look upon him as the greatest historian, and especially as the greatest man of literature. (About this historian, I am going to write a whole chapter in this magazine later on.)

Although Kan dynasty enjoyed its most flourishing, civilised era, they were not without troubles with the "northern barbarians." Sometimes they made "peace," and sometimes they had "skirmishing on the frontier."

Kan dynasty lasted for a several hundred years. Then once the country was divided into three and sometimes into five, then there were comparatively short dynasties, such as Shin or Zui.

After Zui, that famous To Dynasty started. This was one of the most flourishing Dynasties. They had such an extravagant life. Consequently the art and literature were at the best. Many Emperors themselves were great poets or artists. It was over one thousand years ago.

Japan owed all her ancient civilisation to this dynasty. For we sent many students to China then, just as we do to Europe now.

Next dynasty was So, which continued about the same period with the other. Thus eighteen dynasties passed away, and all through the time, China never took real rest from those troublesome northern barbarians, and at last these barbarians

THE REVOLUTION IN CHINA

conquered over the Central China and established the nineteenth Dynasty, called Gen. The founder Emperor, Tem Sin, was a most bloodthirsty one. He could not be satisfied by conquering China. He sent 100,000 warriors to Japan to conquer us, too. Luckily enough for Japan that a typhoon swept away every vessel just when they came near the shore. They all perished, except twenty or thirty.

This barbarous Gen Dynasty continued a couple hundred years, during which time the Chinese had never forgotten that they were ruled and suppressed by the savage monarchs. They plotted rebellion again and again, just as they are doing now, and at last they overthrew Gen, and established their own dynasty, called Tai-Ming, or "Great Light."

Indeed it must have been a Great Light to the Chinese nation.

Whenever I came to this point by reading the Chinese history as a school-boy I could not control my joy, and used to strike the desk with my little palm. The Art and Literature were reached almost equal to that of To, and their Capital, Hankin, must have been most beautiful, and the whole nation was peace-loving.

As the general rule in China, Tai-Ming, or "Great Light," lasted only some two hundred years, when the present Manchu Dynasty threw out the real Chinese Government and the barbaric policy came into force again.

Open the Chinese history-book and see what barbarous acts the present rotten Government has acted upon the good and peaceful Chinese nation! From the beginning until this very moment. Upon the downfall of the civilised Ming dynasty, many sages were butchered without any mercy. Some of them escaped to Japan, and we all welcomed them as our honourable guests. Among them were such great men as Shun-Shu-Sui, Chin-Gen-Pin and others, whose descendants are still living in Japan.

Ever since the "Light" was extinguished China has been in her utmost darkness with the disgusting smells of blood, and the evils are practising their wills freely.

Ask those young Chinese in London, they will tell you their full stories with tears. Or at least you may recollect what the Manchu Government has been doing in these late years. Always some annoying troubles to the other powers!

Such unnecessary bloody wars like Russo-Japanese, or

THE ENGLISH REVIEW

Chino-Japanese or Boxers' could be well avoided, only if China were not mis-ruled by the present Government. Now-a-days I often meet with English friends, who call her a "savage-country."

"Yes, a savage Government!" I always tell them indignantly. "But don't you know once she was most civilised?"

Some Englishmen said to me, "We *were* in China; we saw all those people are so ignorant."

"Ah!" I exclaimed, with my painful heart. "Who has made them so ignorant?" It has been the Manchu Government's intention to make the whole nation ignorant, so that they can freely practise their tyranny. Therefore the education has been wilfully neglected for these couple hundred years.

I have not had the honour to meet Dr. Sun-yat-Sen yet. I only learnt his career in an English paper lately. I read it with tears. I contribute my full heart's love and esteem to him. I am sincerely wishing his success every day, nay, every minute.

You who love the humanity, will join with me. For this very moment I am entirely forgetting about the international question or anything unnatural. I have no responsibility as one of the subjects of Japan, but I am talking my impression here as that of a simple Yoshio Markino's who always gets a great emotion for the humanity.

What would China do if Dr. Sun-yat-Sen secured his victory?

I would say, without any hesitation, the Republic is the very right thing for her. The constitution of Chinese country is entirely different from that of Japanese.

In Japan the loyalty to Mikado is exactly like a religion. It is the pleasure and devotion of the Japanese heart to live and to die for Mikado.

It is not so in China. Now let us study about this question. As I said in the beginning of this chapter, the Chinese Kings or Emperors used to hand down the throne to the wisest man in the country. There is a legend that before Tei-Gio-Toto found out his successor Tei-Shun-Yugu, the former met with a great philosopher, called Kioyu. The Emperor thought Kioyu would be the very right man to succeed his throne, so he told about that to Kioyu. Kioyu felt it was a great insult to him. He said, "Upon my word, I have never heard in my life such a dirty thing as to be an Emperor. O, my ears are quite unclean!" So he went to a streamlet and washed his ears. Down that streamlet

THE REVOLUTION IN CHINA

there was a farmer's boy, who was feeding water to his cows. The cow refused to drink water from that streamlet, because the water was stained dirty. This must be only a legend ; but you can see there were some anarchistic feelings even under the reign of such a sage Emperor.

Ever since China has been full of the Socialists and Anarchists. But her Socialists and Anarchists had entirely different natures from those in the modern Europe. Here, in Europe, those so-called Socialists or Anarchists are very often robbers, murderers, or terrorists, or at least peace-breakers, who give immense troubles to the public. On the other hand look at those ancient Chinese Socialists or Anarchists. They were greatest peace lovers of all, as well as greatest philosophers. You may learn high philosophy and humanity from the books they have left behind. The good specimens are these—Lo-shi (Laotzu), So-shi, Jun-Shi, Bok-Shi, or I-shi.

Laotzu and his pupils attacked the doctrine of Confucius, because the latter preached about the loyalty to the Sovereign. Confucius could do nothing to Laotzu. Here I quote the words of Confucius when he saw Laotzu : "I know fishes swim, I know that birds fly, and I know that animals run. I can net the fishes which swim, I can shoot birds or animals which fly or run. But I don't know how to catch the dragon which masters in earth, water, and in air. Now, seeing Laotzu, I feel he is just like the dragon."

I may mention that China had enjoyed most peaceful period in her forty years republic already during the Shu Dynasty (about 3,000 years ago).

Notwithstanding that Mencius was a faithful follower of Confucius, his idea was very much Socialistic rather than Loyalist. For when his pupils asked him whether Bu-ō was right to attack that bad King of In, while the farmer was a subject of the latter, he answered thus—"According to our history, I see a good man attacked and conquered over a bad fellow, but I never heard a subject attacked his own King."

And he always said, "King is no more than a servant of the whole nation."

In the later dynasties, it seems there were always two parties—the Loyalists and Socialists. Those ambitious slaves of wealth and fame kept themselves as the "loyalists," and very often when the Emperors were too autocratic, those so-called loyalists went down into great decay of their own morals.

THE ENGLISH REVIEW

For they were quite conscious that their own masters were very foolish, yet they tried to flatter to their masters using such words as "our greatest, wisest, and most merciful Kings."

This unnatural hypocrisy gave a great disaster even to their literature. Japan has suffered this hypocritical literature as well. If you go to China or Japan, you would often hear the people calling you "greatest Sage" and their own fathers, mothers or wives, as "my most foolish father, most foolish mother or wife," and they call their children "Pig's children," etc., etc.

How could one who had higher sense stand up for these disgusting Hypocrites!

Naturally those Chinese sages and wise men hated to do anything with them. Instead of using bombs or daggers as those rash European anarchists always do, these wise and peace-loving Socialists and Anarchists used to hide themselves, and they were called "In-Kun shi," or Hiding Sages. Thus China has been losing all her wisest and greatest men, making them utterly useless to the country. Therefore I say, China ought to be Republic, and let the hiding sages come forth to be statesmen! Who knows if there are some wise men hiding themselves now? Or perhaps not, for the Manchu Government has been practising its tyranny too long.

The whole country of England was quite brown this summer. Every bit of grass died out under the long strong sun. Many parts were even burnt by fire. But their roots were there. After having only a few rains, I am so happy to see the whole fields are freshly green again. Surely China has the roots of sages and Sun-Yat-Sen is the merciful rain. Let us hope to see the fresh Republic of China soon.

Just a few words before I conclude the Chapter. While I was writing the latter part of this article, I saw a pathetic appeal of a "Chinese Student" in the *Evening News*. He seemed much worried about the news of the German interference upon the Chinese revolutionists. The news might be only a rumour, or at least "too insignificant" as some paper says.

However, I have a great sympathy with him. I am very anxious that the Powers shall have "Fair Play" upon China, as he says.

Both the revolutionists as well as the loyalists are much handicapped with the Europeans. For the latter are living intermingled with the natives. Suppose if some internal

THE REVOLUTION IN CHINA

trouble happened in a European country and Chinamen had their residences everywhere inland. I wonder what that country would do? The nearest example was shown at the earthquake time at San Francisco. Ah, it is not only for the earthquake time, but in usual peaceful time, how are they treating the Asiatics in America?

The word "Yellow Peril" is merely phantom, while the White Peril seems more real to me. It is not seldom that I meet the white men, who open the map of China, and boldly and rashly tell me—"Your country may have that much and we shall have this much!" And these same persons talk much about the "Yellow Peril." And I have lost my tongue for them. If you know what is the humanity, let China be China. And any power who disturbs "the fair play" to China ought to deserve the strict condemnation.

I repeatedly warn the Press that they shall not use the words of "Japan," or "Japanese," if they want to quote my article.

I am a wanderer, absolutely without any connection with either the Japanese officials or Japanese public.

I am simple Yoshio Markino, quite alone in this world.

Play of the Month

"The Honeymoon"

WHEN the leading lady in *Fanny's First Play* upbraids the leading dramatic critic for his Aristotelian persistency in regarding the stage as a place of entertainment, I, as a follower of Ibsen and Shaw, sympathised not a little, for this entertainment attitude is the bane of the entire English Theatre. I want to see not wooden figures acting like marionettes in wooden situations—our Theatre hero, heroine, butler, etc., are examples—but situations arising naturally and people talking naturally, as Ibsen draws them and Mr. Shaw doesn't, and what shock, amusement, horror or pleasure we get to be derived from the underneath, as it were, instead of the on top artificial lard of the successful British playwright. We find that in *Sumurun* at the Savoy. We find it in *Scheherazade*, magnificent, luscious rhythm. We find it in the meticulous Flaubert art of Mr. Arnold Bennett's works, and so I went to the Royalty to see his *Honeymoon*.

Driving down in the cab with Letitia—I cannot go to a London Entertainment House alone, they are too serious for solitude—we descanted gaily upon Mr. Bennett's literary method, and when, somewhat late, we reached our stalls we found the theatre in a ripple of guffaw. Confound it, I thought, what are they laughing at? this is no place of entertainment for sure. The author of *Old Wives' Tales* and the *Clayhanger* trilogy cannot have turned Shavian turtle from the footlights. There it goes again, our conventional, post-prandial theatrical giggle. What the——! And then I noticed that Letitia herself was smiling. Now when the lady you take to the play spends the evening smiling, the plain man cannot do better than smile too. I did. And, to my delight, I continued smiling right through *The Honeymoon*.

Have you read Mr. Bennett's *Card*? Well, there he is at the Royalty. A terribly knowing fellow with a prickling vein of humour, who has written a play to entertain us. What

PLAY OF THE MONTH

Fanny will say to it troubles me considerably. It is not Ibsen ; it is not Somerset Maugham either. The classical inevitability of tragedy is lacking utterly. It might end various ways and still be amusing, still be the work of a literary card, and yet it commands the Aristotelian pleasure of London audiences. Passion ?—no ! there is no passion in this honeymoon. Plot ?—sufficient merely to maintain the necessary nexus from act to act. Action ?—just a few kisses. No villain, no grand scene, no thrills, no expectancy, no pathos and no bathos. What then is it all about ?

Go and see Miss Marie Tempest talk, laugh and sit down, and you will know. If it were not that my best friends would certainly ask me how much I was paid for writing it, I should like to say it is a gem of comedy acting, and that Mr. Arnold Bennett's play is the most entertaining production in London ; there is fun all the way. Mr. Dennis Eadie is not even the " young man "—he is a parson, a supposititious one too, who appears just for five minutes and plays with the finish of a Coquelin. If only some more of our titled leading actors would act with the same economy—but that is an aside which is quite out of date in modern criticism ! Then Mr. Dion Boucicault is really a " lamb " (Letitia said that) as " Father," the lap-husband of the leading lady novelist who pays income-tax on £19,000, and Mr. Graham Browne is He. And behind them all, for there is symmetry in this theatre, an artistic whole, there is Mr. Bennett as the new theatrical purveyor. You go away feeling you have been wittily, charmingly entertained. Now who but *Fanny* and Ibsen can want more ? A merry evening, you say, " There's just time for supper." After all, the Doll's House is a trifle incoherent too, isn't it ?

S.O.

Books

BIOGRAPHY AND HISTORY

AUTOBIOGRAPHIC MEMOIRS. By FREDERIC HARRISON. Macmillan & Co.
Two vols.

Fifty years ago, on the melancholy occasion of his thirtieth birthday, Mr. Frederic Harrison, "getting awfully old," looked forward to the prospect of living a few years more, and then dying with "only a dull list of hopes, attempts, and regrets to look back upon." So Shakespeare, in his jaundiced mood, told o'er "the sad account of fore-bemoanèd moan." Feebler spirits may lift up their hearts to think that these monsters of energy and endurance have had their dark moments like the rest of us; for, when we have read these two massive volumes through to their jubilant appendices, their monumental index, what remains with us is a vision of force, of optimism, of self-reliance—in short of success, such as is rarely to be met with in the chequered chronicles of literature. They contain the record of a life lived, to a quite extraordinary degree, out in the sunlight, in an atmosphere where even the dust of combat shines like a cloud of golden motes. The confidence, the courage of it, the just satisfaction in which, without braggadocio, without *jactance*, the powerful hero of all this planned and accomplished action sits down at the end of the pathway he has hewn for himself, and confesses that he is not displeased—and heavens! *were* ingratitude if he were displeased!—with the outcome of the eighty years, all this is wonderful and encouraging even to those whose own ambitions are less strenuous. The picture of a strong, honest, humane and pious man, that is what this book, unaffectedly, presents to us.

The value of an autobiography, when it has a value, is the light it throws on an individual character in relation to the stress of the world. A superficial consideration of Mr. Harrison suggests that his nature is neither complicated nor difficult. The vigorous and clear English into which he translates his downright and consistent "views" upon all subjects gives us at first sight the notion of a spirit singularly the opposite of what is complicated or difficult. Here at least, we are apt to say, is a man transparent, simple, easy to decipher. But Ruskin petulantly told him in 1876, "You are the strangest mystery to me of all the men I know in the world," which is an enigma only until we reflect of what "strange mystery" consisted in Ruskin's view. While we analyse the character of Mr. Harrison, as unveiled before us by this autobiography, as vouchsafed to us in his other manly and unflinching books, we shall do well, perhaps, to approach our position by a concession to the negative. The first thing, then, to say

BOOKS

about Mr. Frederic Harrison is to admit, as he would himself admit, that this lifelong lover of poetry, of art, of music, of religion, of beauty in almost all its forms, is radically deprived of what we so generally consider as essential to those enjoyments, an appreciation of the mystical, the indefinable. So logically, to a mind like that of Ruskin, is the mysterious an inevitable part of all imaginative emotion, that an intellect earnestly occupied about such things, yet devoid of this element, can but seem, with all its keenness, with all its illumination, in itself and through that deficiency an actual "mystery."

This peculiarity has been of no inconvenience to Mr. Frederic Harrison in the development of his genius, but it has kept him unique. It is scarcely a paradox to say that among the great writers of the Victorian era—among those writers of whom he is, in his glorious and green old age, the sole survivor—he is the most isolated, the most difficult to "place," in spite of the cordial familiarity with which he has so publicly walked in the midst of his fellows, fighting and defending, sympathising and objecting, shrinking from no bright contact, pursued by a wholesome, active curiosity about all the doings of his contemporaries. The least cloistered of authors, the one most open to every species of impression, he is nevertheless the one most difficult to put into line with the rest, the one least affected by the discipline of tradition. The others, however dissimilar, are made out, as we get them into focus, in the act of handing more and more obviously the torch to one another in the endless pursuit. Mr. Frederic Harrison alone seems running, with incredible persistence, and without a touch of fatigue, not among them, but at their side.

It is extremely interesting, at least to the present reviewer, to find Mr. Frederic Harrison declaring that the year 1870 was that in which he came to his moral and intellectual majority. That year, he says, "marked an epoch in my life—made me a new man—gave me peace, joy and hope such as I had never known or conceived." Few people can realise what place the *Fortnightly Review* in those critical early 'seventies took in the education of ardent youthful spirits. It seems to one now himself belonging to a bygone generation that nothing like it had ever been in the periodic world or ever again will be. The great new schools of poetry and painting found in the *Fortnightly*, a trumpet which they took from the glowing hands of John Morley that they might blow through it "soul-animating strains," and the younger spirits listened till their hearts within them turned to flame. D. G. Rossetti, Swinburne, Pater, George Meredith—what angel-voices these were, month after month! And with them, how dissimilar, yet how equally rousing, came the rather harsh, defiant, sometimes rasping and dogmatic appeal of Mr. Frederic Harrison, expounding the strange dogmas of Comtism, explaining to timorous and ignorant ears the true meaning of that Paris Commune which frightened even radicals into a scream of injustice.

The effect upon youthful minds, excited by the scarlet and azure of the poets of that hour, was sobering and invigorating. Mr. Harrison's *chefs*

THE ENGLISH REVIEW

d'œuvres de vigoureux talent et d'inexorable logique, as Michelet called them, did not dim the raptures of the new æsthetic enthusiasm, but they recalled the attention of all those who were broad-minded to the existence of other necessities of human experience, more sober, more profound, if not so clamorous. The plainness of the essayist's speech, put forth without more solicitude about style than was required for the complete and direct exposition of his thought, this too had its highly salutary effect. It appears from the early chapters of these second of the volumes before us that at this time Mr. Frederic Harrison was steeping himself in the language and the contemporary literature of France. Accordingly, he is perhaps the most Gallicised of our prose-writers. He learned in the school of Paris to address all classes of society, to write as a citizen of the world, to render without fanaticism and without extravagance a logical impression of the needs and duties of the modern State; he set his large and luminous intelligence to this task, to the service of mankind as he conceived it. In his incessant labour, in his moral elevation, in his boundless optimism, in the incisive homely eloquence of his periods, he stands out unique among the Englishmen of his time.

It is not by a critical accident that we find Mr. Frederic Harrison fearlessly setting Robert Browning at the head of all the Victorian writers. There was much of humanity and health, much of pure intellectual optimism, which Mr. Harrison shared with Browning. But there was one essential difference which this autobiography emphasises. The one was an artist, determined to live and die an artist; the other has been from the opening years of his struggle with language determined not to sacrifice an iota to the cloistered pleasures of art. It was Browning's creed that the poet, sure of his vocation, should speak to the world exclusively through the medium which his genius supplied, and he was himself remarkable, he was almost unique, in the determination which he showed never to address his public except in verse. While reading, on the other hand—and the revelation is of extreme and moving interest—Mr. Frederic Harrison's account of his own early training for literature, we are struck by the fact that he instinctively resisted all limitations upon his speech or his action. He sacrificed form and even intensity with a light heart that he might be free to make his moral or political or religious appeal in whatever way best suited the exigency of the moment.

We have but attempted to suggest the outlines of a massive personality. The man who should sit down conscientiously to "review" these volumes would have no light task before him. He should be equally at home in political economy, in history, in jurisprudence, in religion; he should have travelled widely and observed keenly; he should have been a moving figure in the sociology, the criticism, the poetry, the psychology, the revolutions of eighty years. He should have despised nothing and rejected nothing, but have been, to his fullest opportunity, a vivid element in all the conditions of mankind. Such a reviewer could be no other than Mr. Frederic Harrison himself, nor can a weaker man do better than

BOOKS

contemplate, in these crowded pages, with wonder and congratulation, the spectacle of a life of prodigious energy supported far beyond the ordinary approaches of decay.

EDMUND GOSSE.

THE LIFE OF TOLSTOY. By PAUL BIRUKOFF. Cassell & Co. 5s. net.

TOLSTOY. By ROMAIN ROLLAND. T. Fisher Unwin. 5s. net.

A prefatory note to this brief biography explains that M. Birukoff was one of Tolstoy's most intimate friends, and that the work is partly autobiographical, inasmuch as Tolstoy himself collaborated with the author to some extent, and selected letters and other documents for quotation. The book is very concise, yet recounts practically all the chief events in the life of the great reformer; though the author evinces a natural partiality for his subject, and is often eulogistic, even, in the treatment of his subject, he is just in that he chronicles faithfully the defects and follies of Tolstoy's earlier days. Taken as a whole, the book is more the work of a disciple than of a friend—in Tolstoy's last days, in the departure from home which resulted in his death, the author sees the triumph of his life-work, "a majestic conclusion to a great life."

The brevity of the book, and its mass of information regarding the phases and incidents of Tolstoy's career, render it a useful addition to the mass of present-day biographies—viewing it purely as a statement of facts. For the rest—Tolstoy was an idealist, and M. Birukoff is an idealist too.

On the other hand, M. Rolland has made a short psychological study of Tolstoy, and has used the various incidents of his hero's life as pegs whereon to hang a series of appreciations rather than criticisms. He claims to have made a unity of the reformer and artist personalities embodied in the great Russian, but the result is a very hazy Tolstoy. There is a detailed criticism of almost every work that Tolstoy wrote, from *Childhood* to *Resurrection*, but in these critiques, as in the slight study of the man which the book affords, M. Rolland makes his readers feel that he *will* see greatness in all that Tolstoy did, even if he has to apologise for his hero in order to accomplish his end. Neither of these two works is dispassionate enough, and both authors are too blind to Tolstoy's defects, too partial to his virtues, to afford us a critical biographical study of the man. The translation of M. Rolland's book is, by the way, an admirable and sympathetic piece of work on the part of Mr. Bernard Miall.

MY VAGABONDAGE. By J. E. PATTERSON. Heinemann. 8s. 6d. net.

Mr. Patterson has already achieved some measure of success as a novelist, but it is safe to assert that no novel from his pen will ever equal this autobiography in interest, in psychological analysis, or, since fiction cannot compete with fact, in plot and incident. The first part of the book, "The Life Rebellious," gives us the boy, while the second part traces the

THE ENGLISH REVIEW

development of the man, and tells of his wanderings about the world. A fractious child and an unruly youth, he spares himself no whit in these revelations, and, when he comes to relate the story of his life after the final running away, one forgives him a certain suspicion of egotism which creeps into his work at times, for the sake of the gripping force with which he writes. He does not stop at incident, but relates himself, his ambitions, his intimate thoughts and guiding motives—we see all the man, up to the point where vagabondage ceases. There he leaves us, convinced that here is not only a “nature’s nomad,” as he chooses to call himself, but a writer of no small power, who in his own life has the matter for a striking story, and, what is more rare, is possessed of a fine literary style in which to relate the vicissitudes and experiences of—not existence, but strong life.

MADAME DE BRINVILLIERS AND HER TIMES. By HUGH STOKES. John Lane. 12s. 6d.

Here is a good illustration of the fact that a woman, if she chooses to be bad, can be much worse than a man. The subject, that of the art of the poisoner, is morbidly fascinating; the author has been at great pains to verify his work from historical and legal sources, and the result is a noteworthy study of French society life during the period—1630 to 1676—of which the book treats. The first of the three parts into which the work is divided is given up to a critical study of society and poisoning generally in those bad old times, while the remainder is devoted to the story of Madame de Brinvilliers, her crime, and her accomplices. Like most diabolically bad women, she was possessed of fascinating qualities which made her doubly dangerous. Had this been a work of fiction, doubtless she had gone proud and unrepentant to the scaffold, as great criminals ought, but the author, a painstaking historian, has concluded his work with the account of her repentance and execution, and left us with the regret that the exigencies of historical accuracy mar the dramatic climax of a very fine, albeit rather gruesome story.

REMINISCENCES OF A BUSY LIFE. By EUGENE OSWALD. The De La More Press. 10s. 6d. net.

In this rather bulky work Dr. Oswald has managed to convey the impression of a very busy life indeed. His earlier days were spent among scenes that have taken both permanent and prominent places in European history. There are pages which will prove of value to the student of this subject, more particularly in that part of the book relating to the German Revolution, in which Dr. Oswald played a part. Every page of the book bears the record of an incident or an impression in the life of a clear thinker and hard worker, and the book as a whole is one to read, and read again.

BOOKS

GARIBALDI AND THE MAKING OF ITALY. By GEORGE MACAULAY TREVELYAN. Longmans, Green & Co. 7s. 6d. net.

There was a time, not so very long ago, when the "great man" theory pervaded the entire historical firmament. Carlyle forced this doctrine upon the world with all the dour dogmatism of a literary Covenanter. The Positivists, whose principles are all wrong and their practice all right, put the same idea with considerable vigour from a very different point of view. Quoth the German Professor to some much-believing Englishmen:—"Before ze Bopsius zere vas some doubt about der Christus. Bopsius he come and finish him up." The rôle here attributed to a forgotten gelehetir in reference to Christianity was accorded to missionaries and conquerors of varying degrees of capacity at different critical epochs until the development of human society was made to appear as a series of kangaroo-jumps from one eminent personage to another. The Superman had an excellent innings. It was all quite unscientific, but perhaps none the less interesting on that account.

Then came the natural revulsion against this deification of prominent individuals and the attribution of miraculous powers to the chosen vessels of our common humanity. The evolution of sociology was considered as an inevitable process quite independent of any personalities whom accident might push to the front at a particular moment. All the prophets, priests and kings, generals, administrators and charlatans, but now eulogised and glorified, were engulfed in the great flood of universal destiny, and only a head bobbing up here and there recalled the conception of personal influence by the swirl it momentarily created. Men disappeared: man was all in all. The conception was doubtless sound enough: its expression in parts of speech was apt to be dry, not to say dull.

Mr. G. M. Trevelyan in his *Garibaldi and the Making of Italy* and his other works has reverted mainly to the earlier method, while not overlooking the inevitable tendencies of the time. His present book, though rather too long for its subject, is interesting, and brings into relief some important points which have either been neglected or not sufficiently insisted upon. Mazzini, Garibaldi, Cavour, stand out as the three great "makers of Italy" during the whole of the nineteenth century up to 1860, with the fortunate son of the luckless Carlo Alberto, Victor Emmanuel, close behind them. At the period Mr. Trevelyan deals with in this volume Mazzini was already a great influence of the past, barely surviving into the new development; Cavour, though really the master-spirit of the whole combination, was not as yet understood; and Garibaldi was the popular hero, whose achievements in Sicily savoured of the miraculous, and had conquered the admiration of the whole civilised world. The capture of Palermo by the thousand of Marsala was a marvellous feat of arms, and at the point at which Mr. Trevelyan now takes up his narrative Garibaldi was making ready for a still more extraordinary and apparently hopeless venture.

THE ENGLISH REVIEW

Garibaldi's desperate rush, and the inconceivable ineptitude of the fatuous Francis II. and his generals, put the revolutionary party in control of the city of Naples and its surroundings. The King telegraphed to the Pope five times for his blessing in one day, Antonelli taking upon himself to say ditto to his Holiness for the last three applications on his own authority without disturbing that ecclesiastical potentate. Garibaldi and his army, resorting to more material methods, gulled and fooled the Royal commanders into believing that they had really a formidable expedition to encounter, and after a great deal of floundering, the fortunate battle of the Volturno making up for previous mistakes, Garibaldi got the upper hand and constituted himself dictator of Naples.

All this, with the difficulties and sufferings of the Garibaldini, Mr. Trevelyan treats very well, and the part which the Piedmontese army played in the invasion of the Papal States, acting upon Napoleon's directive *frappez vite et frappez fort*, is ably presented. So also is the unfortunate attitude of the Piedmontese commander-in-chief and even of Victor Emmanuel himself towards Garibaldi and his brave band, which, but for Garibaldi's own humility and self-sacrifice, might have rendered peaceful unification impossible. The Piedmontese were not popular: Garibaldi and his volunteers naturally were.

On the other hand, Cavour scarcely gets the full credit even now from Mr. Trevelyan to which he was entitled. He seems to think with d'Azeglio that the Italian statesman carried his duplicity too far. But what was Cavour to do? He had been compelled to use all sorts of underhand devices in order to sap the Bourbon rule in Sicily and Naples. He was all the time encouraging the volunteer movement in aid of Garibaldi from Northern Italy, while pretending that any attempt to check it would lead to a popular rising. In general European politics it was by no means certain that he could even rely upon England in the long run. And at the same time he was perfectly well aware that some of Garibaldi's most powerful friends were in favour not of Italian consolidation but of Italian federation, which was a serious feeling in view of the condition of the Papal States. Never in modern history had any statesman so difficult a game to play as had Cavour, and the admirable manner in which he played it has not been fully recognised by his own countrymen until fifty years after his death. Frequently, indeed, in speaking of these stirring years Cavour's name has been kept quite in the background. There are passages in which Mr. Trevelyan practically admits that Cavour prevented Garibaldi from rushing headlong into disaster; but in his natural desire to give prominence to his hero he belittles somewhat the inestimable services rendered by the aristocratic democrat of Turin. It is the duty of a statesman to be utterly unscrupulous when the emancipation or independence of his country is at stake.

Mr. Trevelyan, however, has written an excellent book, well supplied with maps and illustrations, which recalls one of the great episodes of the nineteenth century, and is well worth study to-day. H. M. HYNDMAN.

BOOKS

A HISTORY OF RUSSIA. By V. O. KLUCHEVSKY. Dent & Co.

Russian Literature of the nineteenth century has been fruitful in historians. Karamzui, who wrote the first history of Russia which deserves the name of a history, was in a sense the father of Russian prose. His history, in which he told, in the most straightforward manner possible, the story of the Russian nation, in full and sounding periods, based on the best documentary documents which were available at the time when he wrote, went straight to the heart of educated Russia, and even penetrated into uneducated Russia. Modern criticism, of course, regards Karamzui's history, as far as its scientific value is concerned, in much the same way as English Dons would look upon Sir Walter Scott's novels, if they were held up as historical documents. This is a slight exaggeration; but it is morally true. Very likely modern criticism is wrong with regard to the historical value of Karamzui. There is no doubt, however, of one thing, Karamzui was a historian of genius. He knew how to tell his story. He made his characters live; and it is quite possible that a new generation of critics may arrive, which will not only prove that his facts were accurate, but that his outlook was "scientific" and "modern." Just as the cures of wise-women in villages, suddenly, by a turn of the wheel, became the last word of modern science. Every day we are brought face to face with the confirmation of so-called "legends," hitherto pooh-poohed by the critics. An instance in point is the interesting contemporary document recently published on the life of Henry V.

But although modern historians may be fallible in their intense fear of being duped by legend, and in their disregard of the value of tradition, they sometimes, let us admit it, have their merits. Sometimes they are not only learned, but sensible. At times even they are men of genius.

Kluchevsky, the first volume of whose history has just been translated by Mr. C. J. Hogarth and published by Messrs. Dent, belongs to the modern school. He is not a Froude, still less a Walter Scott. He leaves out the story. He takes for granted you know the facts. He confines himself to explanation, analysis and illumination. But the point is he does illuminate. A reader who has an elementary knowledge of Russian history, after reading Kluchevsky, will have a new and probably a far cleaner outlook on the whole business. He will understand things which were hitherto obscure to him. He will be the possessor of the magic skein in the labyrinth of the minotaur. He will see the events in their proper sequence. He will have some inkling as to how and why things happened; how and why institutions took root, developed, and remained.

The first volume of Kluchevsky's history deals with the early origin of Russian history; a subject of which very few Englishmen know anything about, and one which is totally unknown to the general reader. Mr. Hogarth, in his translation, leaves out the first four chapters of the original which deal with the physical condition of Russia, and—it is not quite easy to see why—begins at the fifth chapter of the Russian book. The most

THE ENGLISH REVIEW

interesting thing in the volume is the history of Kiev. Kluchevsky shows—and it may be said proves—that Kiev and not Novgorod was the kernel of Russia; that the seed of the Russian people was sown in Kiev and expanded northwards, when the prince of Kiev migrated to Suzdalia. Kluchevsky's work is not only of surpassing interest historically, but it contains the fullest and clearest explanation of the most important of all Russian problems: the land question, since it explains how the question arose.

The translation is adequate if a little turgid; but the English reader, before touching Kluchevsky will do well to read an elementary text book of Russian history.

THE WIFE OF GENERAL BONAPARTE. By JOSEPH TURQUAN. Translated from the French by Violette Montagu. Lane. 12s. 6d. net.

When a writer, particularly a historian, tells you that he is going to be impartial, you would do well to be on your guard, for historical impartiality is an elusive quantity less easily achieved than many people imagine. M. Joseph Turquan is such a historian, and in his lively account of Josephine, from her marriage with General Bonaparte to the eve of the First Empire, he has sought the impartial, as he admits in his preface, and missed it, as his readers will be forced to admit, before they have read many pages beyond his preface. But that adds to the interest of the book without lessening its value, for impartiality is as over-rated as it is rare. When, however, M. Turquan tells us "my chief object was to tell the truth," our suspicions deepen. The admission by itself is platitudinous, but together with impartiality, it suggests predilections on the part of the historian which will be supported at all costs. Such proves to be the case. M. Turquan believes Josephine to have been in the main a heartless person, so far as Bonaparte was concerned, and faithless to boot; a coquette, in short, with little else to give her distinction, save her exotic beauty, which M. Turquan does not in the least understand. This view of Napoleon's wife is by no means original and quite easily supported. Josephine was a coquette, but Bonaparte was not a saint. Because he wrote love letters to her as passionate as those of Keats to Fanny Browne, does not prove the contrary; men can do such things. M. Turquan's impartiality crumbles into dust before Josephine's heartlessness during Bonaparte's yearning absence from his newly-wedded wife in the days of the Italian campaign, and he becomes a vehement supporter of the love-lorn General, even to the extent of inveighing the whole female sex. All of which displays a rather ominous absence of humour and psychological insight. This leads him into inconsistencies. The judgments of M. Turquan are easy and respectably romantic, and it is just those sort of judgments that do not suit the interpretation of so complex and remarkable a relation as that of Josephine and Bonaparte. *The Wife of General Bonaparte* is a painstaking piece of work, the result of much research,

BOOKS

and written not without lucidity and vivacity, but you place it down without feeling any nearer its chief character; you do not know her any better, you may be a little more bewildered than before, whilst still believing, uncomfortably, that the enigma is solvable.

THE RECORD OF AN ADVENTUROUS LIFE. By HENRY MAYERS HYNDMAN.
Macmillan. 15s. net.

It is not a little surprising, though there is no reason why it should be, that Mr. Hyndman has written an interesting book of personal memories. Perhaps the cause of our surprise is due to popular fallacy, more or less firmly established by a press possessing keen political partialities, that Henry Mayers Hyndman is a wild and uncouth political agitator of extremely dangerous tendencies. The record of his adventurous life dispels, at any rate, the first of these illusions. Mr. Hyndman is thoroughly respectable as a man, coming, as he tells us himself, of "decent piratical stock," and wearing, on every possible occasion, the badges of his social sphere, a frock coat and a silk hat; in the former of which, Mr. Bernard Shaw avers, he was born. But he is interesting both as a personality and a Socialist. As a man, because of his vivacious and even lovable personality, and as a Socialist because he is not only the father of direct political Socialism in England, but because for something like forty years of his life he is an undetachable part of Socialist history. The surprising thing about his book is that, without deliberate literary art, he has succeeded in an effective and even absorbing way in getting his own personality into its pages. That is a difficult art at any time, even to the skilled literary man. True, Mr. Hyndman has had sufficient journalistic experience to make him a ready writer, and he has written several books of no small worth, but the nature of his journalism and the circumstances under which his books have been thrown off, as it were, in the spare moments of a strikingly busy life have not been conducive to the niceties of literary expression. Hence we have a frank and unaffected piece of thoroughly readable personal expression, in which those who know the man will see him as a mirror, and those who do not know him will greet his literary presentment of him with unabated pleasure. Mr. Hyndman alludes to himself as "an active man of sixty-nine," and surely no younger man of his years has ever lived. During his long and active life he has met many interesting and important people—men like Mazzini, Garibaldi, George Meredith, Karl Marx, Charles Bradlaugh, and Henry George, not to mention a whole host of notable people connected with various phases of social reform, many of whom are now living—and his book is a critical commentary upon the period it covers, which concludes about the year 1889. Revolutionary as Mr. Hyndman undoubtedly is, his revolutionism, unlike that of Socialists like Mr. Bernard Shaw, hardly extends beyond the pale of economics, and in economics, as everybody knows, he is a fervent upholder of the Marxian theory of value. He takes, on the other hand, what might be called a

THE ENGLISH REVIEW

frockcoated view of such burning subjects as capital punishment and vegetarianism; but he is not so conventional when discussing suicide and the treatment of lunatics, for he sees much justification for the former under certain circumstances, whilst he would not encourage the prolonging of the lives of the latter. But fewer people will read his book for its ideas as for its personal impressions of men. As an interpreter of ideas he is seldom original, and often almost trite; but as a delineator of character and personality he is original, shrewd, and sometimes, especially when dealing with, say, a one-time comrade, like Mr. John Burns, rather disturbingly frank. Generous of praise and blame alike, he carries you through his gallery of memories as one bearing a lamp which every now and then illuminates an unsuspected characteristic in a familiar personality, or casts a ray which brings an almost forgotten character to life again. Thus he treats such well-known personalities as Beaconsfield and Meredith, Bradlaugh and Lord Randolph Churchill, Parnell and Karl Marx, whilst he gives to lesser known characters like George Augustus Sala, Sir Richard Burton, and Maurice Purcell Fitzgerald, the nephew of the translator of "Omar Khayyám," the genuine touch of life. There are, to be sure, many points on which one might break a lance with Mr. Hyndman, but whilst reading his book you are so grateful to him for his vigorous courage and unflagging buoyancy of spirits, that you are quite disarmed.

HAIL AND FAREWELL. AVE. By GEORGE MOORE. Heinemann.

Mr. George Moore has had three phases and nationalities, and now he has assumed a fourth. He became a Frenchman to study painting, an Englishman to study literature, an Irishman to study Yeats and the Irish movement; now, in his mellow years, he has come back to England to write about this Irish business with Ave, Salve, and Vale. Right Hail it is. Here is real autobiography, the true Moore, the implacable artist, the evergreen Irishman, and it is one of the most human and delightful books that has come our way for many a long time. There is nothing more interesting than genuine self-revelation—we won't use the word autobiography now that the market is flooded with so-called autobiographies which are destitute of all autobiographical instinct; just as the man Burton is more interesting than the *Arabian Nights*, so is Mr. Moore's rambling, discursive, egotistical account of himself and the Irish Theatre more fascinating and even more exciting than Mr. Garvice's latest, or the loaded rhapsodical mysticism of Yeats himself. Mr. Moore has the instinctive honesty of the artist. Walking about the streets he admits he smiles broadly all over his face, so that his friends wonder what manner of comic thoughts the man must have. He says himself that in life comedy is his lot—adventure, tragedy, action: such are not for him. Yet with the pen in hand his fate is tragedy. He is terribly serious. Things move him fiercely, dramatically. He suffers like Hamlet. And here we find him knee-deep in the earth of Ireland, apostrophising the bones and skulls of his countrymen.

BOOKS

There are delicious touches of self-portraiture. "No Bayreuth for me that year; impossible to travel in Germany when one doesn't know a word of German." That from a young man, from the stock who have explored the world, never knowing any languages, never caring to, from an Irishman too! And again, what a delight to see Moore rapt in admiration before a lion in a cage, "subdued by his (the lion's) wonderful presence, majestic, magnificent, forlorn, ashamed, before the great, brown, melancholy eyes" of the beast. Moore on art, on women, is always stimulating. Modern painting is uninteresting because there is no innocence left in it. "Without women we should be all reasonable; there would be no instinct, and a reasonable world—what would it be like?" Or take Moore on Germany. Rothenburg, the most picturesque city in all Germany, does not appeal to him. He prefers Bayreuth. Ye gods! And why? Because it conveys a "sense of autumn," it is out-of-date. The gables of Bayreuth "mean more to me than the red-tiled roofs with the dormer windows of Rothenburg." And yet Moore was a Frenchman once studying painting in the Quartier Latin. Moore on literature in the early morning, on Yeats, on the Irish Theatre, on the Irish renaissance, on the scenery of hills and lakes, on a flock of wild duck, on sunsets, on the animal nature of women—their true side—on flowers and the thoughts that flowers inspire—these are the joys in this book, which has the literary flavour of *Tristram Shandy*, with all Shandy's discursive licence and almost his charm, meandering along like a bubbling rivulet of fancy and literary whimsicality in and about the woods and meadows of reality. The portrait of Yeats is masterly. Although written purely at caprice, the book has method. It leads us into the dreamy beginnings of the Irish revival, as dreamy as the eyes of Yeats; it leaves us with the consciousness that something has been done, and shows how the Boer War remade Moore an Irishman. As he left France and painting, so he left England and realism. He consorts with "Edward," who is a misogynist and a foil for Mr. Moore's most subtle aphorisms; with Yeats who lifts him with his chanting voice into idealism, and he rediscovers the blue on the Burran Hills. Mr. George Moore has come back to us. He has written the most polished and charming of autobiographies. He has become our M. Bergeret, a companion to literary mankind.

SYNGE AND THE IRELAND OF HIS TIME. By WILLIAM BUTLER YEATS.
With a Note concerning a walk through Connemara with him
by JACK BUTLER YEATS. The Cuala Press, Dundrum, Ireland.
10s. net.

It was rather a happy thought on Mr. Yeats's part to add the words "and the Ireland of His Time" to his long-expected study of his friend's personality and art. By it he has managed to succeed in several things. In the first place he has escaped the responsibility of critical

THE ENGLISH REVIEW

appraisal, which would otherwise infallibly have developed on him. There are many, no doubt (ourselves among the number), who will have to survive a sense of acute disappointment in this regard. We have perhaps considered Mr. Yeats, he being who he is, and having held so close a friendship with Synge, as the proper exponent of Synge's conception of his art. But after-reflection will show that this, far from being a loss, is in fact a real gain. Priestly exponents, indeed all manner of authorised and specialised persons, only limit the thing they expound. Synge gains immeasurably by the fact that we must all interpret him as best we may. The river widens as it goes; and those who knew it at its fount are not perhaps the best judges of it in the splendour of its course. But Mr. Yeats gains other things. He gets his freedom from the necessity of sticking closely to a restricted matter, with all that that entails in the jerkier rhythms of prose construction. The prose of this book, in fact, rolls peacefully on, with sometimes a devastating system of punctuation, and gathers in all that comes in its course. Sometimes it is Synge himself; sometimes it is his art; at other times it is the attitude adopted by his hearers towards his work; as often as not it is that more promiscuous matter covered by the generous proportions of the sub-title. But whatever it is, there is always the unkind suspicion that the prose is more concerned with itself than with the burthen it bears. It is, however, when the rolling cadence is suddenly arrested by a vivid reminiscence, that Mr. Yeats becomes most interesting. This does not only mean that our chief interest is with Synge; though in a book that professes chiefly to deal with him this can scarcely be wondered at. It is the deeper matter that the reviewer is then given a fright to bear. It is for such moments that this book will chiefly be valued; and though they do not come as often as we would like them to do, yet they are excellent illumination when they do come. Mr. Jack Yeats's postscript (whose sketch of Synge faces us as we write) is but short, yet it is a genuine addition to our knowledge of the man.

POETRY

THE POEMS OF EUGENE FIELD. Complete edition. T. Werner Laurie.
10s. net.

Some of us have possibly a high and mighty notion of poetry; and all trifling with the muse will seem like indignities not to be forborne. But he will be a hard-browed pedant indeed who can fail to be charmed by the kind of trifling that Eugene Field indulges in. Of course, a "complete edition" of this kind, with the encompassing of a tolerably weighty tome, give a pretentious appearance strangely out of keeping with its contents. But that is unavoidable, perhaps. Moreover, it adds the further and more real difficulty of the inclusion of a body of work that stands in

BOOKS

the very nature of things to crowd out that score or so of triflings, and more than triflings, in which the happy playtime spirit, that we all try to keep alive in us, may exult. Who, once having received it into his ears, can ever forget "The Dismal Dole of the Doodledoo," or "The Delectable Ballad of the Waller hot," with its perfect assumption of gravity? There is something in such poems much more than mere foolery, though it would defy philosophers to say what it was. But there is graver matter of a more earnest nature in this volume. "Swing High and Swing Low" is a hushaby (or has been, as we have it in Ireland) in which cadence and music are well-nigh perfect, and in which tragedy is intimated firmly and gently. He is an institution quite apart from praise and blame, is Eugene Field. For idle hours he is ideal, even as for weary hours his whimsicalities are very admirable for jaded nerves.

HAIL MARY. By ALEISTER CROWLEY. Wieland & Co.

We crave for poetry in England, but we do not like poets, unless they are exceeding conventional when we can laureate them, because in the national search for what is called character we condemn the vagaries which are the attributes of genius. Every school-girl reads Shelley, yet how badly we treated him! Byron is not allowed to rest in Poet's Corner. We treated Swinburne as if he were Crippen. And we have treated Mr. Aleister Crowley in much the same way. Yet Mr. Crowley is one of our few real poets. He has written things in Ambergis which will never die. Some years ago a little book of verse appeared, called *Amphora*, which being anonymous was attributed to an actress. It bore a strong religious note, an ecstatic sense, and it was at once recognised as genuine poetry. Now it has come forth again, retitled *Hail Mary*, and signed Aleister Crowley. We hope it will be widely read, and serve as an introduction to some of Mr. Crowley's other works of poetry. Particularly we hope the Church will look at it. They will find a religious sense that will astonish some of them. The real trouble about Mr. Crowley is this: he is a true poet—he cannot compromise. The persecution of silly and unkind men has wounded him. It is for literary men now to come forward and stand by him. Hear this—

We in the world of woe who stray
Lift up our hearts to Thee and pray:
Turn all our pain to virgin might,
And all our sorrow into light!

May his enemies learn from these words to "lift up" their hearts with him.

CONTEMPORARY GERMAN POETRY. Selected and translated by JETHRO BITHELL, M.A. Walter Scott Publishing Co. 1s.

This *Contemporary German Poetry* is very much like the recent *Contemporary Belgian Poetry*. The bulk of the verse is of the passionate or violent kind. This may be largely owing to the author's taste. His own poem, which dedicates the volume to Richard Dehmel, contains

THE ENGLISH REVIEW

"Clashing Clouds that Terrorise" and "Feverous Sands of Modern Ache." However, we accept the collection as representative.

It is remarkable how reminiscent of Verhaeren and Iwan Gilkin, and the like, these poems sound. Either it is owing to the translation, or else the influence of the Belgians on Germany is beyond all proportion. The very subjects of many of these poems could be found in the Belgian book, wearing the same favour. These poets seem like little brothers of Verhaeren and Albert Mockel and the rest, young lads excitedly following the lead of their scandalous elders. Baudelaire, a while back, sent round with a rather red lantern, showing it into dark corners, and saying "Look here!"; considerably startling most folk. Verhaeren comes after with a bull's-eye lantern of whiter, wider ray than Baudelaire's artistic beam, and flashes this into such obscure places—by no means corners—so that they stand out stark and real. He also, in the daylight, makes a hollow of his hand, and shades his eyes, and sees, deep in the light, the fabric of shadow. These Germans follow like tourists after a guide. They stop at the places Verhaeren stopped at; they excitedly hold out their candle lanterns; they peer under hollowed hands to find the shadow set deep in the light.

This may be the fault of the translator, though it scarcely seems likely. He speaks of "the beautiful translation of the poem 'Grey,' the work of Miss H. Friederichs":—

GREY.

Gowns of soft grey I now will wear,
Like willow trees all silvery fair;
My lover, he loves grey.
Like clematis, with silky down,
Which lend the dew-sprent hedge a crown;
My lover, he loves grey.
Wrapped in a dream, I watch where slow
Within the fire the wood-sparks glow;
My love, thou art away . . .
The soft grey ashes fall and shift,
Through silent spaces smoke clouds drift,
And I too, I love grey.
I think of pearls, where grey lights dream,
Of alders, where the mist-veils gleam:
My love, thou art away . . .
Of grey-haired men of high renown,
Whose faded locks were hazel brown,
And I too, I love grey.
The little grey moth turns its flight
Into the room allured by light;
My lover, he loves grey.
O, little moth, we are like thee,
We all fly round a light we see
In swamp or Milky Way.

After that, one thinks of Verlaine's "Green."

BOOKS

The Germans in this book are very interesting, not so much for the intrinsic value of the pieces of poetry here given, as for showing which way the poetic spirit trends in Germany, where she finds her stuff, and how she lifts it. Synge asks for the brutalising of English poetry. Thomas Hardy and George Meredith have, to some extent, answered. But in point of brutality the Germans—and they at the heels of the French and Belgians—are miles ahead of us; or at the back of us, as the case may be.

With Baudelaire, Verlaine, and Verhaeren, poetry seems to have broken out afresh, like a new crater. These men take life welling out hot and primitive, molten fire, or mud, or smoke, or strange vapour. But at any rate it comes from the central fire, which feeds all of us with life, although it is gloved, clotted over and hidden by earth and greenery and civilisation. And it is this same central well of fire which the Germans are trying to tap. It is risky, and they lose their heads when they feel the heat. But sometimes one sees the real red jet of it, pure flame and beautiful; and often, the hot mud—but that is kin. Why do we set our faces against this tapping of elemental passion? It must, in its first issuing, be awful and perhaps, ugly. But what is more essentially awful and ugly than *Œdipus*? And why is sex passion unsuited for handling, if hate passion, and revenge passion, and horror passion are suitable, as in *Agamemnon* and *Œdipus*, and *Medea*. Hate passion, horror passion, revenge passion no longer move us so violently in life. Love passion, pitching along with it beauty and strange hate and suffering, remains the one living volcano of our souls. And we must be passionate, we are told. Why, then, not take this red fire out of the well, equally with the yellow of horror, and the dark of hate? Intrinsically, Verhaeren is surely nearer the Greek dramatists than is Swinburne.

The Germans indeed are sentimental. They always belittle the great theme of passion. In this book, one turns with disgust from Dehmel's "*Venus Pandemos*." It is like the lurid tales the teetotallers tell against drink. And one turns with impatience from Peter Hille's "*Morn of a Marriage Night*." It is the slop of philosophy muddled and mixed with a half-realised experience: the poet was not able to *imagine* the woman, so he slopped over the suggestion of her with sentimental philosophy. It is not honest, it is as bad as jerry work in labour. But that doesn't say the subject is wrong. And if the work is offensive, we can wash our hands after it. And it does not mean to say that no man shall try to treat a difficult subject because another man has degraded it. Because a subject cannot be degraded. Sex passion is not degraded even now, between priests and beasts. Verhaeren, at his best, is religious in his attitude, honest and religious, when dealing with the "scandalous" subject. Many of the Germans are not; they are sentimental, dishonest. So much the worse for them, not for us.

The translation of these poems is not remarkably good: but good enough, as a rule, to transfer the rhythm and progress of the feeling of

THE ENGLISH REVIEW

each poem. A perfect translator must be a twin of his original author, like in feeling and age, and even in the turn of his expression and the knack of his phrases. It is absurd to think of translating the spirit and form of a whole host of poets. But here, each poem retains its personality, some of its distinct, individual personality, that it had in the original. The translator is best when he has the plain curve of an emotion—preferably dramatic—to convey.

ESSAYS AND GENERAL LITERATURE

THE CRITICAL ATTITUDE. By FORD MADOX HUEFFER. Duckworth & Co.

When Mr. Hueffer founded THE ENGLISH REVIEW he did it (he tells us) for "the definite and unashamed purpose of promoting" a school of literary criticism as a buffer to our present-day complacent commercialism, and to see whether in these islands there existed any trace of a "sober, sincere, conscientious, and scientific body of artists, crystallising as it were, modern life in its several aspects." And among things he wrote *The Critical Attitude*. This is Mr. Hueffer, top-notch. He is by instinct a critic, and the true kind of critic, for through his art he is boldly constructive. As he says, nothing will make the Englishman think. He is a sentient being, he can feel, he can act, he is a poet. But he has founded 347 religions, and each of these religions is founded upon a compromise, and that is how he floors—the critical attitude. That is why we fail in nearly all technical excellence. The thing is the art, not the form of it. We trust to temperament. We entrust ourselves to amateurs. Now there is nothing of the amateur about Mr. Hueffer, and this book is indeed a valuable contribution towards criticism generally, and a thing most urgently that needed to be said. The problem that Mr. Hueffer set out to solve is the commercialism of art. It is the curse of our stage, it is rapidly demoralising the literary effort of this country. Mr. Hueffer states the case with admirable lucidity and sincerity. But the book contains more than this. There are chapters on the literature of to-day which should be read by all interested in letters. His estimates are well balanced and reasoned; the manner is suave. As a guide to thought Mr. Hueffer shows himself to be really useful, almost to be a teacher. Indeed so suggestive is this book of criticism that one would like to see Mr. Hueffer occupying some literary chair. He ought to write more like this.

TWO VISITS TO DENMARK. By EDMUND GOSSE.

This book surprised and delighted us. We are accustomed to a very serious Mr. Gosse, but in this work we find the author of *Father and Son*, one of the few books of our time that will live, in a gay,

BOOKS

fantastic mood as a traveller, as a Danophil, as a quite young man strutting about the platform of Elsinore. We find him, talking voluble Danish, sitting among the embroideries and the pots of azalea of Miss Aline Fog, reading aloud from Oehlenschläger and Hartz and Heiberg to enthusiastic ladies; the confidant of Carl Andersen, of Brandes, of Dr. Fog, of all the literary forces of Denmark just after the Prussian war of spoliation, so that he is known as "The Englishman," and learned men, such as Paludan-Müller, are his companions and friends. It was an unusual position for a young foreigner to occupy, and Mr. Gosse tells it with a charming simplicity, giving a really remarkably stimulating and interesting picture of the life in Denmark in those days, and of the great men who worked there. There was no formality in Copenhagen. Mr. Gosse went everywhere and saw everybody. Literary circles are not always delightful; but in Copenhagen the young Gosse, as he was then, seems to have come in upon them like the good fairy of one of Andersen's tales, and found beauty. And the result is this volume, written with a fine taste and a sense of humour that is still young.

TURKEY AND ITS PEOPLE. By SIR EDWIN PEARS. Methuen & Co. Ltd.

No man is better known in Constantinople than Sir Edwin Pears, the man who sounded the alarm and fought the battle of the Bulgarians in 1876, and no man knows Constantinople better. He has lived there for a quarter of a century, he has grown up, as it were, with New Turkey, and this book is the fruit of his observation. If it lacks the big vision, the picturesque *aperçu*, the subtlety of such a traveller as Doughty, or the perception of such a man as Burton, the book is sound, trustworthy and, as a reflexion of fact, admirably conscientious. It is perhaps the best handbook on Turkey that we possess, invaluable to the man who would have at his elbow a reliable book of information on the Turkish race, the problem of Turkey, the domestic life and habits of the people, the question of Macedonia, and the development of the New Turkish civilisation. Sir Edwin is an optimist on the whole, no doubt justly. He is also a Greekophil. Despite the stupendous ignorance, the traditional fatalism, idleness, and spirit pride of Islam, he descries signs of an awakening, of a new tolerance, ready to admit reason and discussion. The women are rapidly educating themselves. New Turkey has come. In spite of the disaffection of reactionaries, of fanatics, of indifference, of cynicism and other hostile forces there is reason to believe that Turkey will continue in her course of advancement. They have lost some of the old barbarism, a sense of religious tolerance has begun to dawn. That is the essential. The problem of Turkey is still Islam, very much as the problem of Russia is the Ikon. And there are hopeful signs. At this moment such a book should be widely read.

THE ENGLISH REVIEW

THE WOMEN OF SHAKESPEARE. By FRANK HARRIS. Methuen.
7s. 6d. net.

Mr. Frank Harris's first book, *The Man Shakespeare*, made a sensation. It separated the lovers of literature into two opposing camps: the professional critics of Shakespeare were nearly all against the book; though one or two admitted ruefully that there was something in his theory: creative writers and artists on the other hand were with him almost to a man and defended his view of *The Man Shakespeare* with enthusiasm, declaring that his portrait of Shakespeare, whether due to invention or discovery, was a masterpiece and held the field. Then Mr. Harris began a series of articles in THE ENGLISH REVIEW on *The Women of Shakespeare*, which was at first regarded as a continuation or amplification of his first book; but careful readers soon became aware of a very real difference between the two efforts. Mr. Harris is apt to be combative; like Browning he's "ever a fighter," and in this second book he turns upon the professional critics, the mandarins, as he calls them contemptuously, and rends them. As a critic of Shakespeare's text he throws down the gauntlet to each and all. Now on this side at least it will be impossible for the professors any longer to pass over his work in silence. He accuses them deliberately of ignorance and pretence; they have all, he says, copied from the poets and chiefly from Coleridge and Swinburne, and being compelled to pose as something more than copyists, they have altered their master's words and in every case have further disfigured the truth. He takes Professor Herford, the editor of the Eversley Edition of Macmillan, as a representative of the whole school, and again and again proves that the Professor's opinion as a critic of Shakespeare's text is really worse than worthless.

The very first chapter of *The Women of Shakespeare* affords an excellent example of Mr. Harris's method. He has to tell us whether the Joan of Arc of the *First Part of Henry VI.* is to be attributed to Shakespeare or not. Ever since Coleridge declared that Bedford's speech in the First Scene of the First Act was not by Shakespeare, poets and professors alike, in England at least, have been engaged in finding reasons for rejecting this and that portion of the *First Part*, till in our time Professor Herford, representing avowedly the ordinary professorial opinion, declared that "English criticism has since Coleridge peremptorily dismissed the claims of by far the greater part of *I. Henry VI.* to have been written at any time of his life by Shakespeare." The Professor has here vastly extended the small portion explicitly rejected by Coleridge: in the same way he copies Swinburne in rejecting the horrible scene in which Joan of Arc is libelled and asserts that the wooing of Margaret, too, "has very little title to be considered Shakespeare's work." Mr. Harris begins by proving that Swinburne is mistaken, and that the wooing of Margaret is certainly Shakespeare's; he then shows that the death scene of Mortimer in the Second Act is also Shakespeare's, and as the scene is unhistorical,

BOOKS

its invention, too, is his, and most characteristic of the gentle poet. He takes out the beautiful lines :

These eyes like lamps whose wasting oil is spent,
Wax dim as drawing to their exigent ;

and asserts that they are Shakespeare's and Shakespeare's alone. And then he proves it. He finds "exigent" used in the same way by Shakespeare in *Antony and Cleopatra*, and in the very next scene Cleopatra, describing Antony's death, cries "Our lamp is spent, it's out."

Proceeding with the same surety of appreciation and knowledge Mr. Harris re-establishes the Shakespearean tradition first put forth by the poet's fellow-actors Hemyng and Condell, and contemptuously dismissed later by disproving all the attacks made on the authenticity of *Titus Andronicus*, *The Taming of the Shrew*, *Timon*, *Pericles*, and even of *Henry VI. I.* We say even of *Henry VIII.*, for though Spedding and Tennyson and Emerson, and "the almost unanimous assent of later English critics" to say nothing of such a genius as Sir Sidney Lee, attribute Wolsey's soliloquy and farewell to Cromwell in the Second Scene of the Third Act to Fletcher, Mr. Harris again proves undoubtedly that they are Shakespeare's, and by the way rescues for us more than one magnificent piece of poetry. In especial he relieves out the lines :

. All my glories
In that one woman I have lost for ever :
No sun shall ever usher forth mine honours,
Or gild again the noble troops that waited
Upon my smiles. Go, get thee from me Cromwell ;
I am a poor fall'n man.

Here Mr. Harris's insight and knowledge are both seen at their best. He cites parallel passages from other works of Shakespeare for nearly every word in this splendid outburst : he reminds us that the superb image :

No sun shall ever usher forth mine honours

was better employed by Shakespeare in Sonnet 132 when he likens his mistress's eyes to

. . . that full star that ushers in the even.

We are simply compelled to agree with Mr. Arnold Bennett who, in reviewing the first sketch of this book when it appeared as essays in *THE ENGLISH REVIEW*, declared that it was "textual criticism of the most masterly description. In fact I confess that until I read Frank Harris on Shakespeare, I had not appreciated what textual criticism could be. Assuredly all previous textual criticism covering similar ground is now superseded, and ought to be exhibited in the Assyrian Rooms at the British Museum or at Madame Tussaud's."

Frank Harris's work needs no praise of ours : it stands foursquare, a monument of creative criticism in our literature ; his name must stand in the future with the names of Goethe and Coleridge as the best interpreter of the greatest of poets.

THE ENGLISH REVIEW

THE WORKS OF ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON. Swanston Edition. With Introduction by ANDREW LANG. Chatto & Windus: In association with Cassell & Co.: Heinemann: and Longmans. 1911. In 25 vols. £7 10s. Vols. I—V.

To many it will be surprising that so soon after the issue of the complete "Pentland Edition" of Stevenson, there should be issued another and nominally different "Swanston Edition." The "Pentland" was regarded as definitive. It differed immensely from the "Edinburgh." The latter was published during Stevenson's life-time, and therefore excluded much that was issued posthumously. But the five editions for which Mr. Gosse was responsible contained practically everything that the lover of Stevenson can associate with his pen. There have been, it is true, a number of additional letters, quite valuable letters, which Sir Sidney Colvin has recently added to the collection, and a number of youthful papers, mostly unfinished. These, it is to be presumed, will find a place in the "Swanston." Apart from additions, the contents of the "Swanston" will not differ from the contents of the "Pentland."

That this edition is made distinct from the "Pentland" is probably due mainly to the fact that the latter was strictly limited in numbers. We may observe in passing that it is by no means so sumptuous. The printing is excellent, but we should have preferred less of it to a page. The volumes are convenient to hold in the hand, but there are fastidious persons who may complain that they have not the portliness of a "Library Edition." The illustrations are limited to a frontispiece to each volume, and that is as it should be; an excess of pictures is commonly the curse of "Library Editions." The whole set is very much cheaper than the "Pentland," but we think none the less that it might and ought to have been produced at a lower price.

But the mere fact that this new edition is called for is of interest. It shows not only that there is a Stevenson public to be counted upon, but a vast Stevenson public, a public that is growing every day. In his early life Stevenson had the usual struggle for recognition. His fortune was made, in a certain sense, when he met Mr. now Sir Sidney Colvin. He found himself in touch with the great world. He found himself admired by those whose opinions he respected. In the historical, biographical and descriptive work which occupied him for several years he gained a small public of his own, but a public sadly limited in numbers. His fame was made suddenly by two lucky kits: *Treasure Island* resulted from the idle drawing of a map—the map of a pirate's island; *Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde* had its origin in a nightmare. A map and a nightmare were the beginnings of a popularity which to-day has reached its highest point.

There are certain critics who seem to hold that popularity is a sign of inferiority, and would quickly relegate Stevenson to the Inferno of picturesque-romantic novelists. It is true Stevenson is very easy to

BOOKS

understand ; he is not a philosophic novelist ; he is not a realist ; he is not an intellectual propagandist ; he does not, in his fiction at least, press upon us a thing of life. The only technique with which he started was a stylistic technique. Words, phrases, sentences, he studied and practised from his boyhood, and to some extent it is true to say of him that he never wholly escaped from the tyranny of the good phrase. But this mere "trick of style," as he calls it, was one which served him in good stead. The romantic temperament, the passionate interest in strange aspects of life, the curiosity, the intensity of his longing for experience in every form, were present in him from the first. What such a temperament as this usually lacks is an instrument of expression. Stevenson had no special knowledge. He had not the faculty for acquiring the knowledge requisite for either historian or philosopher ; but he had learnt in all its exactitudes and niceties the lessons of language ; and it was by means of this instrument that his ardent temperament found for itself expression and form. We see him in his youth groping vainly among philosophical platitudes in such essays as *Lay Morals*. We see him writing ineffectual stories. But as he begins to acquire experience, when his romantic temperament is made real by the bitter touch of fact, this imagination of his and this "touch of style" begin to tell. His moralisms have ceased to be platitudes in *Virginibus Puerisque* ; his feeling after the bizarre, the strange, and the adventurous ceases to be crude in *Travels with a Donkey*. The difference between Stevenson and the "picturesque-romantic" writer lies in this, that the latter is concocting something which he does not believe, which has no equivalent for him in real life ; whereas for Stevenson his romance was the most intensely real thing in all his experience ; it was for him the very quintessence and sublimation of life.

There was indeed still the element of play in it—"child's play"—up to the time of *Treasure Island*, indeed to the very end. This play was a very serious matter with Stevenson. He believed that every time of life has its proper mood, the inexpressibly gay turning into the moderately responsible serious. But play at all times was an important human affair. Nevertheless Stevenson is a desperately serious person at forty, just as he had been a desperately playful person at thirty. He is not less ardent in his "make-believe," but his make-believe has in it a deeper tragic note, the deeper intensity which comes from knowledge of life. The comedy of *Pinkerton* has in it a grimness which only maturity discovers. *Ebb-Tide* is strung up to an intensity which the modern "realist" does not surpass. And we have his final masterpiece—alas, unfinished—in *Weir of Hemistoun*, a book as far from vain imagination as is *Lear* itself.

We do not then think that the popularity of Stevenson is to be put to his discredit. It only shows us that those who will put their finer and deeper perceptions upon a broad and universal basis need not despair of winning the allegiance of the crowd.

THE ENGLISH REVIEW

FICTION

HILDA LESSWAYS. By ARNOLD BENNETT. Methuen & Co.

Hilda Lessways is unquestionably a feat, a brilliant achievement in our literature. And yet one is not satisfied. The critic, not the professional critic necessarily, but any cultured man who has read, and especially Flaubert and the French school, knows this book to be a remarkable work, an advance, he feels almost inclined to say, on *Clayhanger* or on the *Old Wives' Tales*, which placed Mr. Bennett in the forefront of living European writers. The man is immense. In point of sheer observation, revelation of character, fictional interpretation, and, above all, in the objective attitude towards his art, Mr. Bennett stands on this work supreme in English literature. His technique is consummate. His detail and paring work, his dramatic sense, his subtlety, his penetration, his *cocasseries* of humour—these things fill one with wonder. But this is what needs to be said. Despite the notable book that *Hilda Lessways* is, despite the literary architectonics of this epochal trilogy, *The Card*, one of Mr. Bennett's throw-offs, a little freak book of fun, remains the best thing he has yet done, the most satisfactory, nay, even from the higher standard of judgment, the most vital. Vital because the most human. Mr. Bennett was plainly interested (personally) in *The Card*. The young man appealed to him. There were other people, too, in the book that appealed to him. There was *chien* in those people, colour, rhythm, in short the book was more subjective than his higher work, it was consequently less closely knit, as said the writer to himself, "Hey, my lad, this ain't my top-notch work, I'll let go for a lark." Let go, he did. Away flew the Flaubert objectivity of method. Away flew the chisel, and for once in a way the pen flew away with Mr. Bennett. Note the movement in *The Card*, the humour, the raciness of expression, the warmth, the little revelatory autobiographical touches. Now, in *Hilda*, Mr. Bennett is on his mettle, steeled to his method, and the *chien* disappears, the warmth vanishes, these people are bared to the skin—that is his genius—but they have the nudity of the line of Thorwaldsen. In *Hilda*, Mr. Bennett set out to explain the woman, the cause of her strange jilting of young Clayhanger. *La femme*—it was thus passion that must be the *leit-motif*. Yet there is little passion in the book. Not enough. We do not quite understand her yielding to the indomitable Mr. Cannon; we do not even know when she does yield. The heart—the heart which has reasons which reason does not know—is not rendered to us. Extraordinary as it all is—the Orgreave gallery is one of the finest character studies in our literature—one misses the feeling of the flesh. Almost we doubt this *Hilda*. We should, we really should, have liked to have learnt more about Mr. Cannon's methods of conquest. Perhaps this is meticulous criticism. Yet somehow we feel that we are right; we wanted to plumb the soul of this girl. But there is no note of ecstasy—the *enfant trompeur* of love is applied rather than felt. Compare

BOOKS

that with the poignant introspective writing of Madame Willy's *Vagabonde*. Something of that we should have wished for in *Hilda*—that is the danger of objectivity in art—it misses the soul. No other writer could have written this *Hilda Lessways*, to be sure. Mr. Bennett now takes his place at the very summit of his art. And yet it leaves us wondering: wondering to what height he will eventually attain, wondering, too, whether Mr. Bennett is an artist as distinct from the craftsman who is obviously what is called a genius.

THE DANGEROUS AGE. By KARIN MICHAELIS. Translation. John Lane.

This work, which has enjoyed an astonishing vogue on the Continent, was reviewed by us some months ago. Men and women may not agree as to what constitutes the dangerous age in these days, where there are no old folk, but they will have to admit the poignancy, if not the truth, of much that this Scandinavian woman exposes—for it is an exposure of a woman's soul, physical and mental, bitter and pitiless. To some it will seem a desecration; to others, no doubt, merely foolish. But many women will find in these pages a mirror of their own lives.

WANDERING OF DESIRE. By E. CHARLES VIVIAN. Melrose. 6s.

What Lord Rosebery said mournfully about Carnegie's Libraries the other day applies to this novel and its author. Talent, observation, facility of expression, a genuine story-telling vein—all this, but all, shall we say, commercially used, applied, that is, to turn out a successful book quickly rather than to render life faithfully or reveal character. Just the opposite to Ibsen or Arnold Bennett. Yet it is a very readable tale, swift and flowing. It has the tracery of the Victorian dramatist, characters and situations are *voulus*. It stands for the school that Mr. Ford Maddox Hueffer does not stand for. That is why the judgment of THE ENGLISH REVIEW is somewhat severe.

THE UNOFFICIAL HONEYMOON. By DOLF WYLLARDE. Methuen. 6s.

A story of castaways on a desert island is no longer a novelty but cannot fail of distinctive interest, especially when the narrative deals with the awakening and ripening of love under the perilously favourable circumstances of the situation. Charles Reade, in one of his lesser known stories, portrayed a passionate lover disgraced in the eyes of the whole world cast away in company with the disdainful object of his affections. A more modern writer has placed a baby boy and girl upon an island, and traced the mental and physical development of a new Adam and Eve. The tidal wave which introduces Miss Wyllarde's story casts together upon a fertile atoll, a sophisticated Major on furlough, and a Scotch girl half shy, half sulky, whose mind and even physique have been narrowed and cramped by religious upbringing of a peculiarly harsh and fanatic type. Incidents of the sort usual on desert islands gradually bring this ill

THE ENGLISH REVIEW

assorted couple to some understanding of each other's mode of life and point of view. Then the personal equation begins to get in its work with them, as would be the case, we suppose, with the best of us under the temptations which propinquity and unbounded leisure present upon a desert island. There is a certain simple directness about the Major under this influence—as indeed is to be expected of a Major. The emotions of the Methodist lassie afford, however, greater opportunities for Miss Wyllarde's pen. Happily, the rescuing ship arrives before the occurrence of anything which might cause difficulty with the moralists of the circulating libraries.

THE PROGRESS OF MRS. CRIPPS-MIDDLEMORE. By GERARD BENDALL.
John Lane. 6s.

Mr. and Mrs. Cripps-Middlemore start life in a humble way, and rise until possessed of "anything under three millions." Then Mr. Cripps-Middlemore dies at his country house, and his widow marries Lord Childerditch. The eldest son runs off with his friend's wife, to the relief of the friend, who gets a divorce and marries Miss Cripps-Middlemore. The younger son gets caught by his father's lady housekeeper and marries her, though she has already filled the post of mistress to his elder brother. There is some "smart" writing in the earlier chapters of the book, but the character drawing is slight and unconvincing, and there is no glimpse of a clean-thinking man or woman from the first page to the last. According to Mr. Bendall, this is a sordid, selfish, ugly world, and every one of its inhabitants is moved by sordid, selfish impulses.

THE CHRONICLES OF CLOVIS. By SAKI (H. H. MUNRO). John Lane. 6s.

A collection of short stories reprinted from various newspapers and magazines. Every one was worth reprinting, and some, notably "The Great Weep" and "Sredni Vashtar," are very good indeed. Mr. Munro conceals pills of cleverness in a sugar-coating of wit—real wit—and the result is a chuckle-provoking book, except on the occasions when its author was touched to grim realism and wrote his mood. That, however, was not often, and the greater part of the sketches, slight though they are, is clever, vivacious writing. There are no dull pages in the book, which is a practical and effective argument in favour of the sketch, rather than the short story, in volume form.

THE BLOOD MOON. By IRENE OSGOOD. Everett & Co.

The story which lends its title to the book is a quite realistic presentation of a woman who, having apparently lost her reason through her husband's infidelity, recites with the inconsistency of insanity the details of two distinct occasions on which she murdered her husband and his mistress. The remainder of the volume is taken up by a number of sketches giving reasons, more or less valid, for the separations of sundry couples who have found marriage a failure, and by a number of Algerian

BOOKS

sketches. In the first story, in spite of its depressing effect, the incoherency of madness is well realised; the remainder are either too cynical or too morbid to afford the reader much enjoyment.

THERE WAS A WIDOW. By MARY E. MANN. Methuen and Co. 6s.

One fears undue sentimentality in reading the first chapters of this book, but the fear is soon lost in the sympathy which is evoked by the picture of Julia, left unprovided for with three children by the young doctor Harry, who is idealised from a commonplace prosaic individual to sanctity as soon as Julia dons her weeds—very becoming weeds. Hugh Burden, who buys the late doctor's practice, refuses to regard Julia as a mother, and aspires to become her lover instead—in spite of the three children—until he leaves for India. The end of the story is daintily, sympathetically told, and by the time the last page is reached we are well on the way toward falling in love with Julia. Seldom is it that a woman draws another woman so deftly and tenderly as Mrs. Mann has limned her heroine. The other characters of the book—even dour, strong Hugh Burden—are mere foils to the womanliness, and sometimes the pathetic dependence of the little widow lady. There are glimpses of humour, phases of suburban respectability, admirable descriptions of scandal-loving cliques, but the gentle Julia is always dominant in the book, though not over her own fate. It is a fresh, clean book, with an atmosphere of charming simplicity.

ETHAN FROME. By EDITH WHARTON. Macmillan and Co. 3s. 6d. net.

If one may judge by Miss Wharton's story, Starkfield, Mass., must be a very dreary place. The story itself is another variation of the eternal triangle, two women and a man, with a rather good ending in that the man and the woman he ought to have married attempted to commit suicide in order to solve their difficulty and be at rest together—and the attempt failed. With such possibilities of psychological study as are presented by Ethan Frome and Zeena his wife, to say nothing of Mattie, there was material for a great, though somewhat sombre and tragic work. Miss Wharton has suggested this, and in the slight sketch which she has given of these three lives has conveyed a sense of reality with her pictures of American rural life.

THE OUTCRY. By HENRY JAMES. Methuen & Co. 6s.

In his handling of the comedy of intricacy Mr. James is without a rival. *The Outcry* is a wonderful tissue of delicately interlacing threads. What is a picture, when it is a great picture, that is? What is the true English method of keeping one, if you have it, or of selling it, if you must (for example, if one of your daughters has accumulated great gaming debts, and another needs a dowry)? What, again, is the typically American method of acquiring one, and what the difference between wanting beauty

THE ENGLISH REVIEW

and wanting to brag? These are the focussing points of attention, the centres of leverage at which this cunningest of spiders has stood to cast his web, the more conventional themes of comedy, man and maid, being relegated to outer circles where they add decorative completeness to the snare and serve perhaps for an enticement. Lady Grace and Mr. Hugh Crimble, first pair of lovers, and first also, alone indeed, in their devotion to art for art's sake, though they are essential to the general *mêlée* (there is nothing that is not essential), are the least pleasing of Mr. James's characters, possibly because they have to pass as the most human. Mr. Breckenbridge Bender, the millionaire, who intensifies all the subtleties by his very immunity from them, is the most appealing figure in the story, being also the completest and the most consistently himself. Second to him, we think, comes Lord Theign, a recognisable type, convinced that he and the like of him are "England," resolved to do what he will with his own property, willing to allow others to do the same with theirs, but a little uncertain where the lines of property are to be drawn when the possession is a marriageable daughter. In his conversation he aims at and on the whole secures a natural ease appropriate to the character; but drops now and then into impossible pompousnesses, such as "I denounce the indecency, wretched child, of your public defiance of me!" It is, we must admit, an unfortunate element in the story that, being written virtually as a play with novelist's embroideries, it contains so much unnatural conversation. How rare it is for people, and especially for English people, whatever their situation, to reveal their psychological attitude to it in their talk! Mr. James's attention being enlisted rather for what a character feels in a situation than for what he says, he slips into the habit of making him say what he feels; and this, of course, is what he never would or could do. However, the tale is primarily a psychological fantasy, and conversational verisimilitude, though it would have been an added grace, can be dispensed with without serious prejudice. As for "Moretto" and "Mantovano," their names and their works are so convincing that the reference books and the galleries must have made some mistake in not including them.

GOOD BOY SELDOM. By OLIVER ONIONS. Methuen. 6s.

For a proper understanding of grandmother's pet name for James Enderby Wace, the hero of this book, you may compare it with *Good Girl Always*, the endearment invented by the same amiable lady for the sister of *Good Boy Seldom*. This most entertaining story of his career will probably convince you that even in the sterner title fondness and a sanguine spirit had led the grandmother astray, and that "Good Boy Never" would have made up in accuracy of definition what it lacked in tender reproach and entreaty.

Good Boy Seldom starts life surrounded with moral influences. We meet him first staring at that poster so familiar twenty-five years ago,

BOOKS

entitled "The Boy: What will he become?" whereon was, and possibly in remote districts still is, portrayed two lines of heads of progressive age, indicating a sort of moral crescendo and diminuendo. Furthermore, he was (more or less under compulsion) a frequenter of guilds, circles, and societies wherein the economic or moral writings—one scarce knows which to call them—of the late Samuel Smiles form the basis of teaching. Upon these lessons Good Boy Seldom, who preserved a habit of independent thought, engrafted corollaries of his own derived from direct observation of life.

With these principles we watch the commercial career of Good Boy Seldom as he climbs from advertising, through company promoting into Parliament, assiduously kicking away from beneath him the ladder for which he has no further use.

Mr. Onions has added another book to the list of his successes, and if it is somewhat surcharged with cynicism, the book at all events is testimony even from the mouths of its exploiters that civilisation, as we know it, cannot be run without the assistance, on the part of the majority, of the more old-fashioned virtues.

HENRY CASSLAND. By HUBERT DRUCE. Melrose. 6s.

The story is that of a successful murderer, one who poisoned his mistress and fixed the crime on an earlier lover of hers, in order to leave himself free to go to the woman he wished to marry. It is a gripping book, dramatic in effect from the first page, yet never melodramatic—the study of Cassland's personality and the psychological interest predominate, and the forceful, sincere way in which the story is told make of *Henry Cassland* a distinctive work. The whole effect of the story on the reader is one of repulsion, and one doubts the sincerity of the last chapter, in which Cassland dwells on the happiness he has attained through his crime. The author is to be congratulated on a fine artistic achievement, but it is not a pleasant story.

THE TWYMANS. By HENRY NEWBOLT. Blackwood. 6s.

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[Contents continued on page xi]



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9. SIR ALFRED MOND,

BART., M.P.	The Parliament Act and After	656
-------------	------------------------------	-----

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K.C., M.P.	Disendowment	666

11. SYDNEY BROOKS	American Foreign Policy	682
-------------------	-------------------------	-----

12. YOSHIO MARKINO	The Chinese Revolution	696
--------------------	------------------------	-----

13. PLAY OF THE MONTH:

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